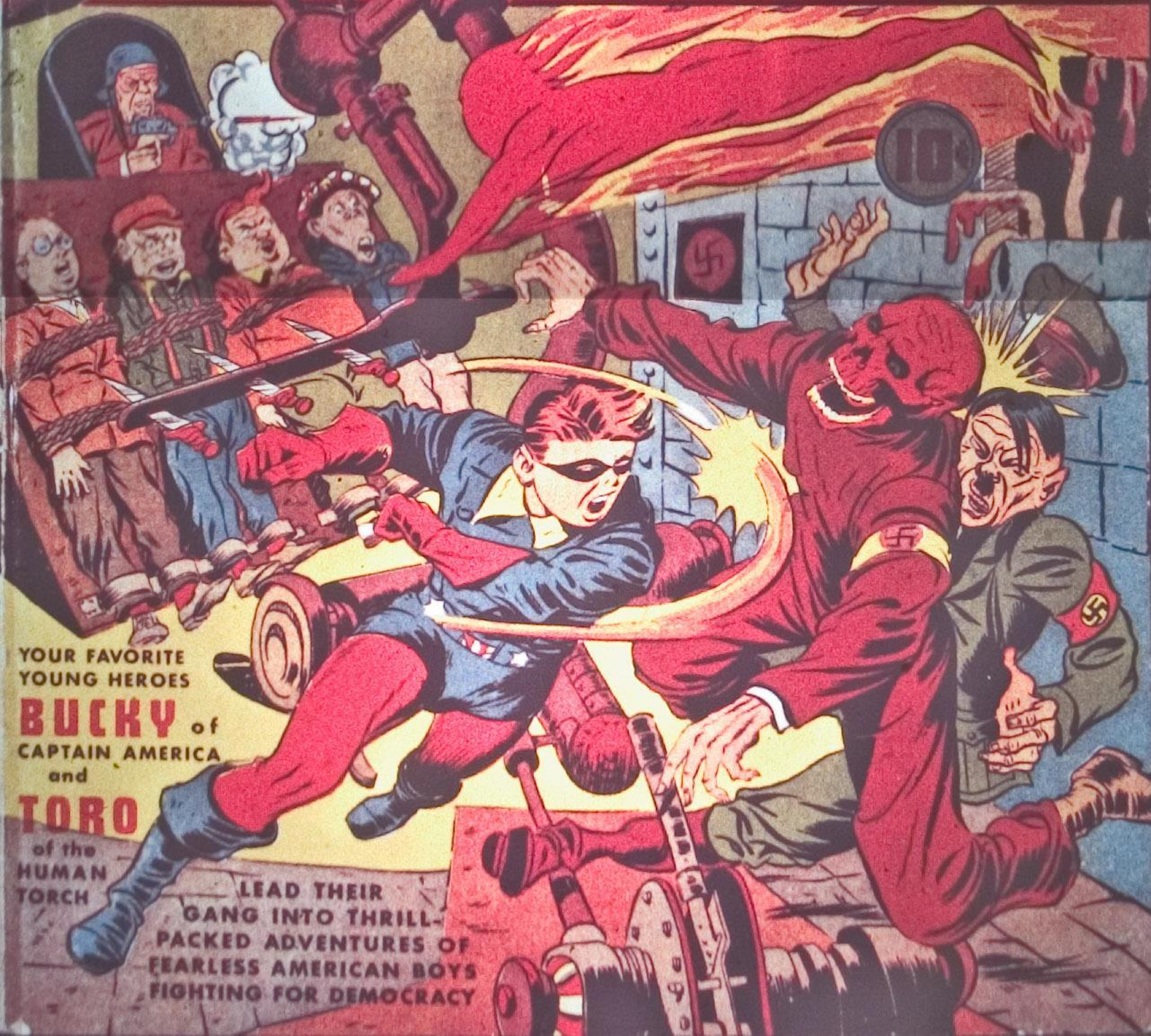
BUCKY
AND
TORO
IN

YOUNG ALLIES

COMICS

No. 1

A
64 PAGE
COMPLETE
COMIC
ADVENTURE
THRILLER



10¢

YOUR FAVORITE
YOUNG HEROES
BUCKY of
CAPTAIN AMERICA
and
TORO
of the
HUMAN
TORCH

LEAD THEIR
GANG INTO THRILL-
PACKED ADVENTURES OF
FEARLESS AMERICAN BOYS
FIGHTING FOR DEMOCRACY

The YOUNG ALLIES

Vol. 1
No. 1
Summer Issue

JOE SIMON
Art editor
JACK KIRBY
Art director
The character TORO is from the Human Torch.
By CARL BURGOS

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When the sinister forces of dictator governments reach American shores in pursuit of a secret due to shock the world, a new and powerful group of young patriots spring to the defense of their beloved land.

CHAPTER II

Bucky and his Young Allies have pledged themselves to help Agent Zero of the British Intelligence, for the sake of democracy. But now a sinister menace threatens their very lives, as they come face to face with . . . THE RED SKULL!

CHAPTER III

Determined to keep their promise to dying Agent X, to rescue Agent Zero from the merciless clutches of the insidious RED SKULL, Bucky and his Young Allies make their way to war-torn Europe, into the very heart of Slave-land!

CHAPTER IV

Surrounded by enemies on all sides, the Young Allies now match wits with the relentless, cunning Red Skull, in a daring attempt to steal Agent Zero from under the noses of all Nazidom!

CHAPTER V

The Young Allies and Agent Zero, pursued by the Nazi demons, cross half the world, with death at every turn!

CHAPTER VI

Across the broad Pacific and back to America, after their thrilling odyssey around the world! But again the Red Skull strikes, and only aid can save the Young Allies and Agent Zero . . . aid from THE HUMAN TORCH and CAPTAIN AMERICA!

THE FIRST COWARD: A Short Novelette

Unsolved Mysteries

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COMICS

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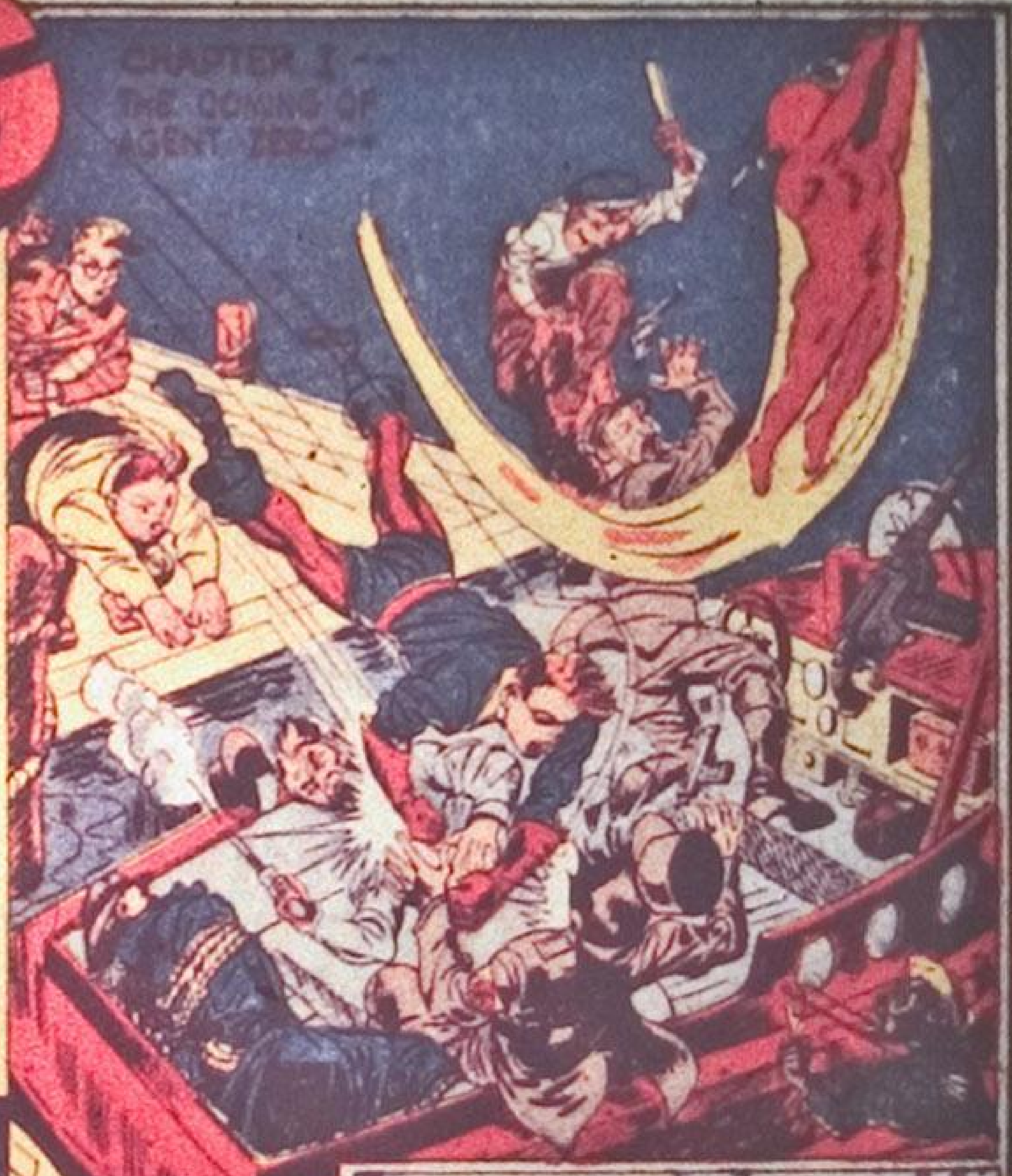
The YOUNG ALLIES

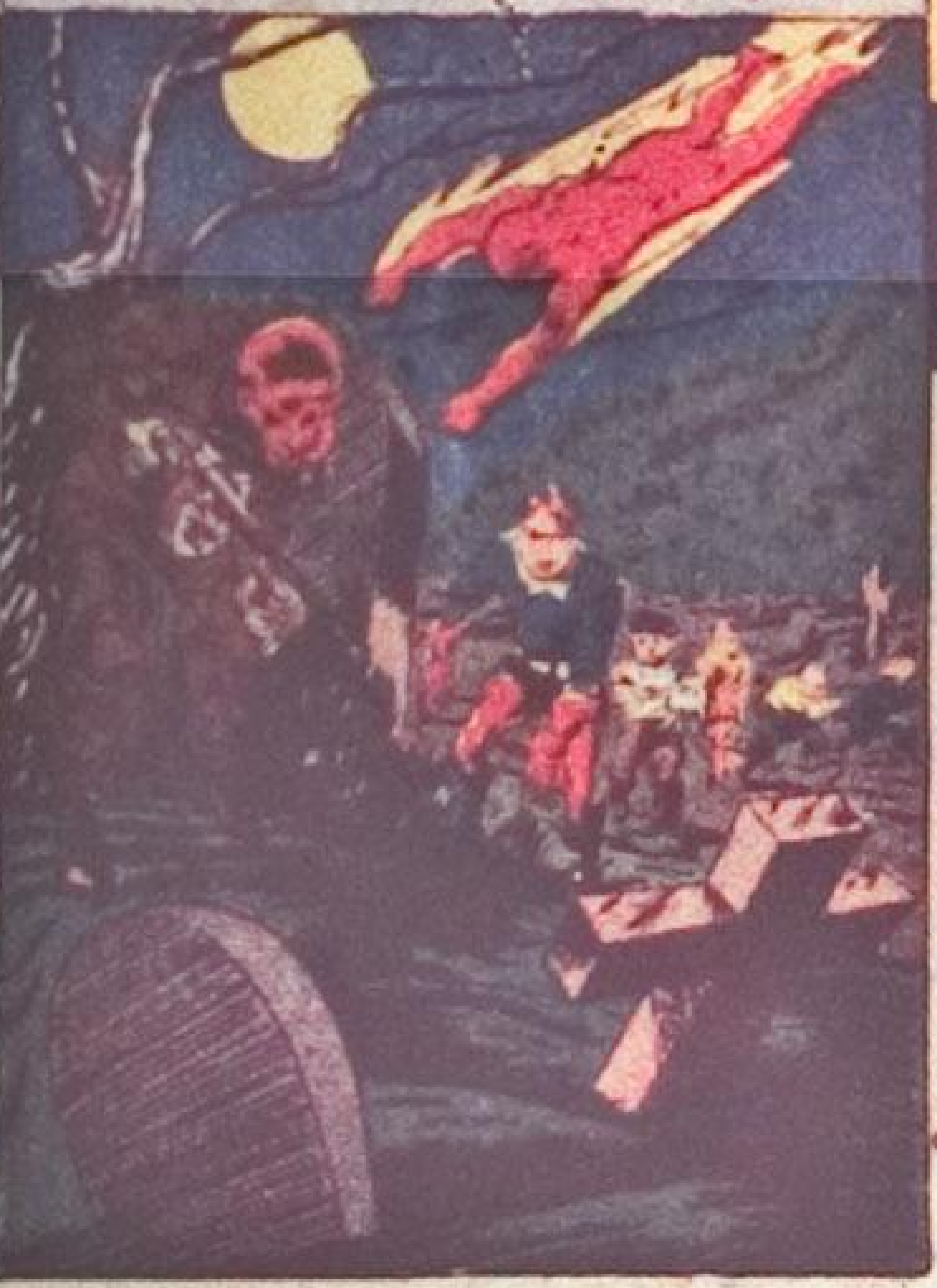
STARRING-
BUCKY...
YOUNG PAL OF
CAPTAIN AMERICA
and **TORO..** SIDE KICK
OF THE
HUMAN TORCH

A COMPLETE
64 PAGE
ADVENTURE
COMIC NOVEL

CHAPTER 1 -- THE COMING OF AGENT ZERO--

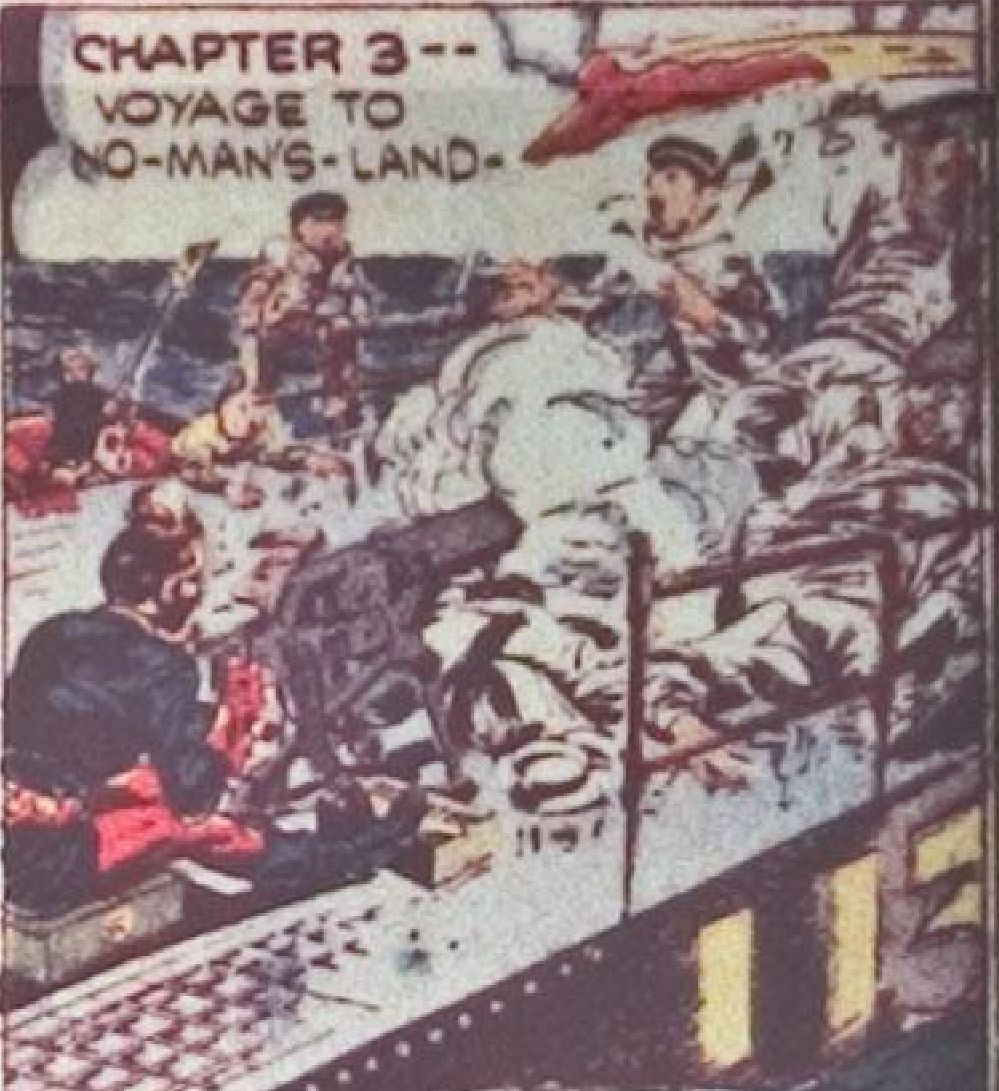


CHAPTER 2-- THE RED SKULL AND THE GRAVEYARD OF DOOM--

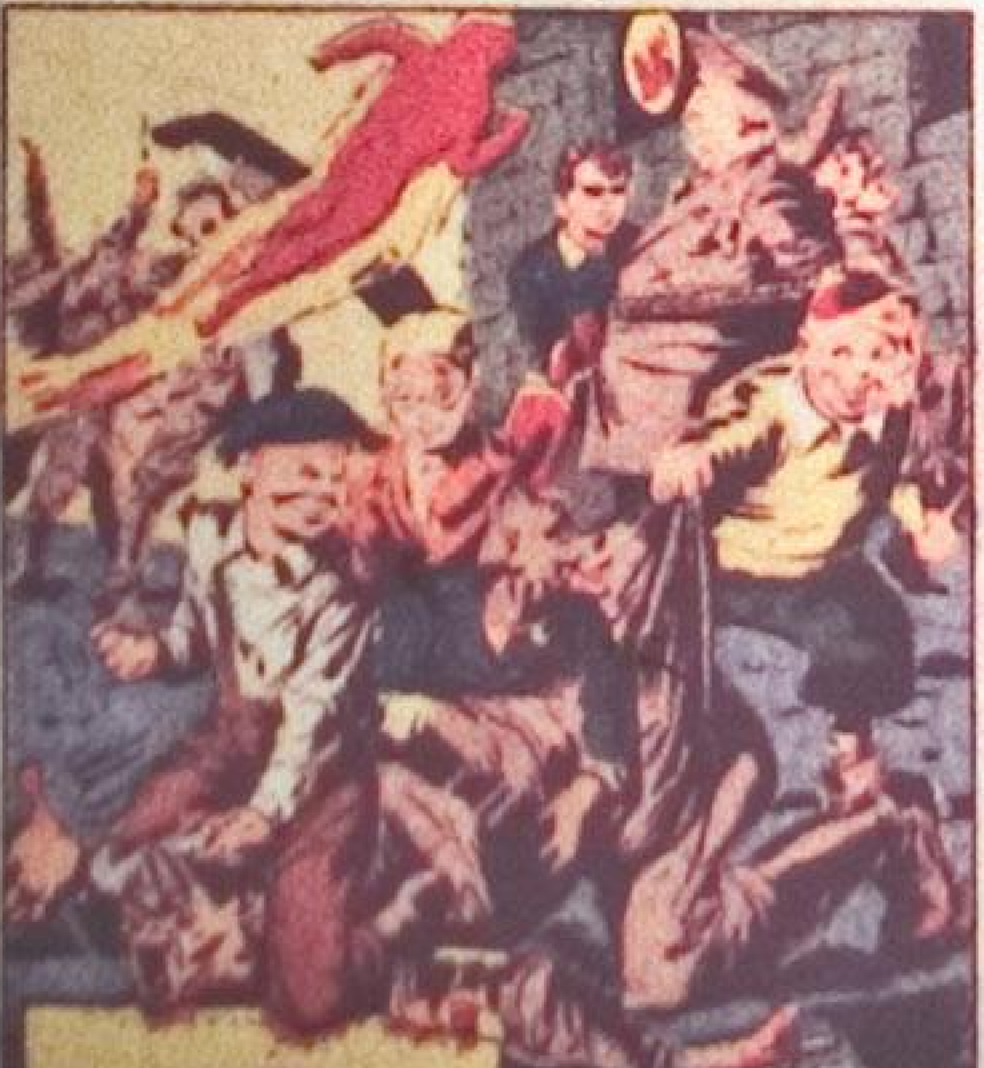


WHEN A SMALL BAND OF DARING KIDS PLUNGE INTO A BREATH-TAKING ADVENTURE WHICH MAY RESULT IN THE LOSS OF THEIR VERY LIVES, AND WHEN NAZI SPIES AND BRITISH AGENTS MEET FACE TO FACE, WE KNOW THAT WE'RE IN FOR A REAL ACTION-CRAMMED, THRILL-A-MINUTE YARN!!

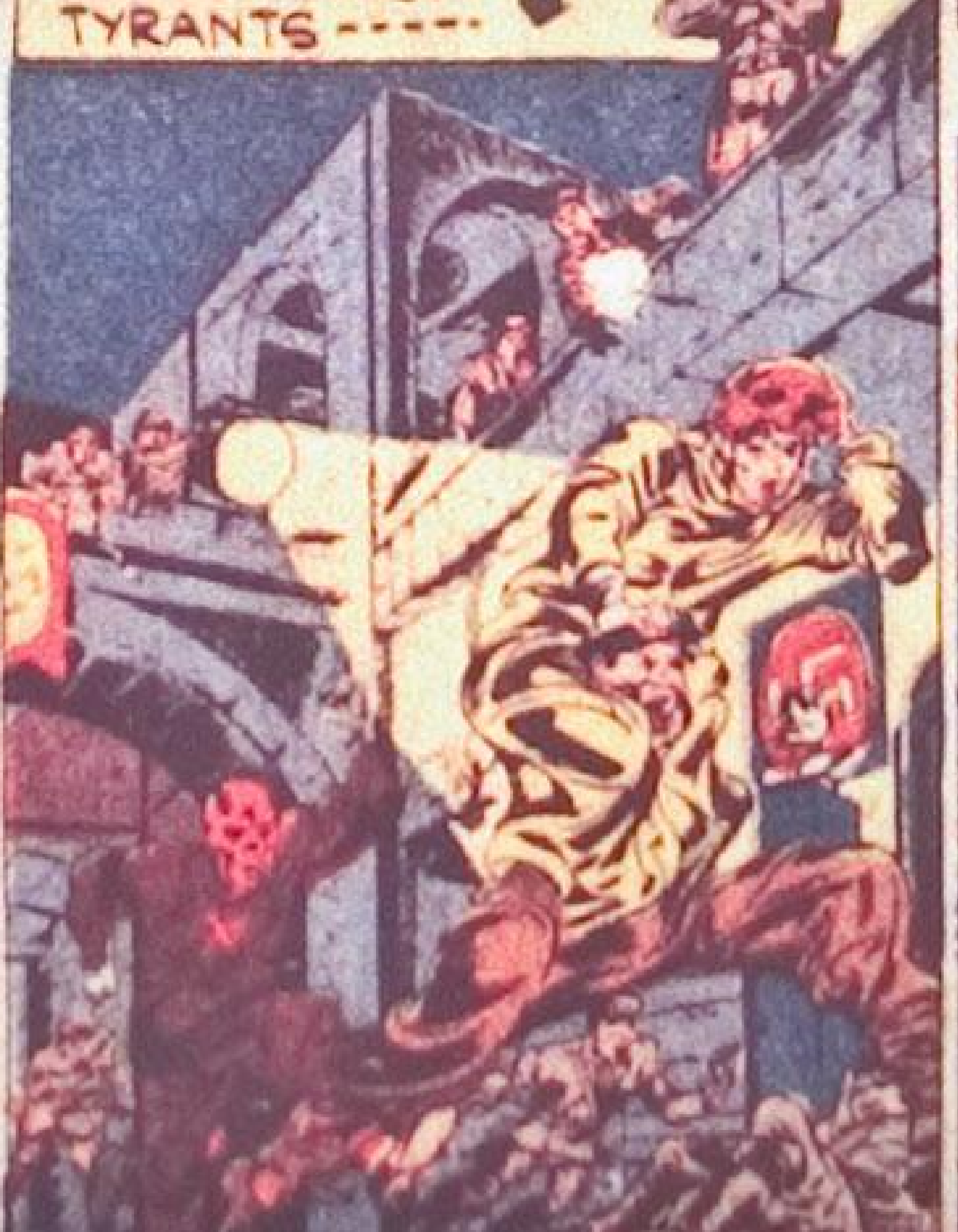
CHAPTER 3-- VOYAGE TO NO-MAN'S-LAND-



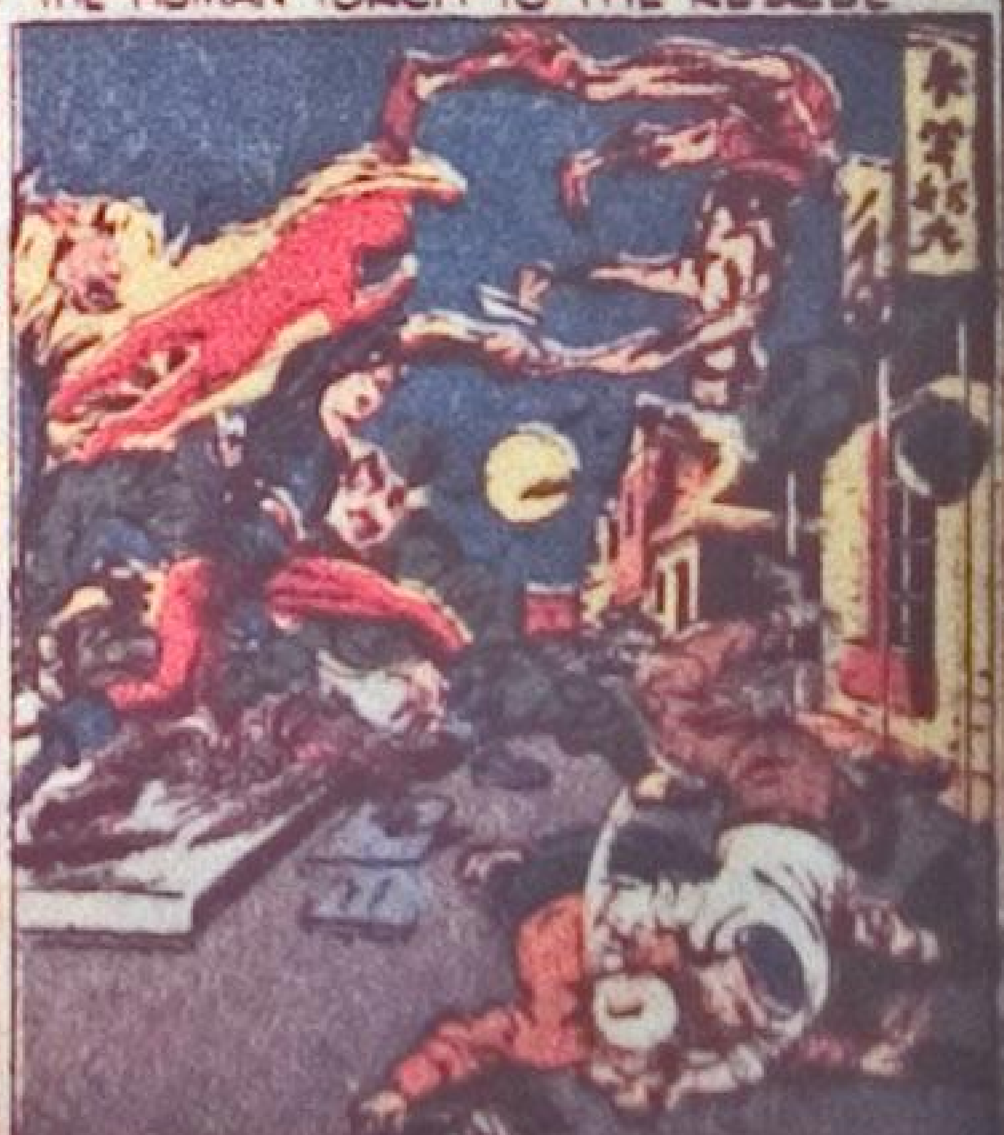
CHAPTER 4-- TRAPPED IN NAZI-LAND--



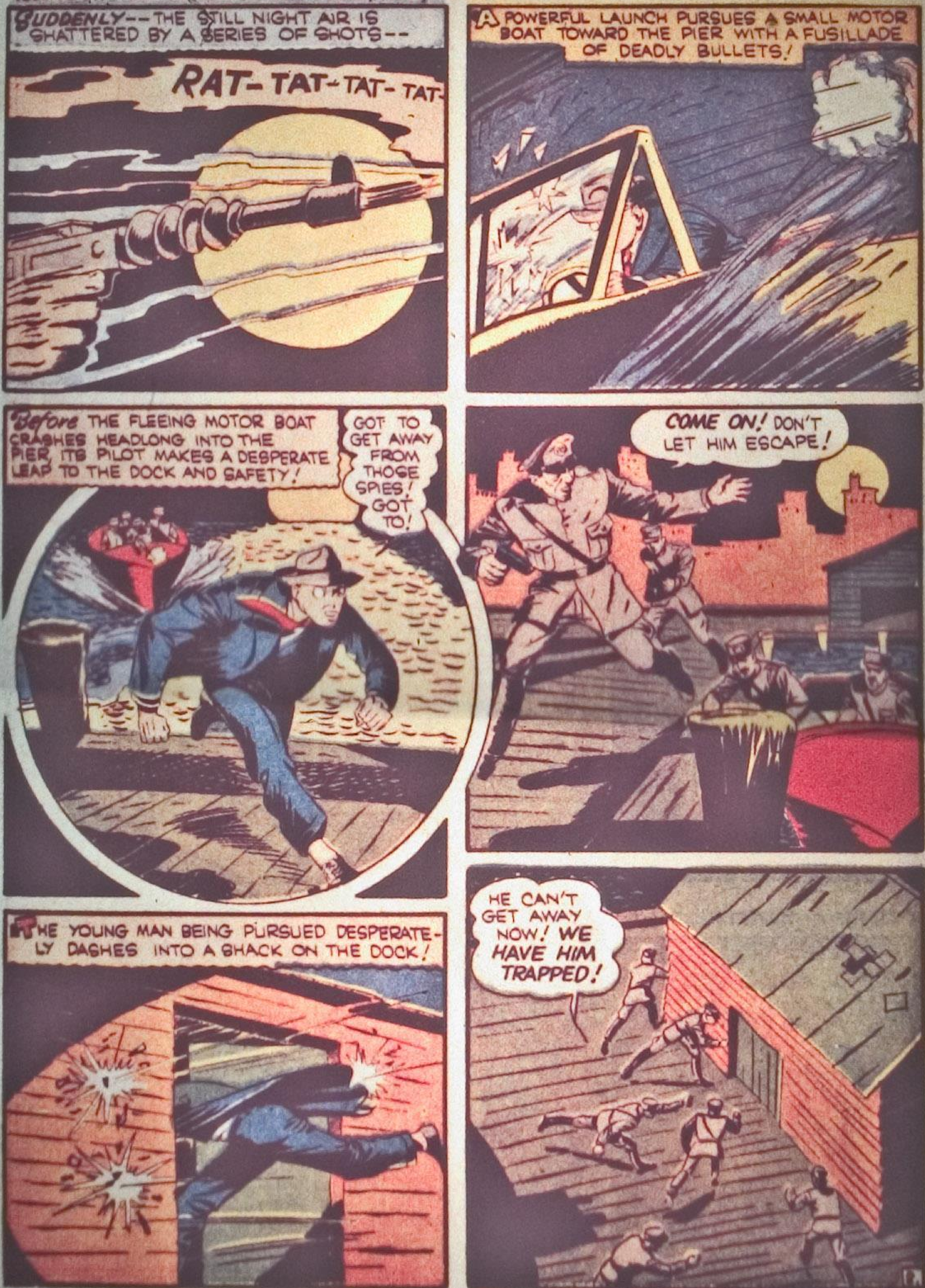
CHAPTER 5-- OUTWITTING THE BLOOD-THIRSTY TYRANTS -----

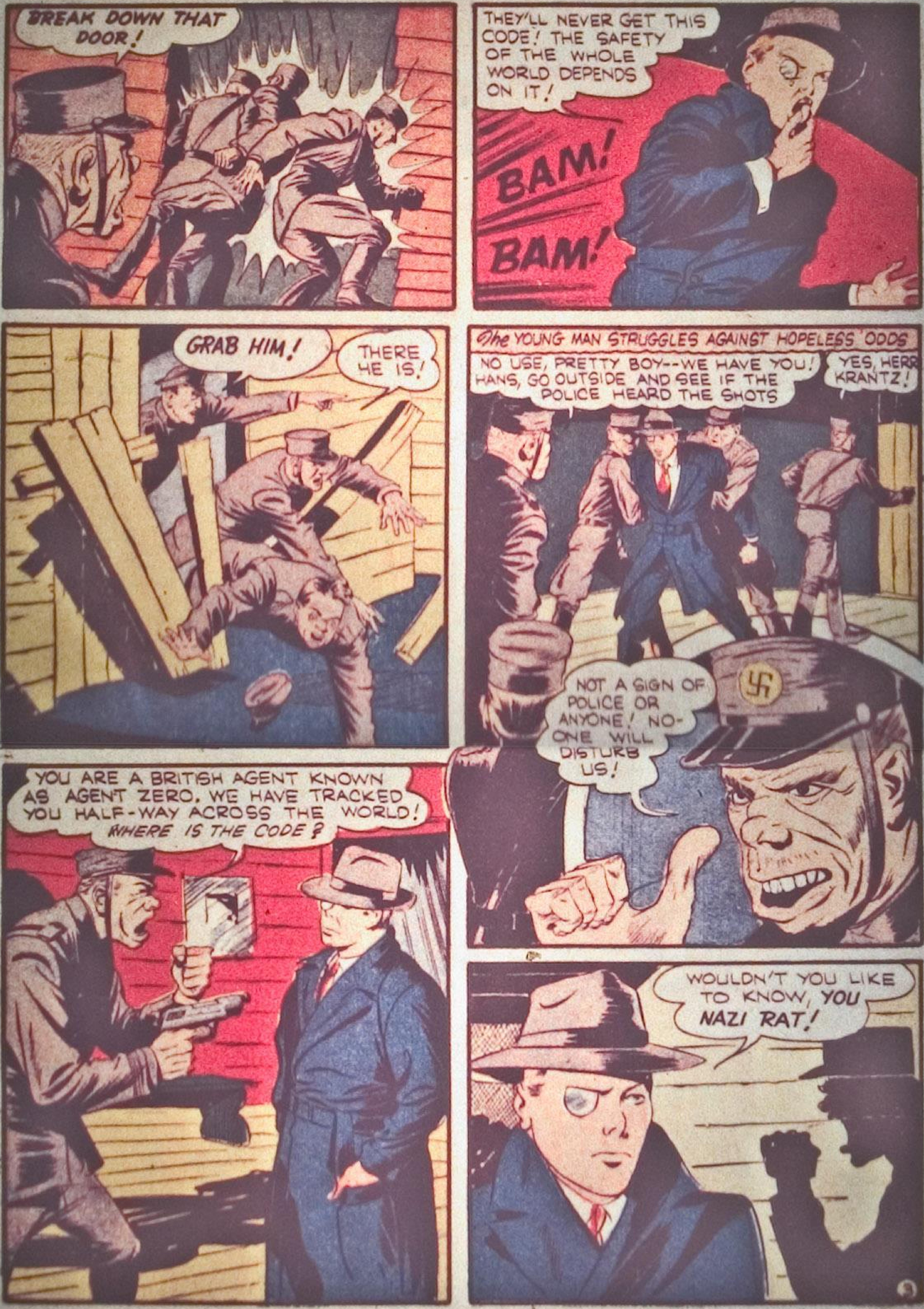


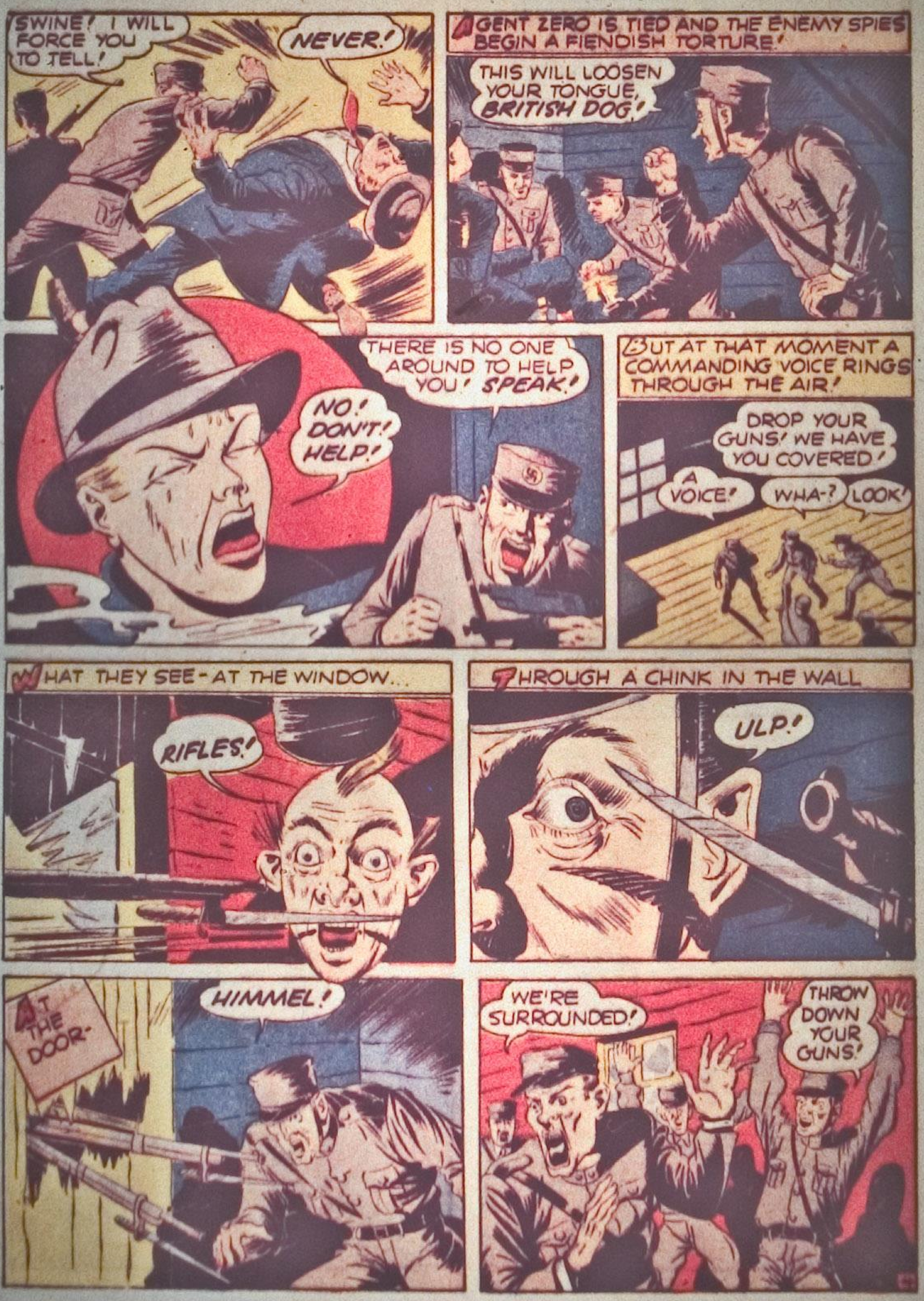
CHAPTER 6-- CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE HUMAN TORCH TO THE RESCUE--

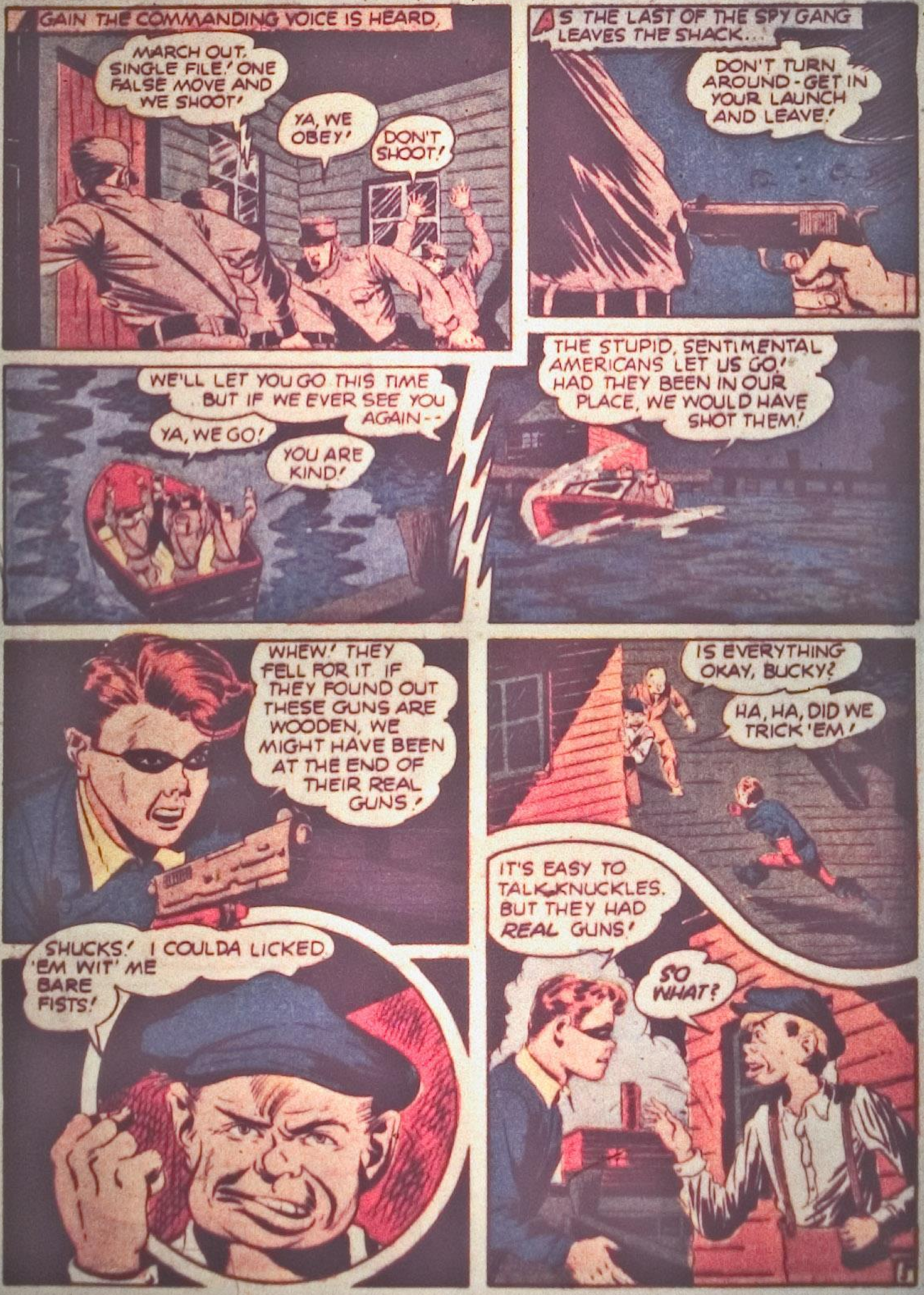


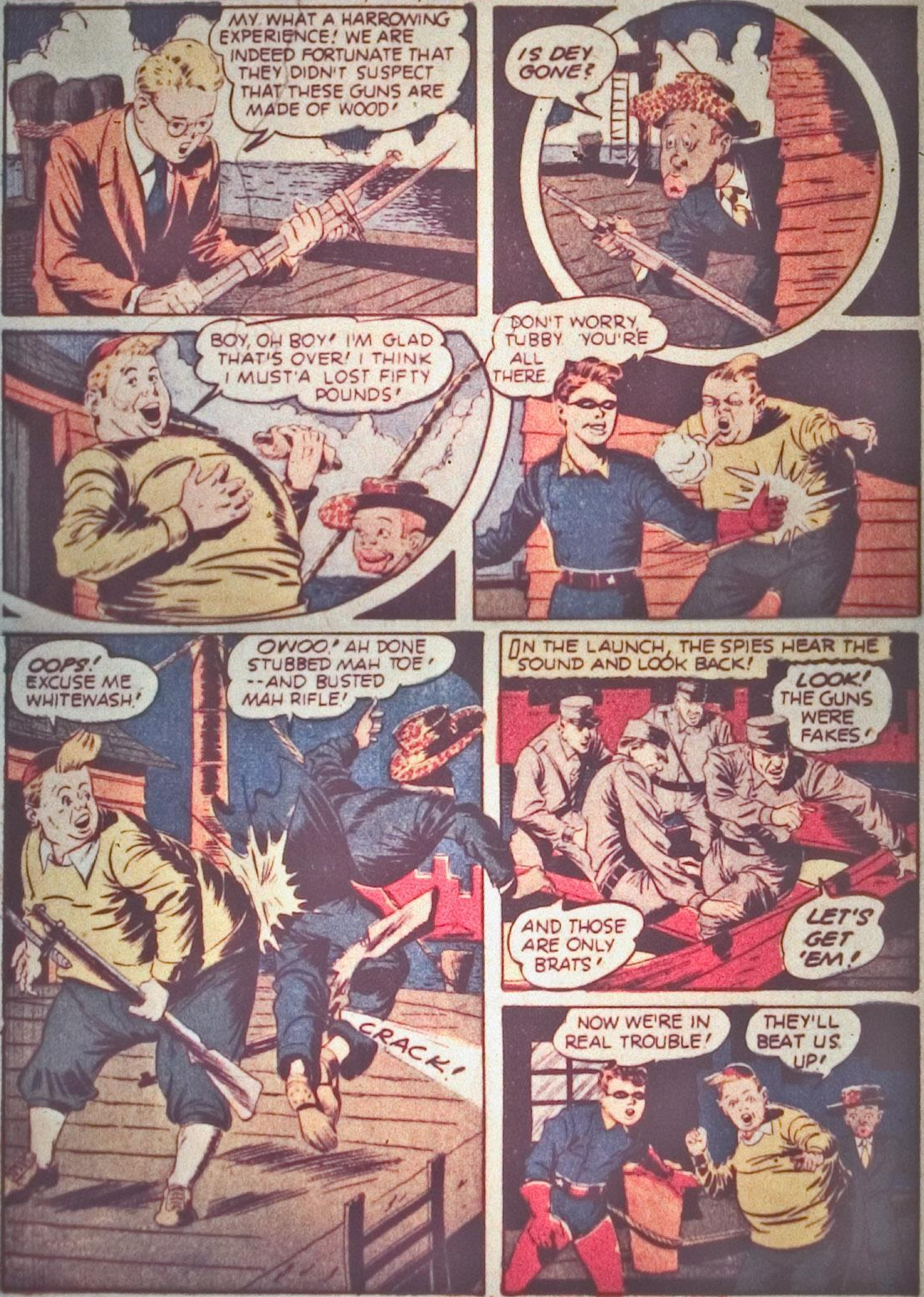
COMIC ART COLLECTION

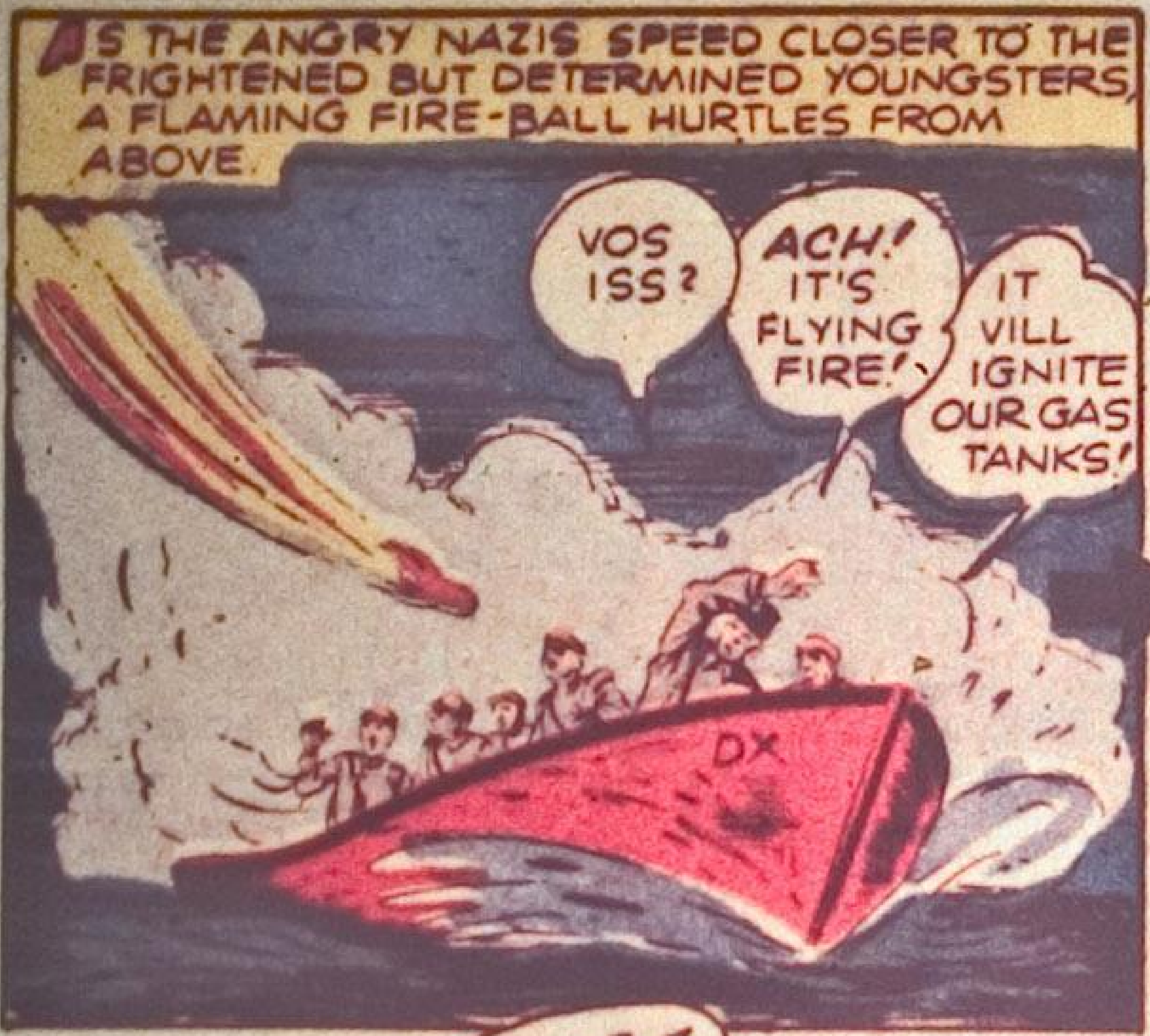

SUDDENLY--THE STILL NIGHT AIR IS SHATTERED BY A SERIES OF SHOTS--
RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-
A POWERFUL LAUNCH PURSUES A SMALL MOTOR BOAT TOWARD THE PIER WITH A FUSILLADE OF DEADLY BULLETS!
Before THE FLEEING MOTOR BOAT CRASHES HEADLONG INTO THE PIER, ITS PILOT MAKES A DESPERATE LEAP TO THE DOCK AND SAFETY!
GOT TO GET AWAY FROM THOSE SPIES! GOT TO!
COME ON! DON'T LET HIM ESCAPE!
THE YOUNG MAN BEING PURSUED DESPERATELY DASHES INTO A SHACK ON THE DOCK!
HE CAN'T GET AWAY NOW! WE HAVE HIM TRAPPED!

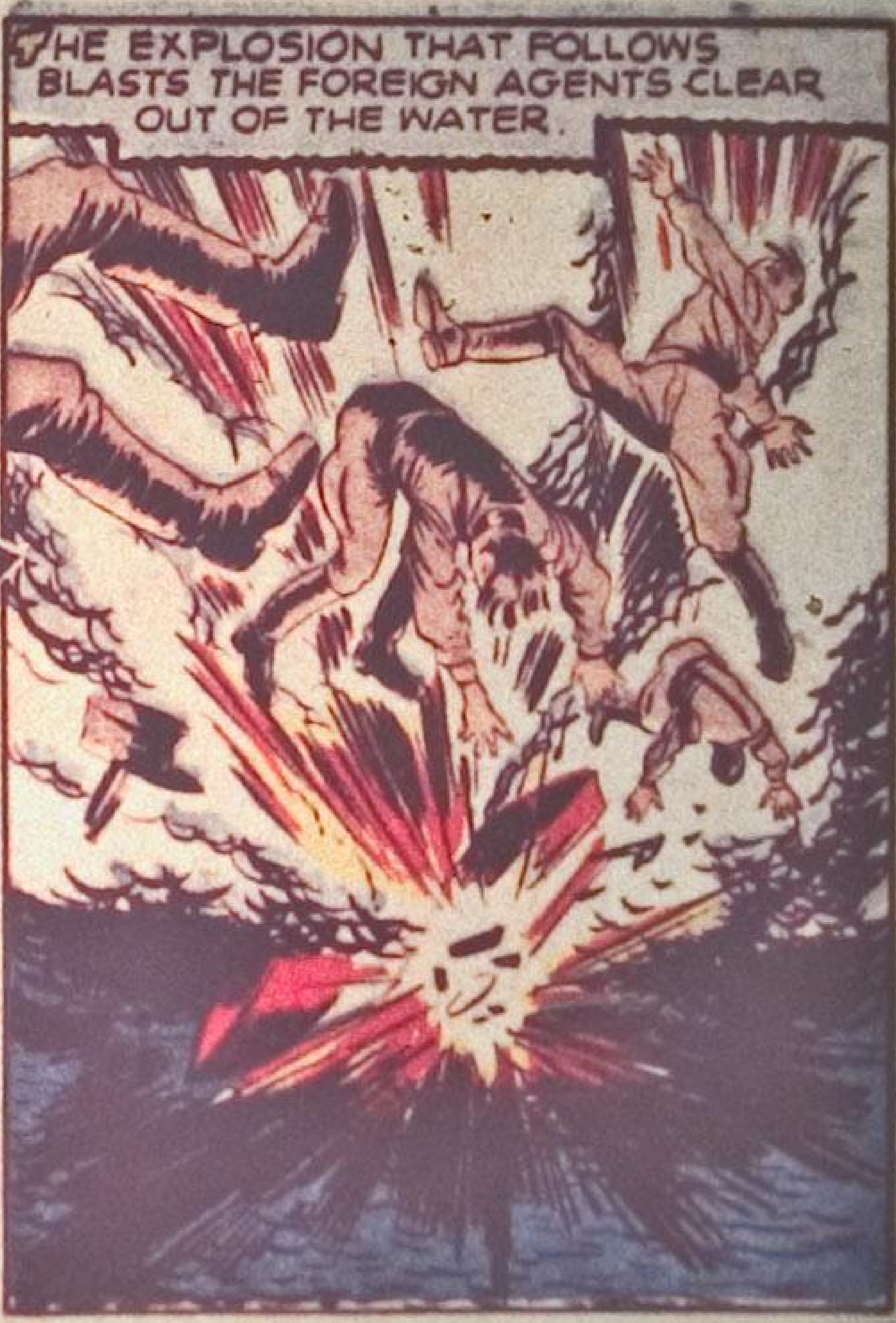

BREAK DOWN THAT DOOR!
THEY'LL NEVER GET THIS CODE! THE SAFETY OF THE WHOLE WORLD DEPENDS ON IT!
BAM!
BAM!
GRAB HIM!
THERE HE IS!
The YOUNG MAN STRUGGLES AGAINST HOPELESS ODDS
NO USE, PRETTY BOY--WE HAVE YOU! HANS, GO OUTSIDE AND SEE IF THE POLICE HEARD THE SHOTS
YES, HERR KRANTZ!
NOT A SIGN OF POLICE OR ANYONE! NO-ONE WILL DISTURB US!
YOU ARE A BRITISH AGENT KNOWN AS AGENT ZERO. WE HAVE TRACKED YOU HALF-WAY ACROSS THE WORLD! WHERE IS THE CODE?
WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW, YOU NAZI RAT!

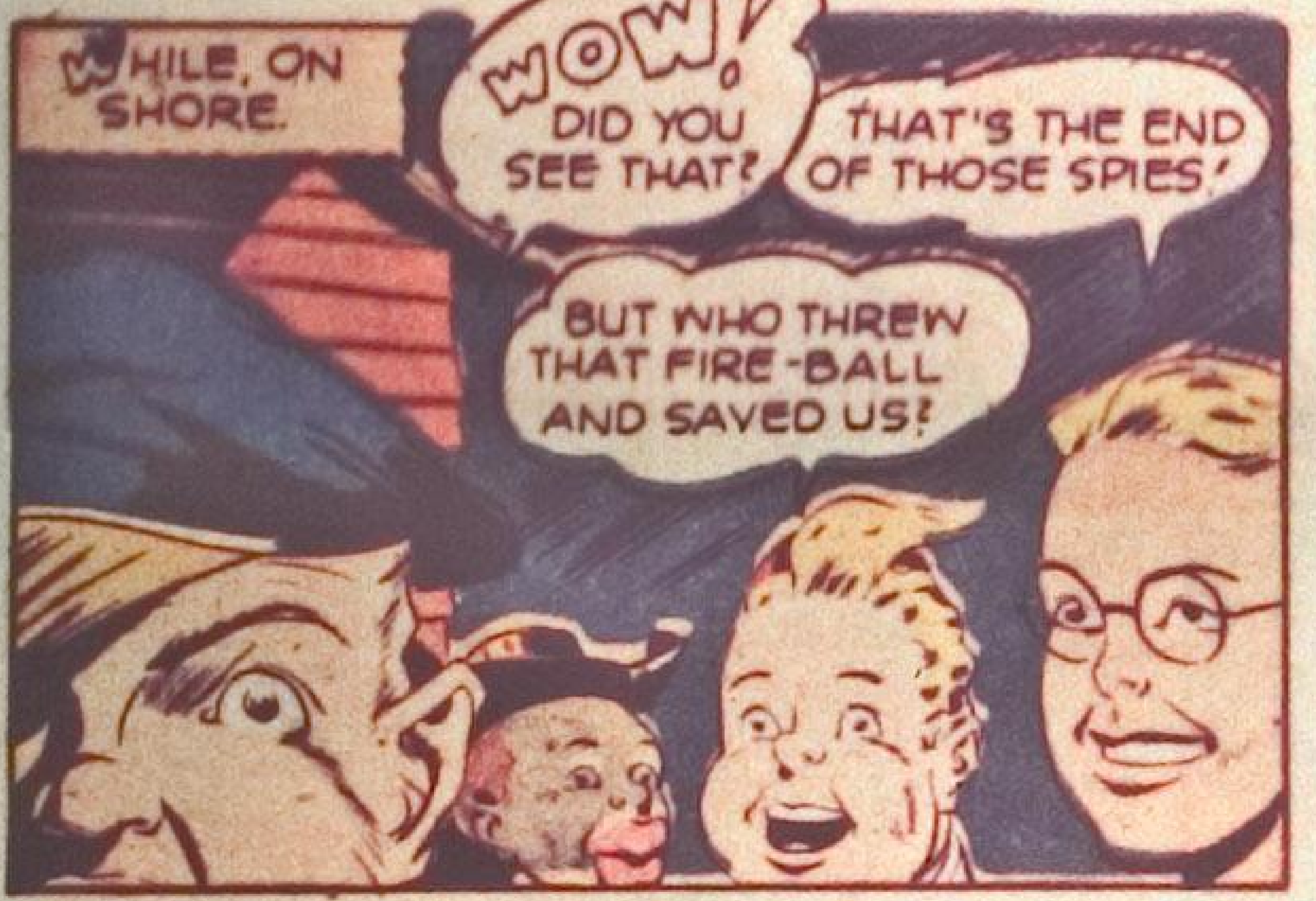

SWINE! I WILL FORCE YOU TO TELL!
NEVER!
AGENT ZERO IS TIED AND THE ENEMY SPIES BEGIN A FIENDISH TORTURE!
THIS WILL LOOSEN YOUR TONGUE, BRITISH DOG!
THERE IS NO ONE AROUND TO HELP YOU! SPEAK!
NO! DON'T! HELP!
BUT AT THAT MOMENT A COMMANDING VOICE RINGS THROUGH THE AIR!
DROP YOUR GUNS! WE HAVE YOU COVERED!
A VOICE!
WHA-?
LOOK!
WHAT THEY SEE - AT THE WINDOW...
RIFLES!
THROUGH A CHINK IN THE WALL
ULP!
AT THE DOOR-
HIMMEL!
WE'RE SURROUNDED!
THROW DOWN YOUR GUNS!

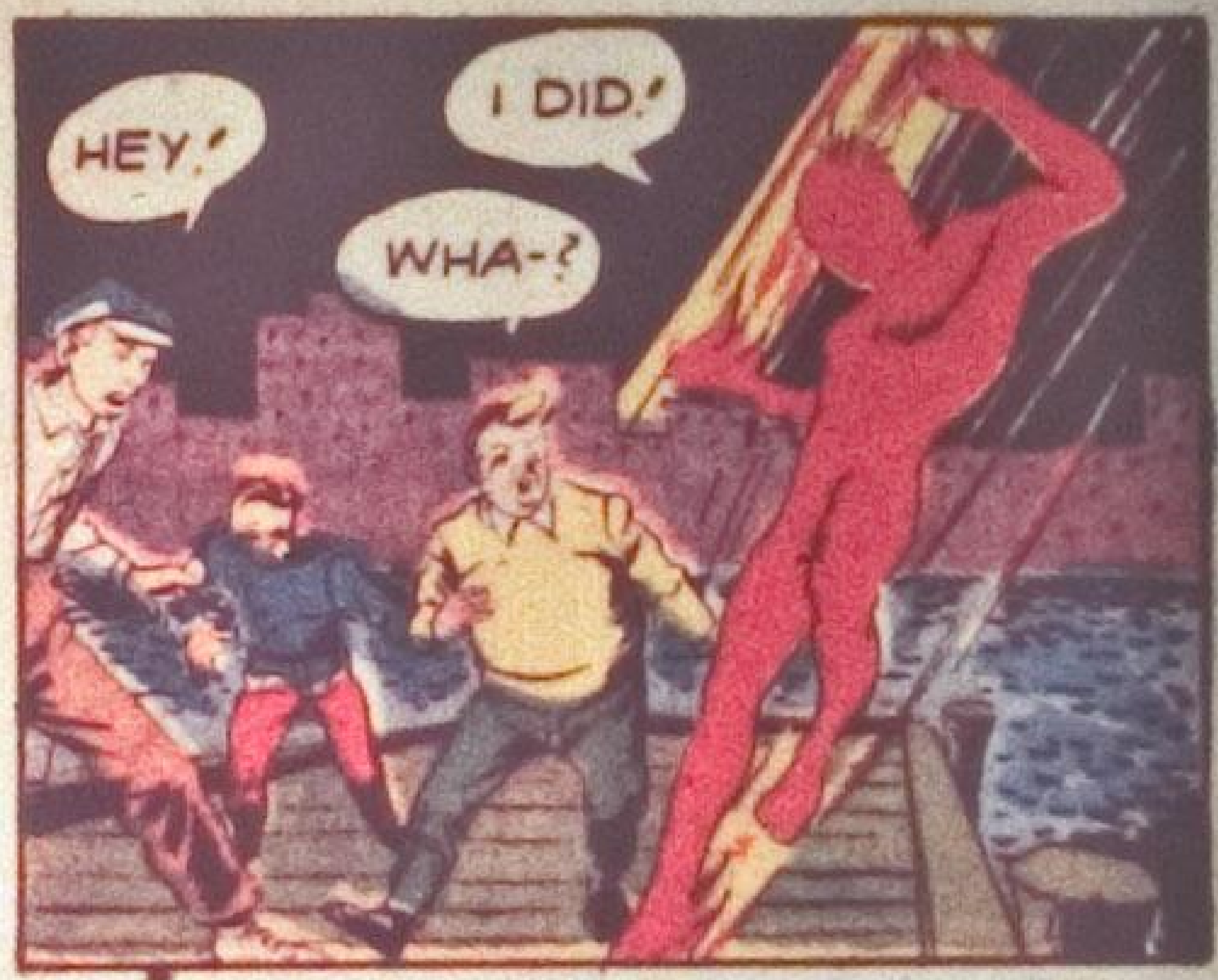

AGAIN THE COMMANDING VOICE IS HEARD,
MARCH OUT, SINGLE FILE! ONE FALSE MOVE AND WE SHOOT!
YA, WE OBEY!
DON'T SHOOT!
AS THE LAST OF THE SPY GANG LEAVES THE SHACK...
DON'T TURN AROUND-GET IN YOUR LAUNCH AND LEAVE!
WE'LL LET YOU GO THIS TIME BUT IF WE EVER SEE YOU AGAIN--
YA, WE GO!
YOU ARE KIND!
THE STUPID, SENTIMENTAL AMERICANS LET US GO! HAD THEY BEEN IN OUR PLACE, WE WOULD HAVE SHOT THEM!
WHEW! THEY FELL FOR IT. IF THEY FOUND OUT THESE GUNS ARE WOODEN, WE MIGHT HAVE BEEN AT THE END OF THEIR REAL GUNS!
IS EVERYTHING OKAY, BUCKY?
HA, HA, DID WE TRICK 'EM!
SHUCKS! I COULDA LICKED 'EM WIT' ME BARE FISTS!
IT'S EASY TO TALK, KNUCKLES. BUT THEY HAD *REAL* GUNS!
SO WHAT?

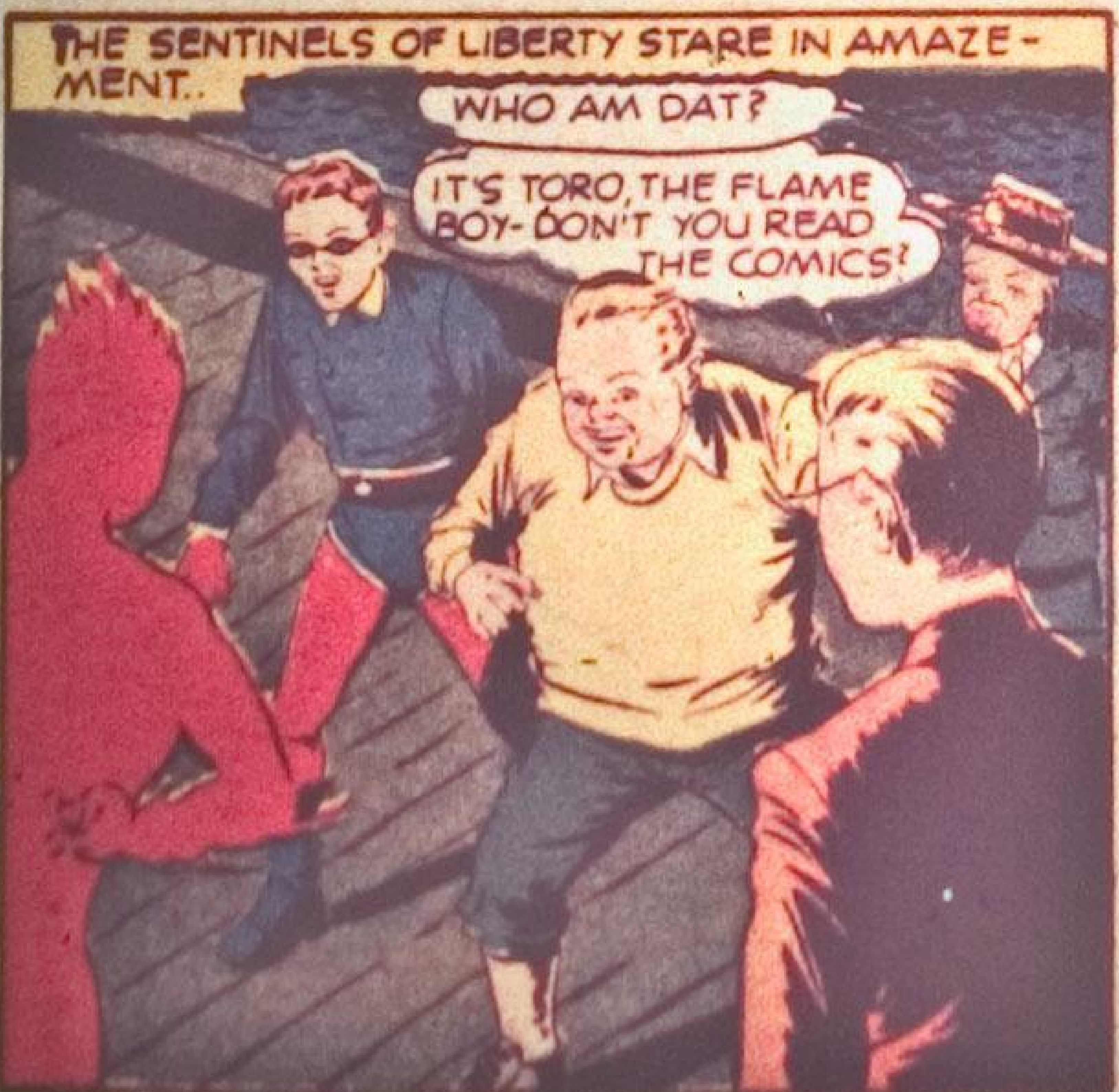

MY, WHAT A HARROWING EXPERIENCE! WE ARE INDEED FORTUNATE THAT THEY DIDN'T SUSPECT THAT THESE GUNS ARE MADE OF WOOD!
IS DEY GONE?
BOY, OH BOY! I'M GLAD THAT'S OVER! I THINK I MUST'A LOST FIFTY POUNDS!
DON'T WORRY, TUBBY. YOU'RE ALL THERE.
OOPS! EXCUSE ME WHITEWASH!
OWOO! AH DONE STUBBED MAH TOE! --AND BUSTED MAH RIFLE!
CRACK!
ON THE LAUNCH, THE SPIES HEAR THE SOUND AND LOOK BACK!
LOOK! THE GUNS WERE FAKES!
AND THOSE ARE ONLY BRATS!
LET'S GET 'EM!
NOW WE'RE IN REAL TROUBLE!
THEY'LL BEAT US UP!

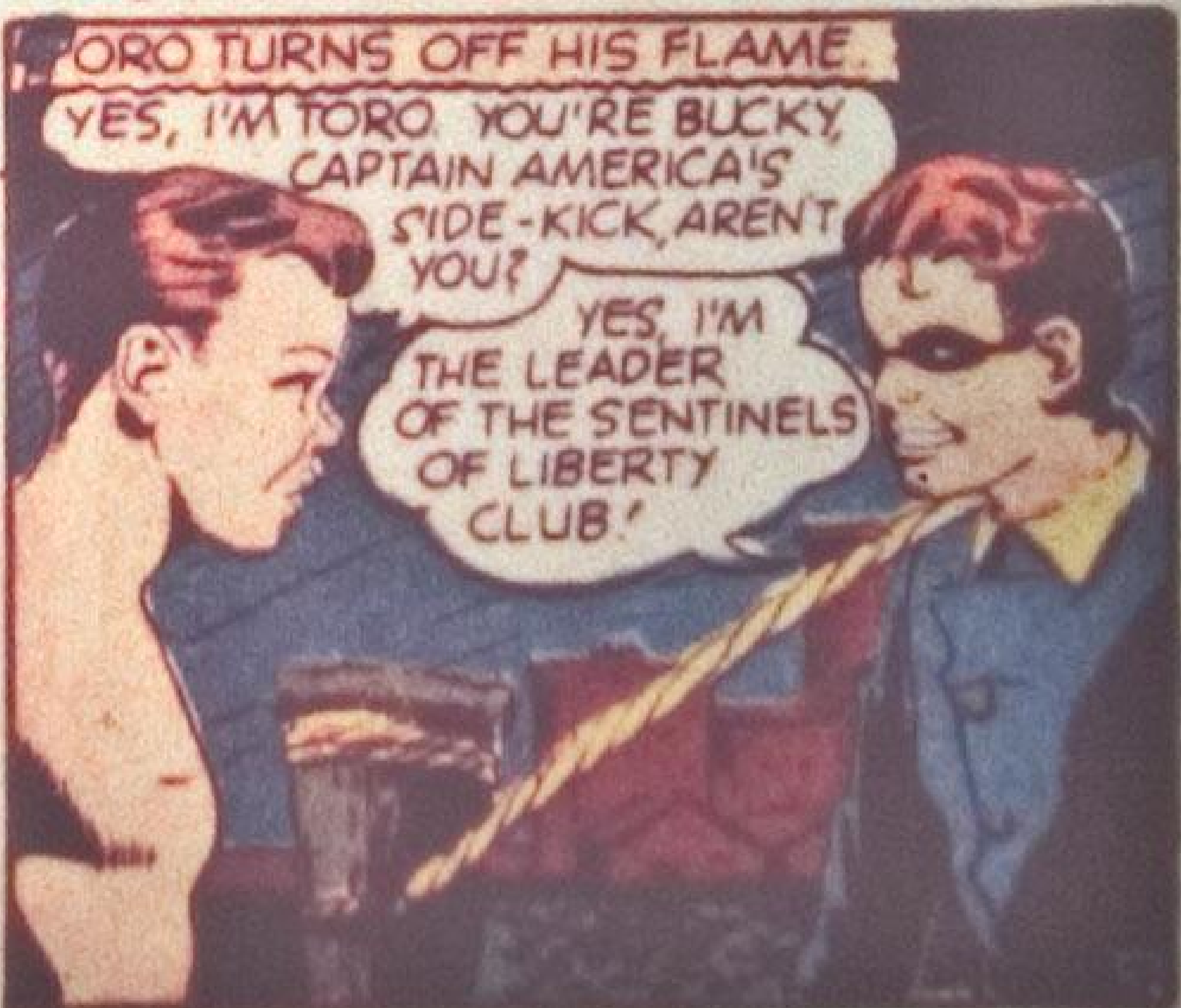

AS THE ANGRY NAZIS SPEED CLOSER TO THE FRIGHTENED BUT DETERMINED YOUNGSTERS, A FLAMING FIRE-BALL HURTLES FROM ABOVE.
VOS ISS?
ACH! IT'S FLYING FIRE!
IT VILL IGNITE OUR GAS TANKS!
DX

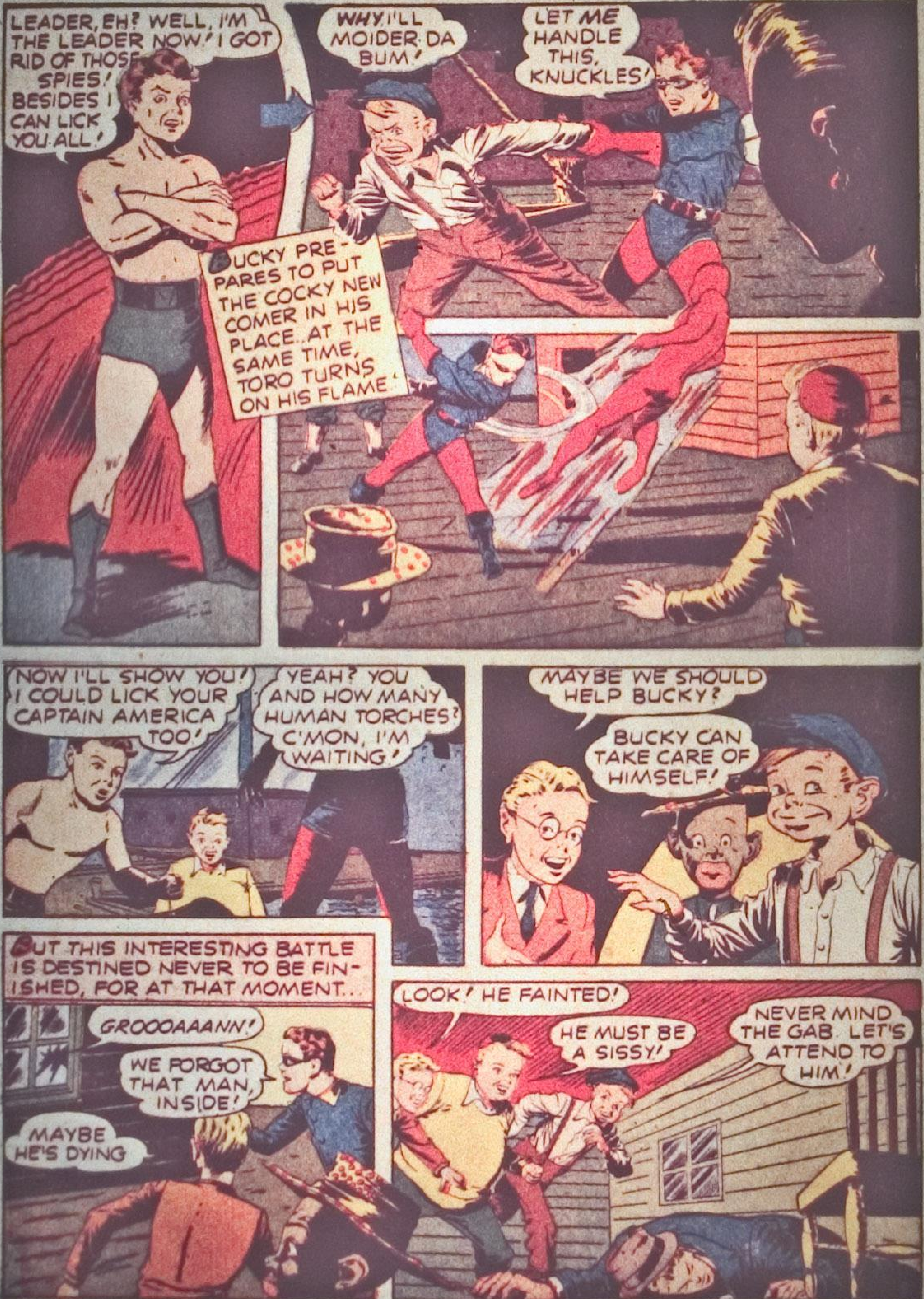

THE EXPLOSION THAT FOLLOWS BLASTS THE FOREIGN AGENTS CLEAR OUT OF THE WATER.

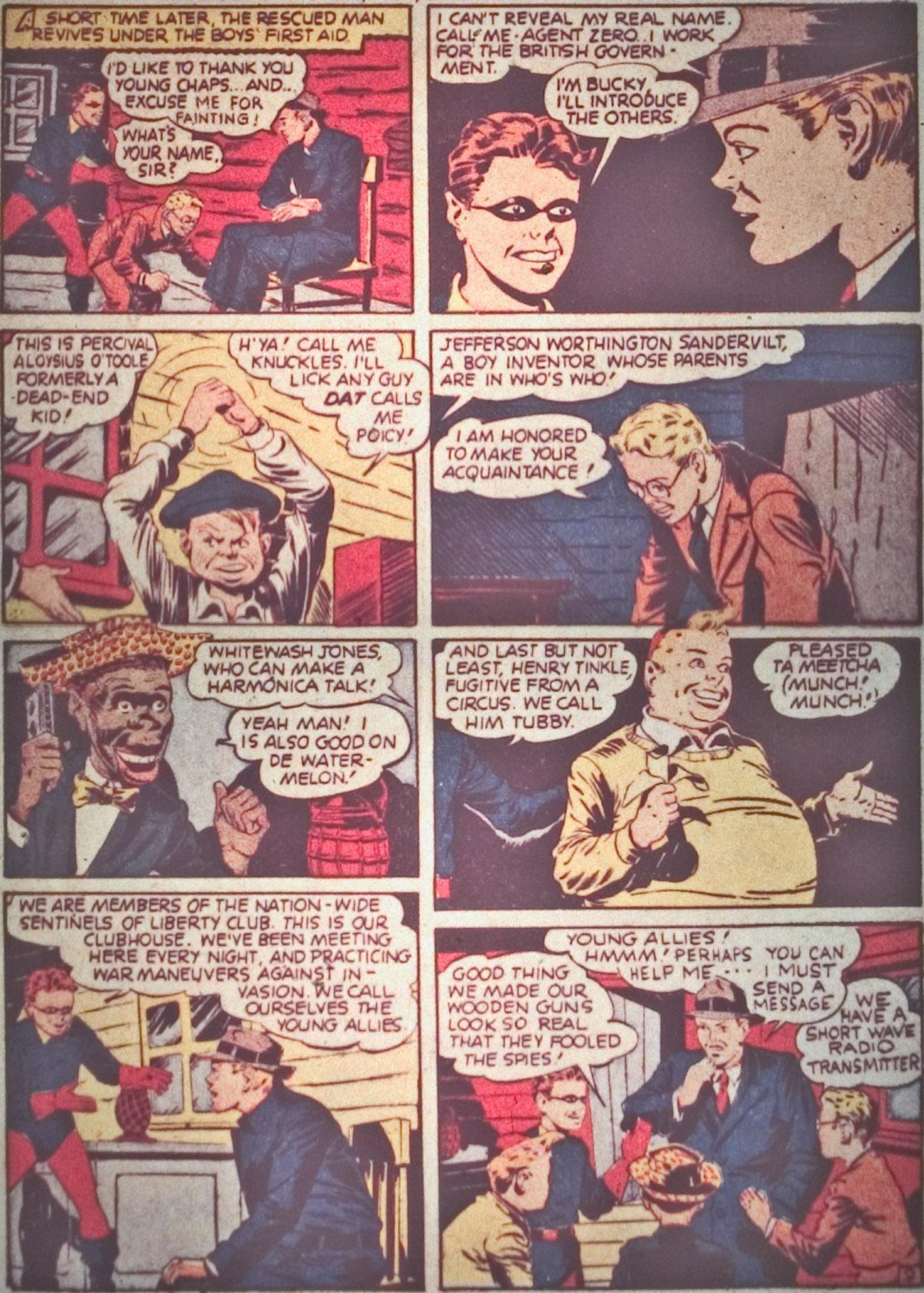

WHILE, ON SHORE.
WOW! DID YOU SEE THAT?
THAT'S THE END OF THOSE SPIES!
BUT WHO THREW THAT FIRE-BALL AND SAVED US?

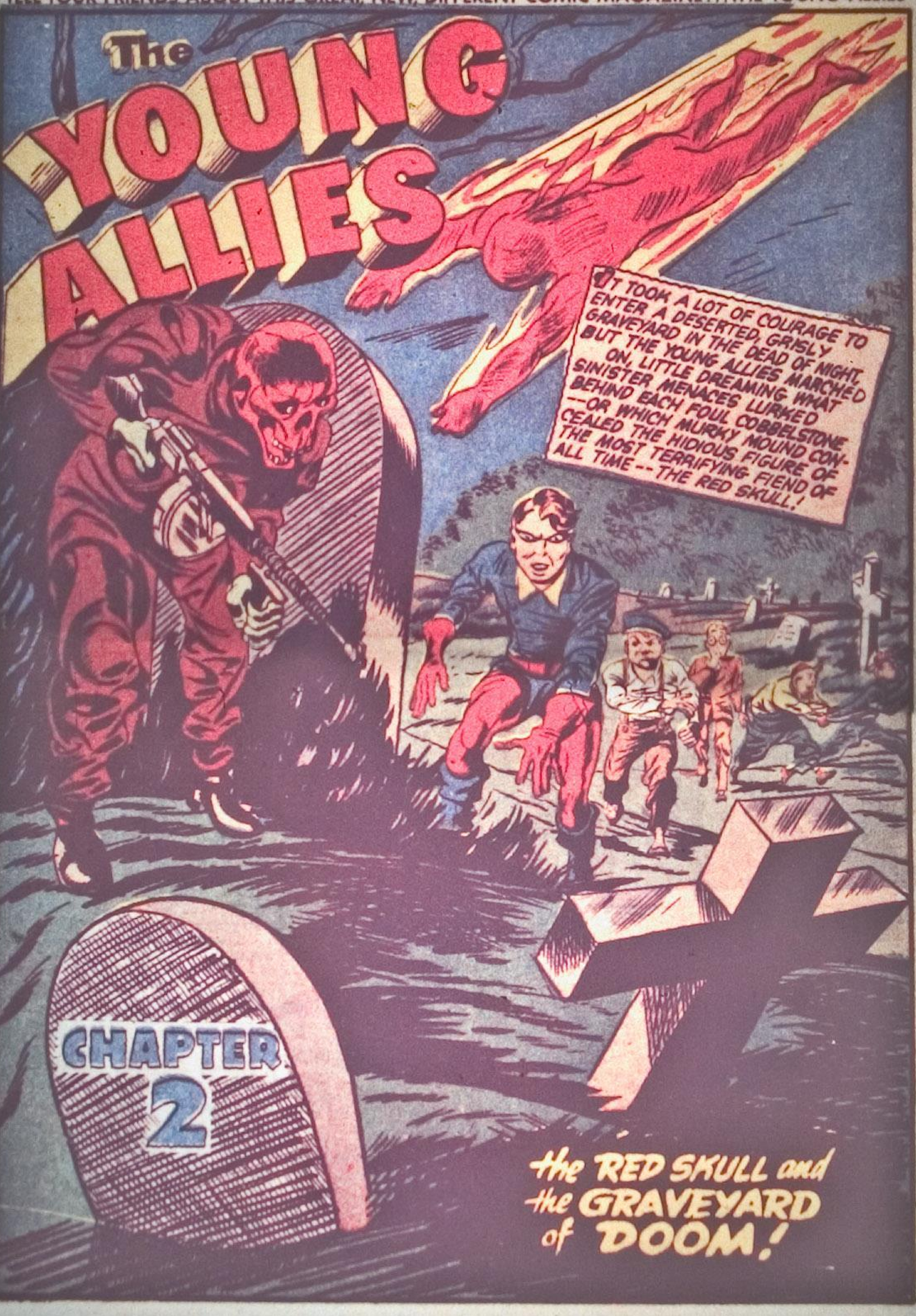

HEY!
I DID!
WHA-?

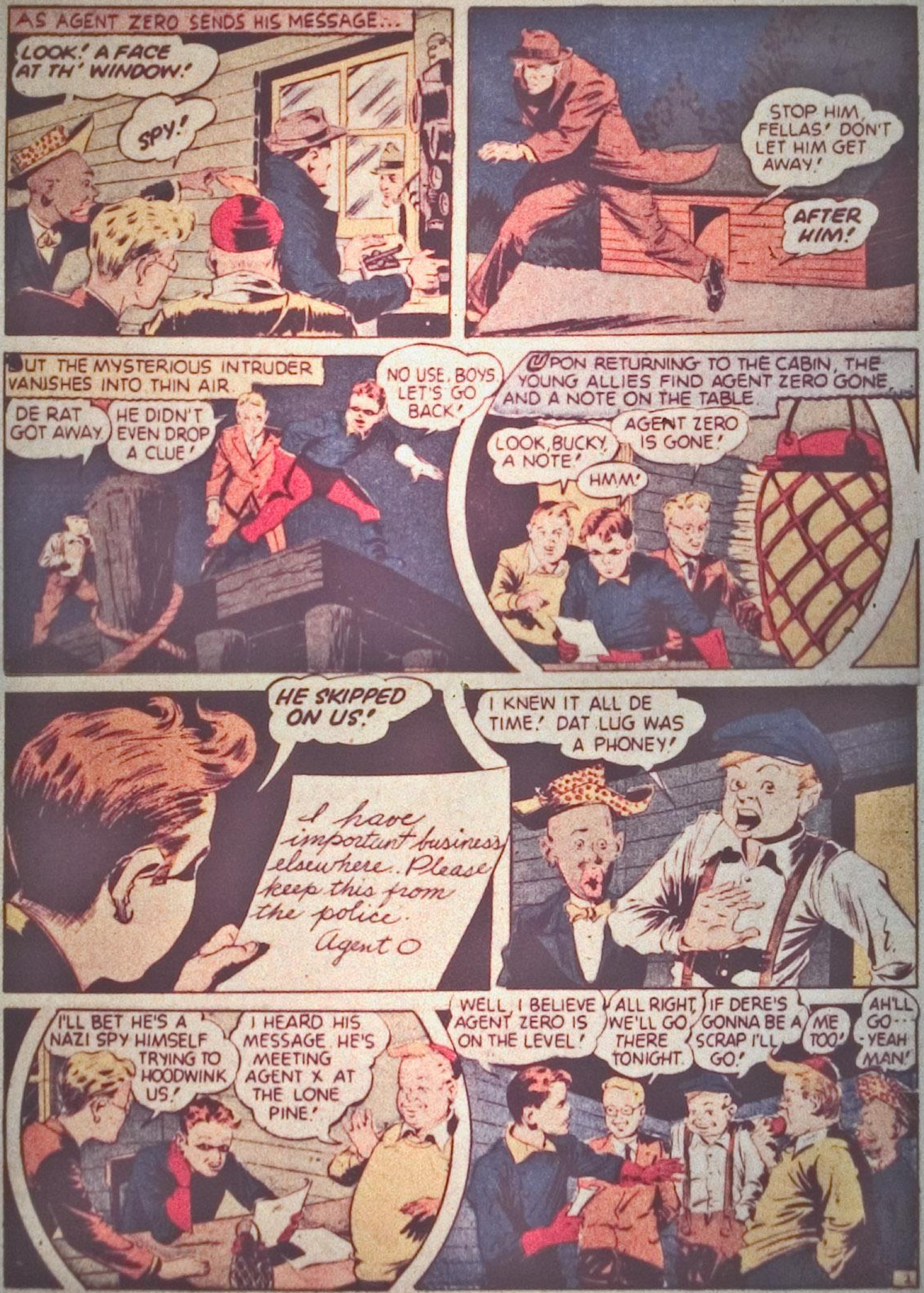

THE SENTINELS OF LIBERTY STARE IN AMAZEMENT..
WHO AM DAT?
IT'S TORO, THE FLAME BOY- DON'T YOU READ THE COMICS?

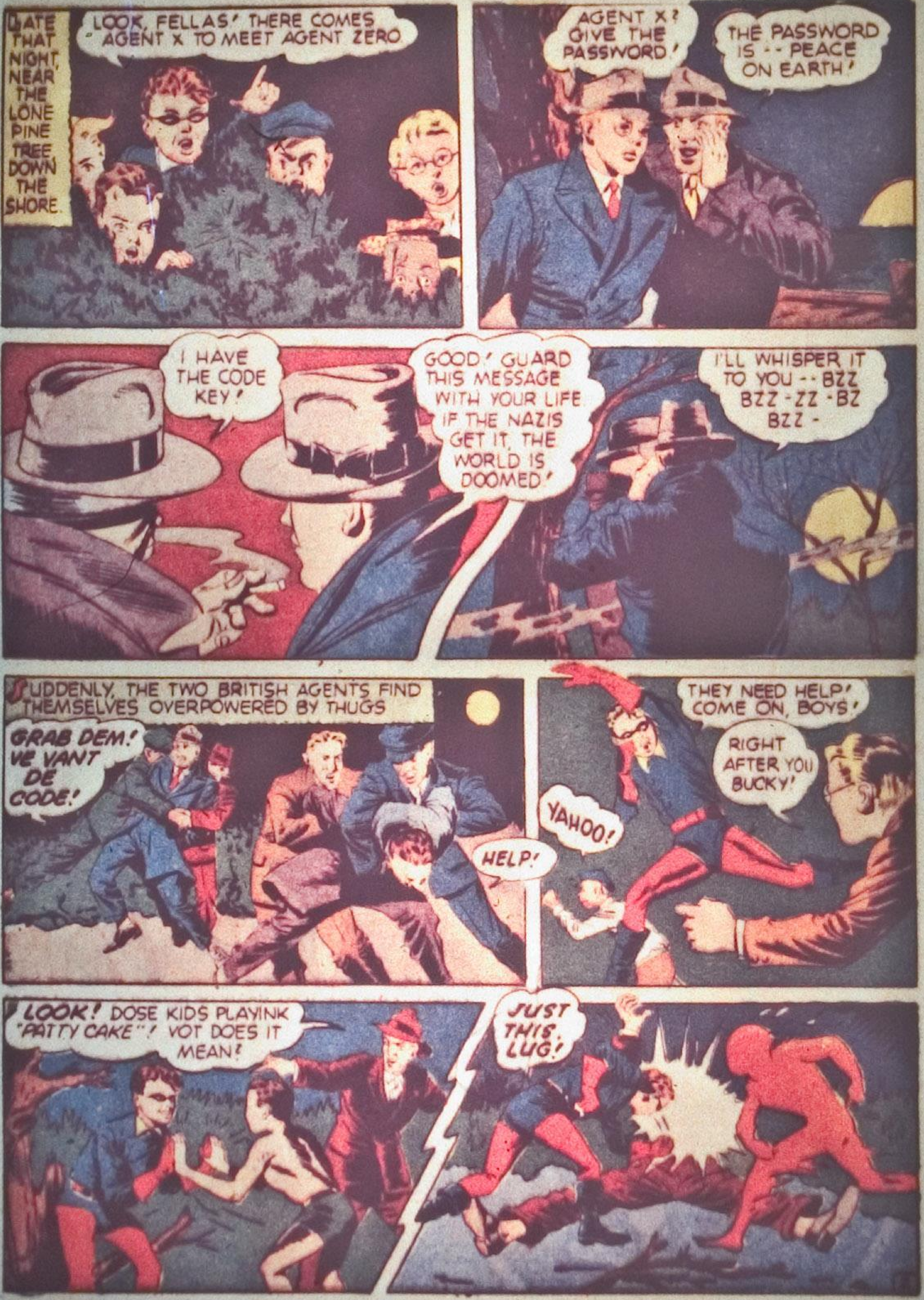

TORO TURNS OFF HIS FLAME.
YES, I'M TORO. YOU'RE BUCKY, CAPTAIN AMERICA'S SIDE-KICK, ARENT YOU?
YES, I'M THE LEADER OF THE SENTINELS OF LIBERTY CLUB!

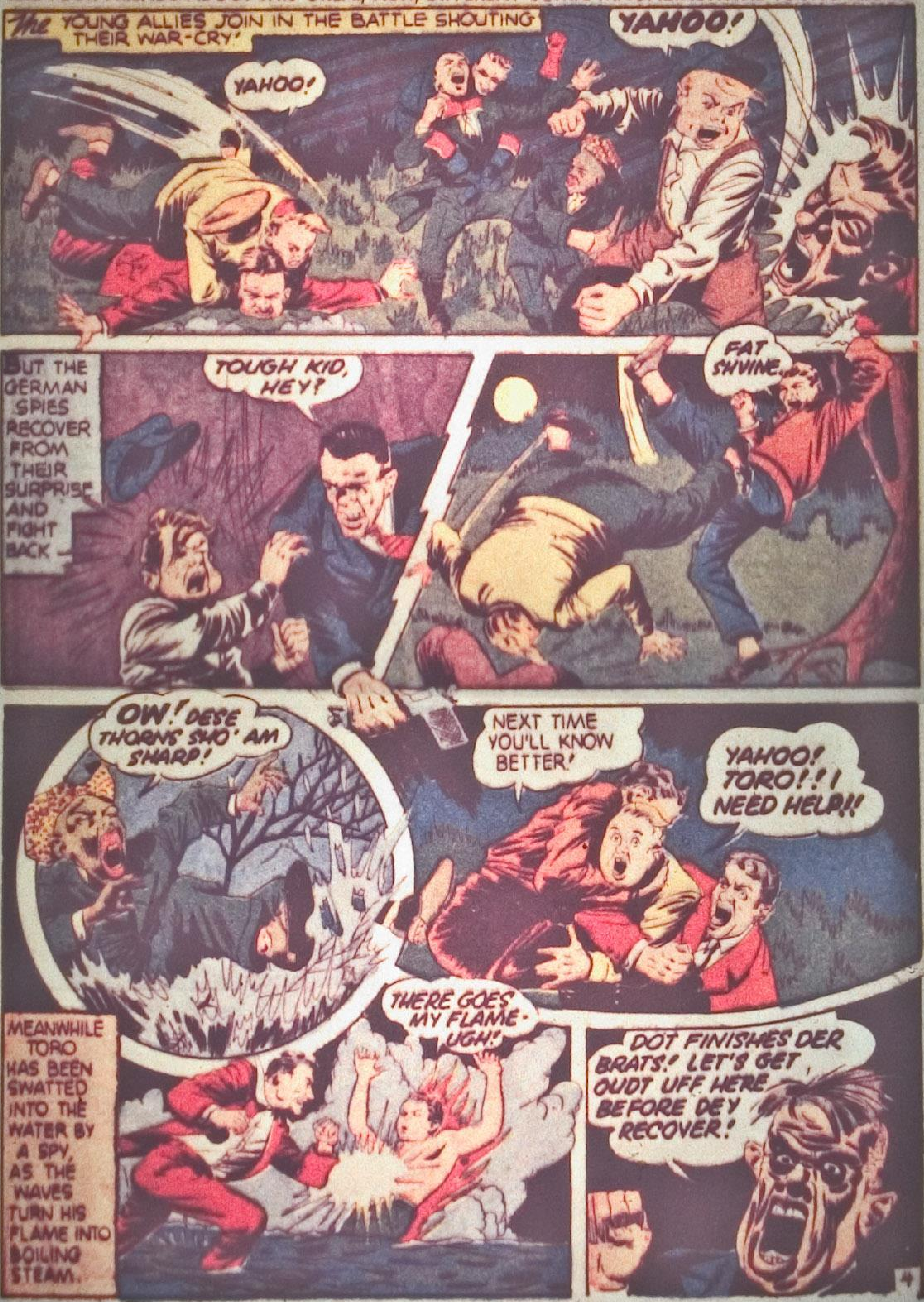

LEADER, EH? WELL, I'M THE LEADER NOW! I GOT RID OF THOSE SPIES! BESIDES I CAN LICK YOU ALL!
WHY, I'LL MOIDER DA BUM!
LET ME HANDLE THIS, KNUCKLES!
BUCKY PREPARES TO PUT THE COCKY NEWCOMER IN HIS PLACE.. AT THE SAME TIME, TORO TURNS ON HIS FLAME.
NOW I'LL SHOW YOU! I COULD LICK YOUR CAPTAIN AMERICA TOO!
YEAH? YOU AND HOW MANY HUMAN TORCHES? C'MON, I'M WAITING!
MAYBE WE SHOULD HELP BUCKY?
BUCKY CAN TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF!
BUT THIS INTERESTING BATTLE IS DESTINED NEVER TO BE FINISHED, FOR AT THAT MOMENT..
GROOOAAANN!
WE FORGOT THAT MAN, INSIDE!
MAYBE HE'S DYING
LOOK! HE FAINTED!
HE MUST BE A SISSY!
NEVER MIND THE GAB. LET'S ATTEND TO HIM!

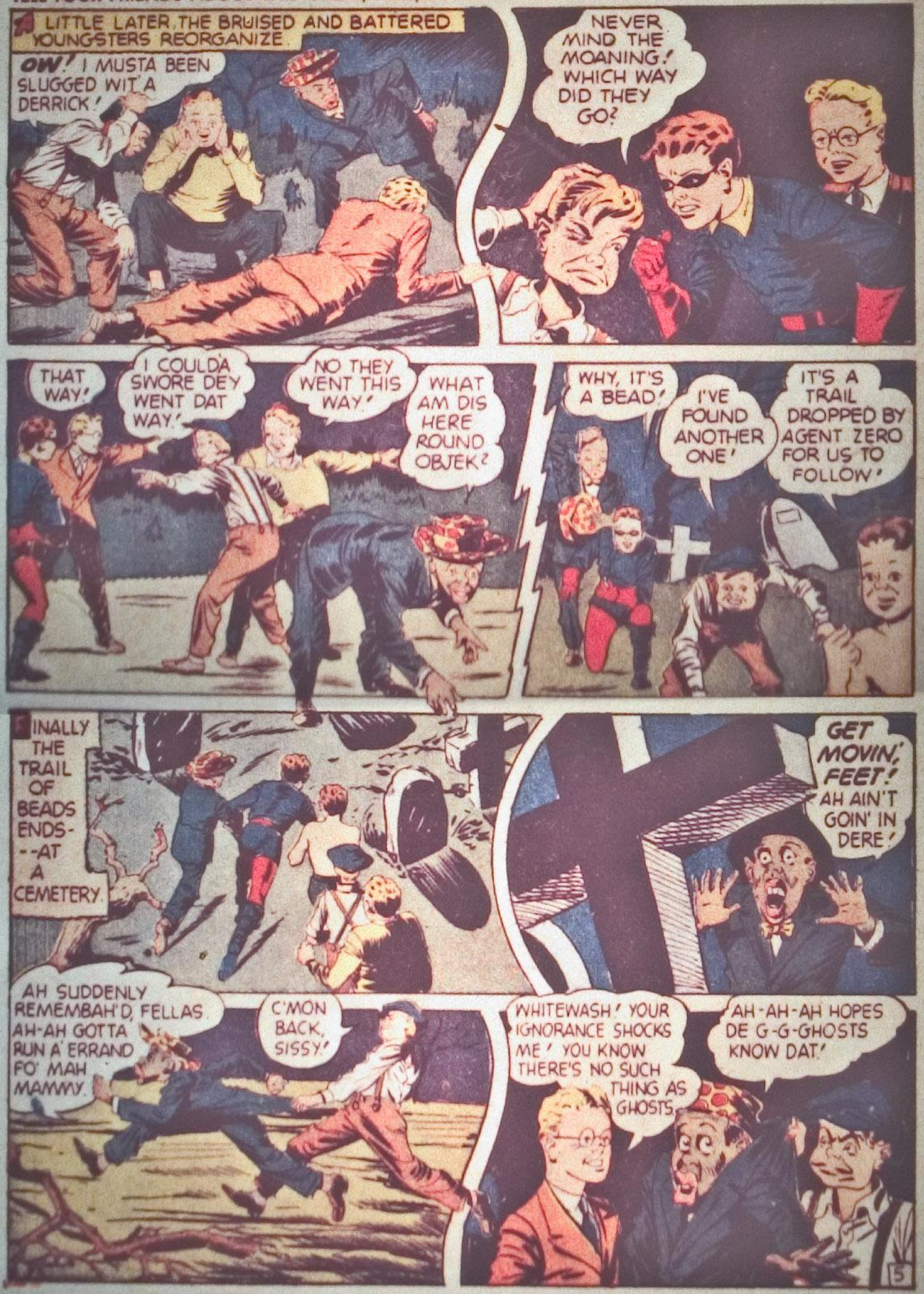

A SHORT TIME LATER, THE RESCUED MAN REVIVES UNDER THE BOYS' FIRST AID.
I'D LIKE TO THANK YOU YOUNG CHAPS...AND.. EXCUSE ME FOR FAINTING!
WHAT'S YOUR NAME, SIR?
I CAN'T REVEAL MY REAL NAME. CALL ME - AGENT ZERO.. I WORK FOR THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.
I'M BUCKY. I'LL INTRODUCE THE OTHERS.
THIS IS PERCIVAL ALOYSIUS O'TOOLE FORMERLY A DEAD-END KID!
H'YA! CALL ME KNUCKLES. I'LL LICK ANY GUY DAT CALLS ME POICY!
JEFFERSON WORTHINGTON SANDERVILT, A BOY INVENTOR WHOSE PARENTS ARE IN WHO'S WHO!
I AM HONORED TO MAKE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE!
WHITEWASH JONES, WHO CAN MAKE A HARMONICA TALK!
YEAH MAN! I IS ALSO GOOD ON DE WATERMELON!
AND LAST BUT NOT LEAST, HENRY TINKLE, FUGITIVE FROM A CIRCUS. WE CALL HIM TUBBY.
PLEASED TA MEETCHA (MUNCH! MUNCH!)
WE ARE MEMBERS OF THE NATION-WIDE SENTINELS OF LIBERTY CLUB. THIS IS OUR CLUBHOUSE. WE'VE BEEN MEETING HERE EVERY NIGHT, AND PRACTICING WAR MANEUVERS AGAINST INVASION. WE CALL OURSELVES THE YOUNG ALLIES.
YOUNG ALLIES! HMMM! PERHAPS YOU CAN HELP ME... I MUST SEND A MESSAGE
GOOD THING WE MADE OUR WOODEN GUNS LOOK SO REAL THAT THEY FOOLED THE SPIES!
WE HAVE A SHORT WAVE RADIO TRANSMITTER

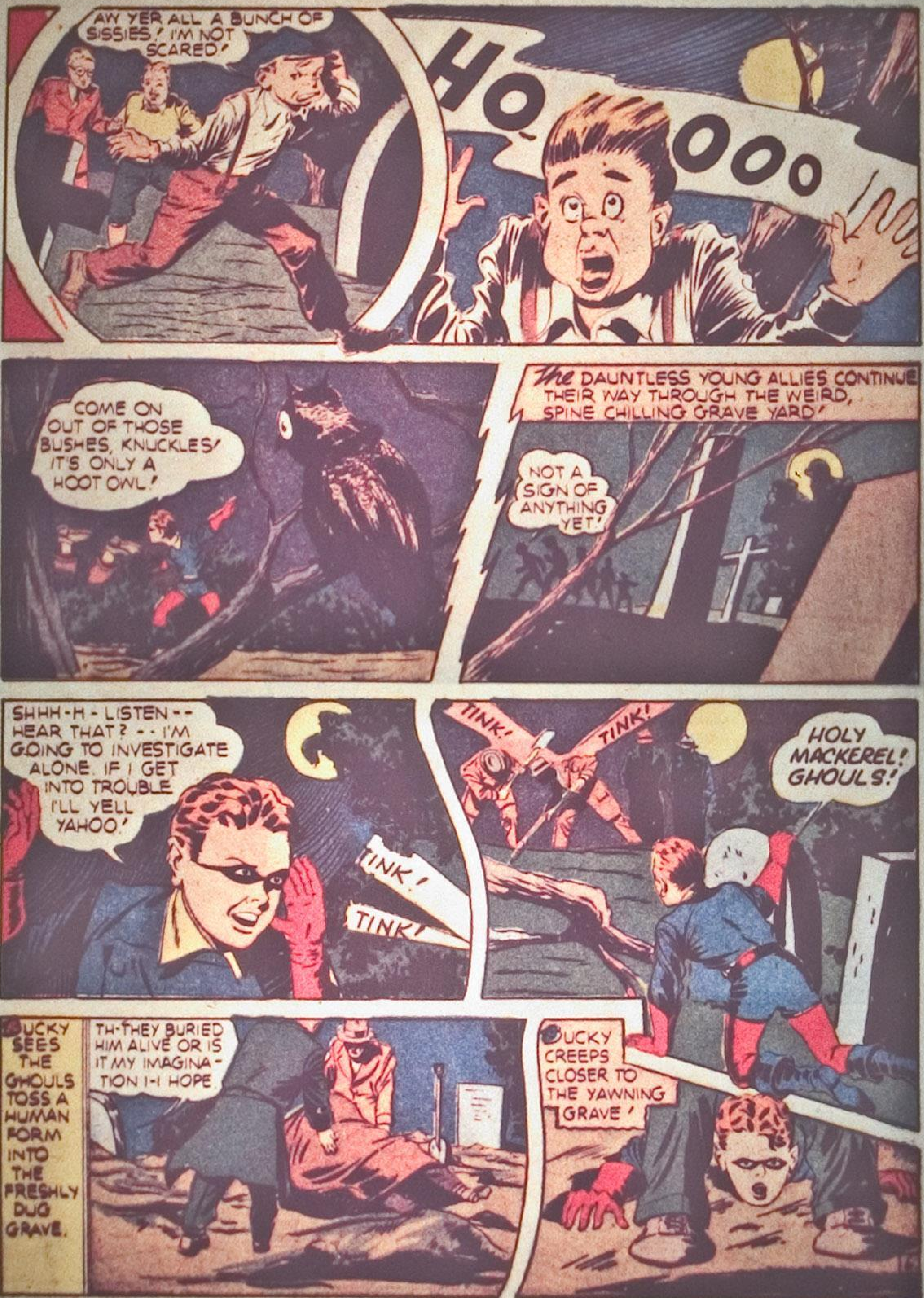

The YOUNG ALLIES
IT TOOK A LOT OF COURAGE TO ENTER A DESERTED, GRISLY GRAVEYARD IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT, BUT THE YOUNG ALLIES MARCHED ON, LITTLE DREAMING WHAT SINISTER MENACES LURKED BEHIND EACH FOUL COBBELSTONE —OR WHICH MURKY MOUND CONCEALED THE HIDIOUS FIGURE OF THE MOST TERRIFYING FIEND OF ALL TIME -- THE RED SKULL!
CHAPTER 2
the RED SKULL and the GRAVEYARD of DOOM!

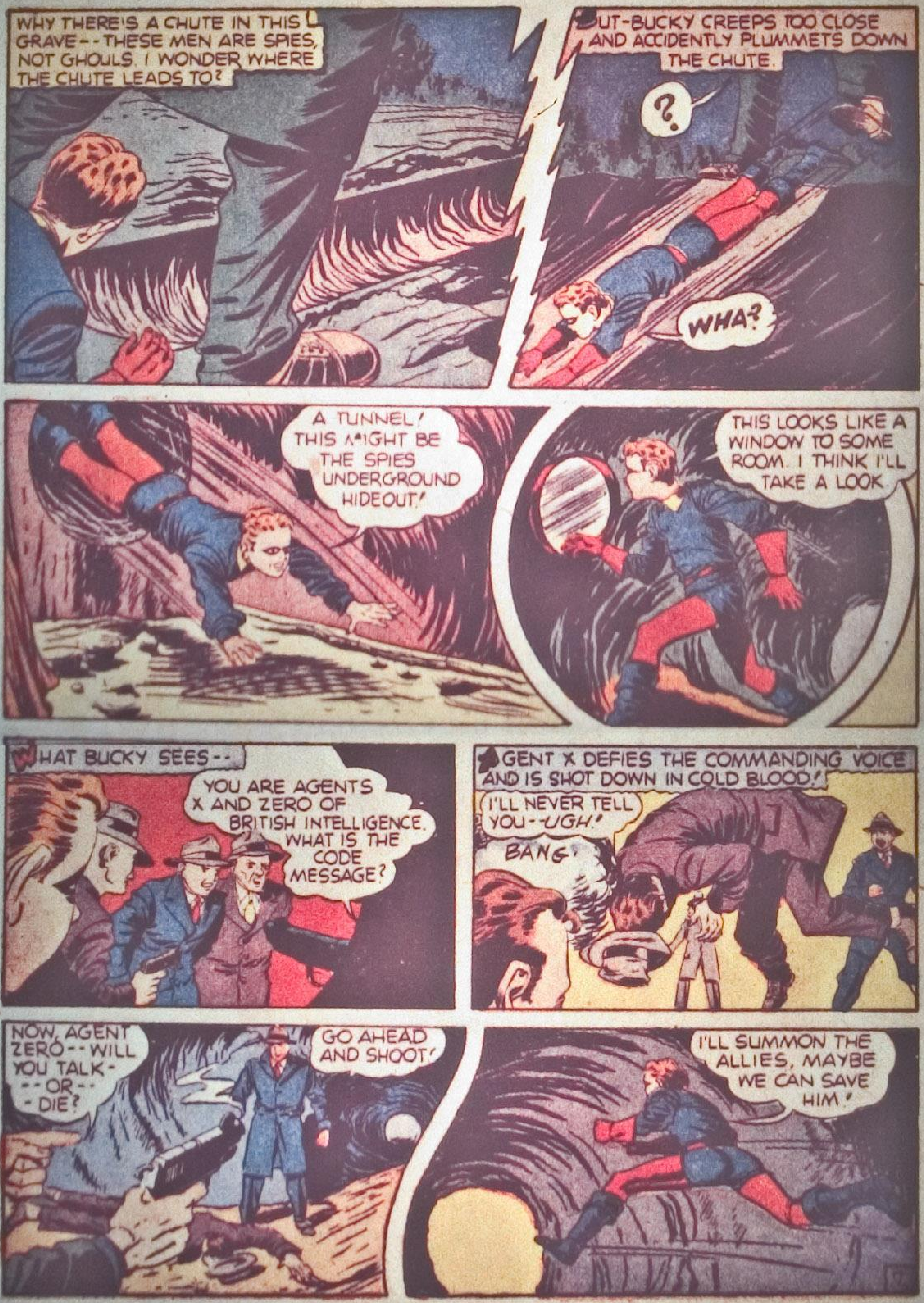

AS AGENT ZERO SENDS HIS MESSAGE...
LOOK! A FACE AT TH' WINDOW!
SPY!
STOP HIM, FELLAS! DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!
AFTER HIM!
BUT THE MYSTERIOUS INTRUDER VANISHES INTO THIN AIR.
DE RAT GOT AWAY.
HE DIDN'T EVEN DROP A CLUE!
NO USE, BOYS. LET'S GO BACK!
UPON RETURNING TO THE CABIN, THE YOUNG ALLIES FIND AGENT ZERO GONE AND A NOTE ON THE TABLE.
LOOK, BUCKY, A NOTE!
AGENT ZERO IS GONE!
HMM!
HE SKIPPED ON US!
I have important business elsewhere. Please keep this from the police. Agent O
I KNEW IT ALL DE TIME! DAT LUG WAS A PHONEY!
I'LL BET HE'S A NAZI SPY HIMSELF TRYING TO HOODWINK US!
I HEARD HIS MESSAGE. HE'S MEETING AGENT X AT THE LONE PINE!
WELL, I BELIEVE AGENT ZERO IS ON THE LEVEL!
ALL RIGHT, WE'LL GO THERE TONIGHT.
IF DERE'S GONNA BE A SCRAP I'LL GO!
ME TOO!
AH'LL GO--YEAH MAN!

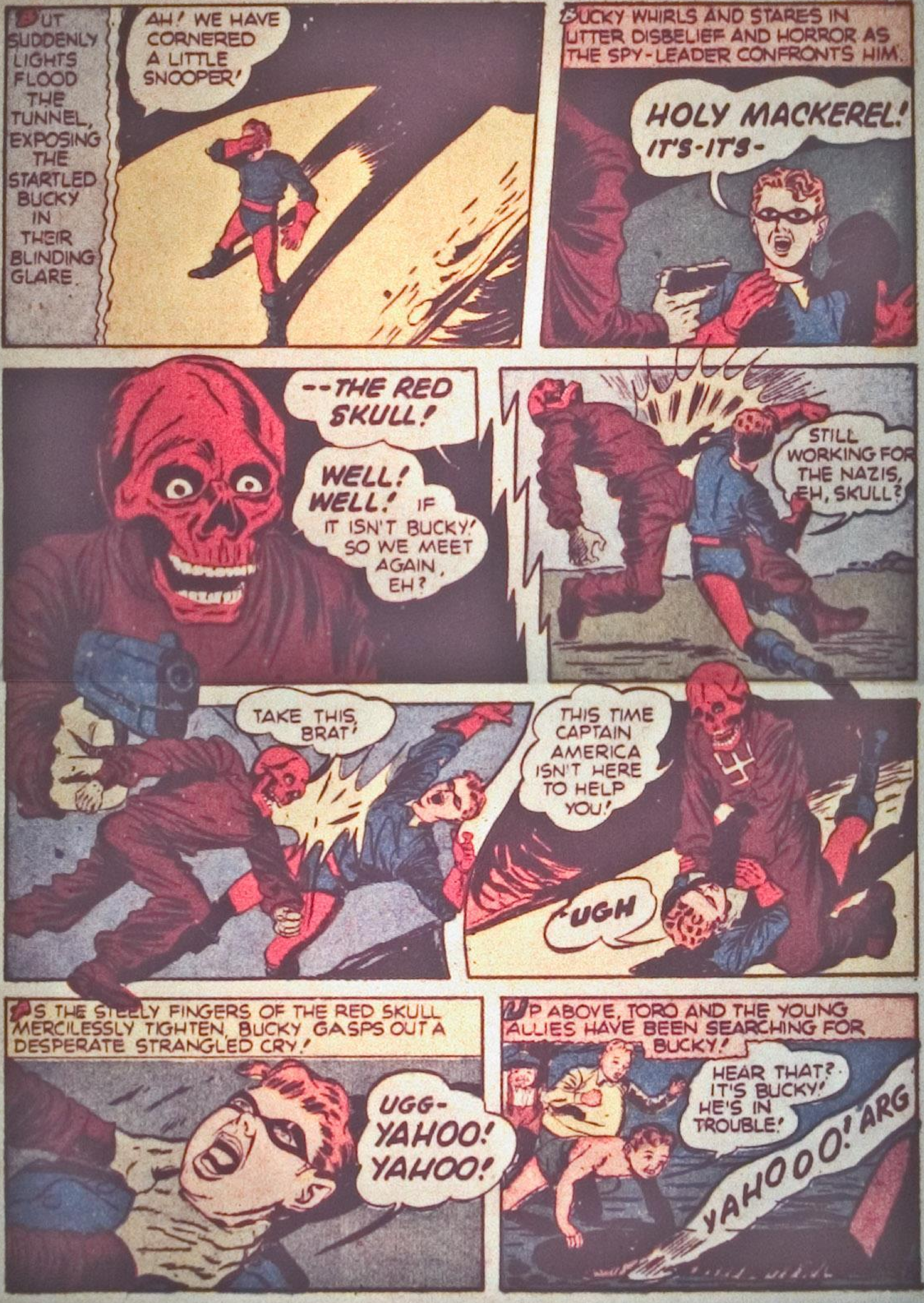

LATE THAT NIGHT, NEAR THE LONE PINE TREE DOWN THE SHORE.
LOOK, FELLAS! THERE COMES AGENT X TO MEET AGENT ZERO.
AGENT X? GIVE THE PASSWORD!
THE PASSWORD IS -- PEACE ON EARTH!
I HAVE THE CODE KEY!
GOOD! GUARD THIS MESSAGE WITH YOUR LIFE. IF THE NAZIS GET IT, THE WORLD IS DOOMED!
I'LL WHISPER IT TO YOU -- BZZ BZZ - ZZ - BZ BZZ -
SUDDENLY, THE TWO BRITISH AGENTS FIND THEMSELVES OVERPOWERED BY THUGS
GRAB DEM! VE VANT DE CODE!
HELP!
THEY NEED HELP! COME ON, BOYS!
RIGHT AFTER YOU BUCKY!
YAHOO!
LOOK! DOSE KIDS PLAYINK "PATTY CAKE"! VOT DOES IT MEAN?
JUST THIS, LUG!

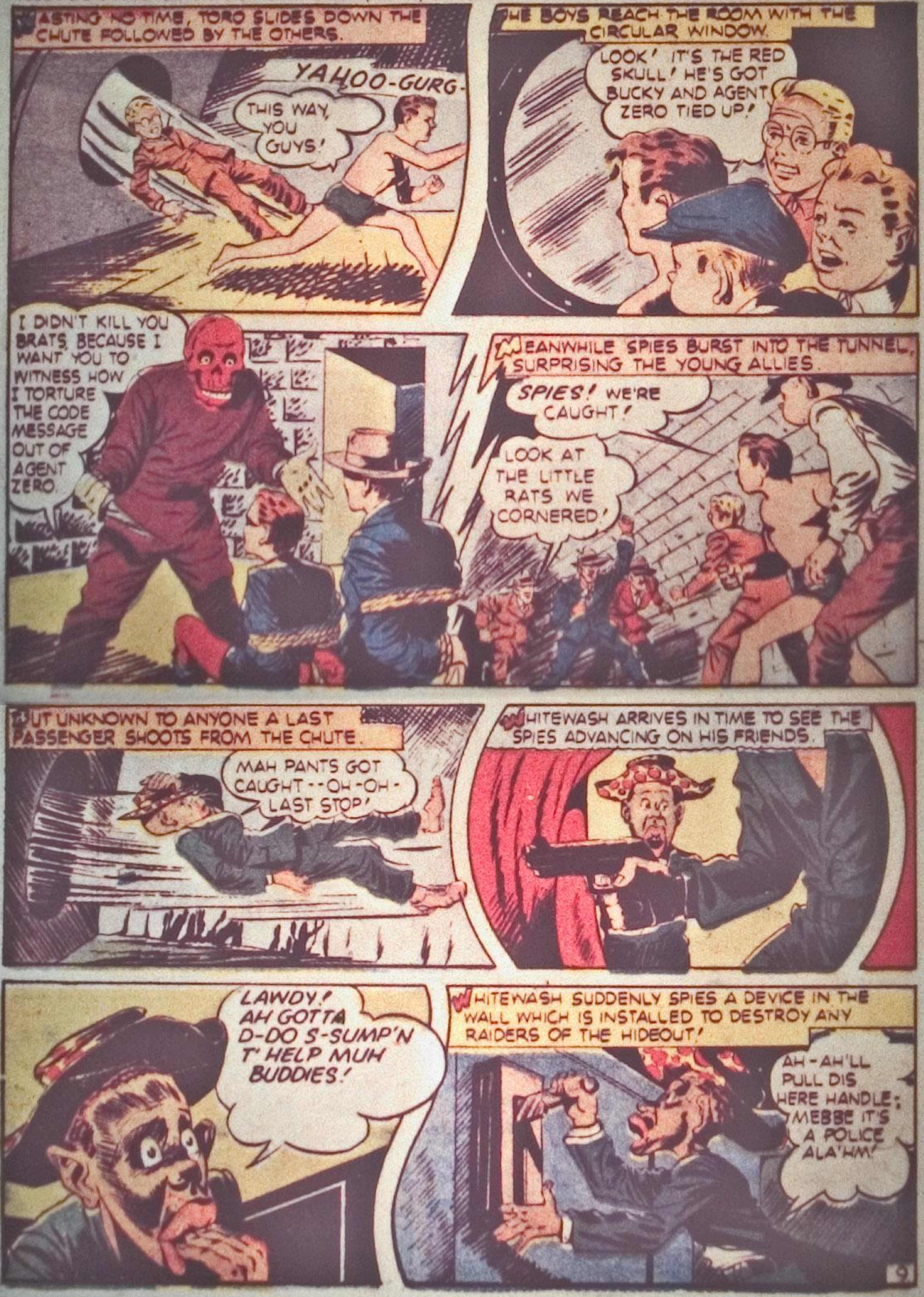

The YOUNG ALLIES JOIN IN THE BATTLE SHOUTING THEIR WAR-CRY!
YAHOO!
YAHOO!
BUT THE GERMAN SPIES RECOVER FROM THEIR SURPRISE AND FIGHT BACK—
TOUGH KID, HEY?
FAT SHVINE.
OW! DESE THORNS SHO' AM SHARP!
NEXT TIME YOU'LL KNOW BETTER!
YAHOO! TORO!! I NEED HELP!!
MEANWHILE TORO HAS BEEN SWATTED INTO THE WATER BY A SPY, AS THE WAVES TURN HIS FLAME INTO BOILING STEAM.
THERE GOES MY FLAME-UGH!
DOT FINISHES DER BRATS! LET'S GET OUDT UFF HERE BEFORE DEY RECOVER!

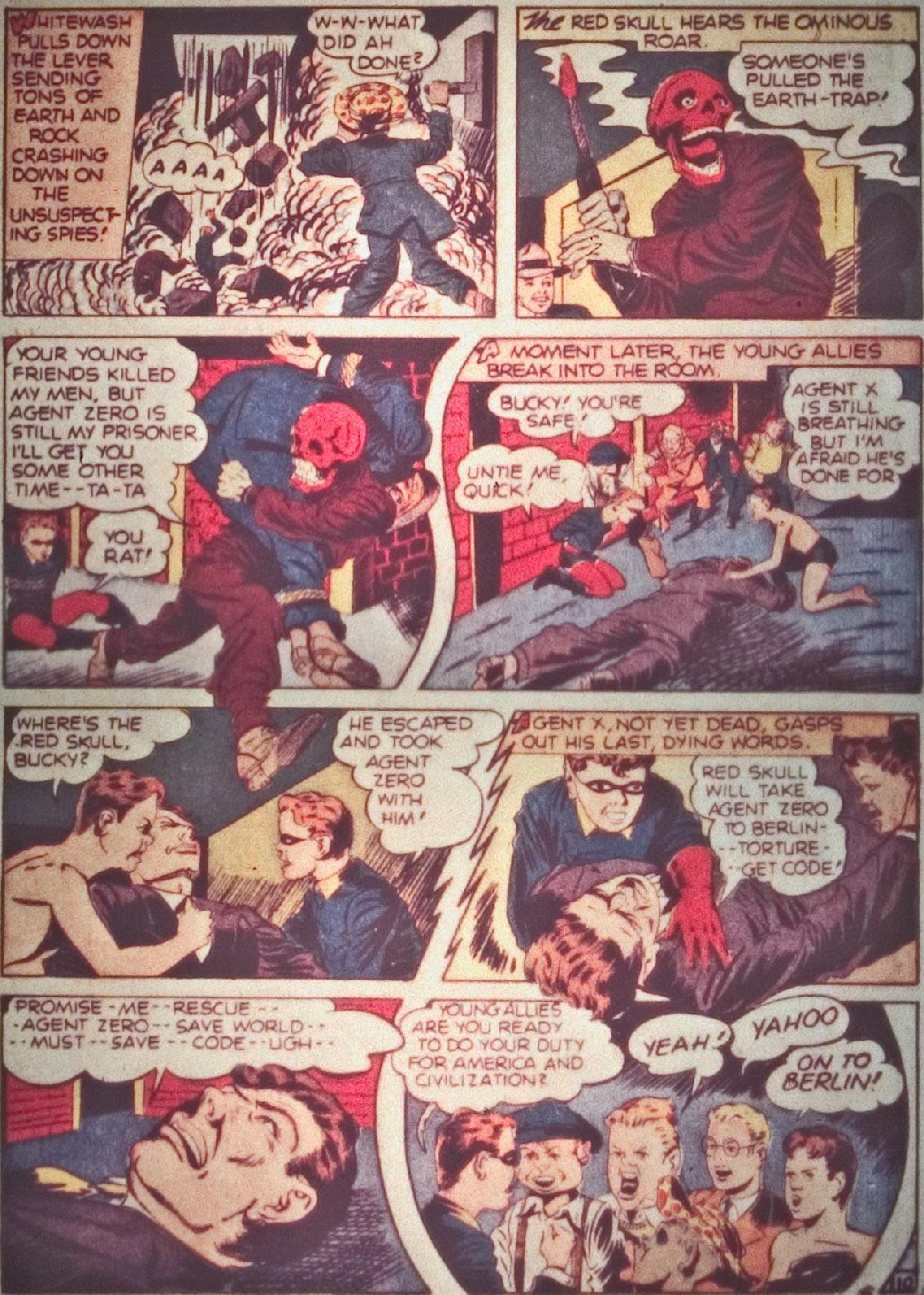

A LITTLE LATER, THE BRUISED AND BATTERED YOUNGSTERS REORGANIZE.
OW! I MUSTA BEEN SLUGGED WIT A DERRICK!
NEVER MIND THE MOANING! WHICH WAY DID THEY GO?
THAT WAY!
I COULDA SWORE DEY WENT DAT WAY!
NO THEY WENT THIS WAY!
WHAT AM DIS HERE ROUND OBJEK?
WHY, IT'S A BEAD!
I'VE FOUND ANOTHER ONE!
IT'S A TRAIL DROPPED BY AGENT ZERO FOR US TO FOLLOW!
FINALLY THE TRAIL OF BEADS ENDS- -AT A CEMETERY.
GET MOVIN', FEET! AH AIN'T GOIN' IN DERE!
AH SUDDENLY REMEMBAH'D, FELLAS. AH-AH GOTTA RUN A' ERRAND FO' MAH MAMMY.
C'MON BACK, SISSY!
WHITEWASH! YOUR IGNORANCE SHOCKS ME! YOU KNOW THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS GHOSTS.
AH-AH-AH HOPES DE G-G-GHOSTS KNOW DAT!

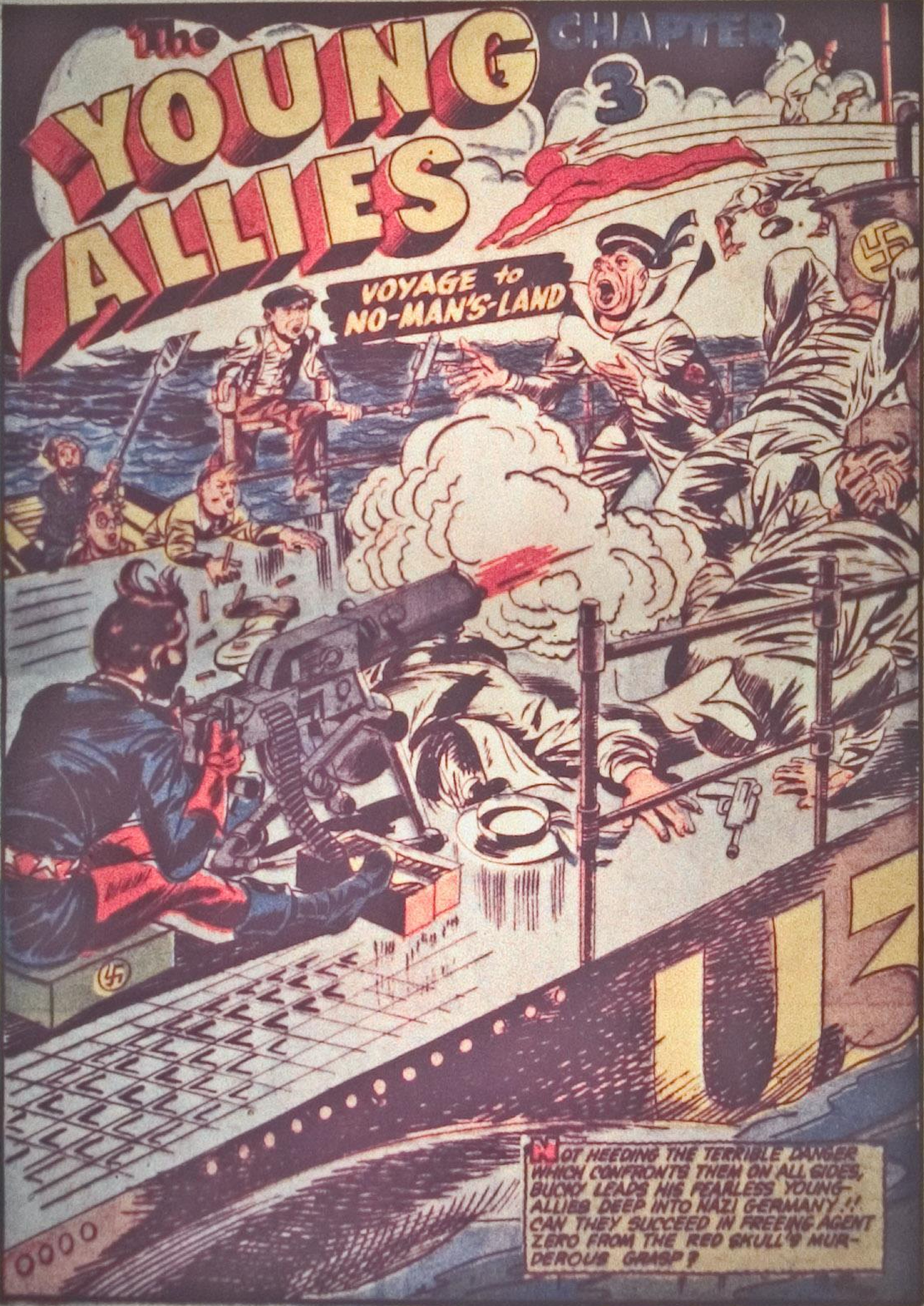

AW YER ALL A BUNCH OF SISSIES! I'M NOT SCARED!
HO-OOOO
COME ON OUT OF THOSE BUSHES, KNUCKLES! IT'S ONLY A HOOT OWL!
The DAUNTLESS YOUNG ALLIES CONTINUE THEIR WAY THROUGH THE WEIRD, SPINE CHILLING GRAVE YARD!
NOT A SIGN OF ANYTHING YET!
SHHH-H - LISTEN -- HEAR THAT? -- I'M GOING TO INVESTIGATE ALONE. IF I GET INTO TROUBLE I'LL YELL YAHOO!
TINK!
TINK!
TINK!
TINK!
HOLY MACKEREL! GHOULS!
BUCKY SEES THE GHOULS TOSS A HUMAN FORM INTO THE FRESHLY DUG GRAVE.
TH-THEY BURIED HIM ALIVE OR IS IT MY IMAGINATION I-I HOPE.
BUCKY CREEPS CLOSER TO THE YAWNING GRAVE!

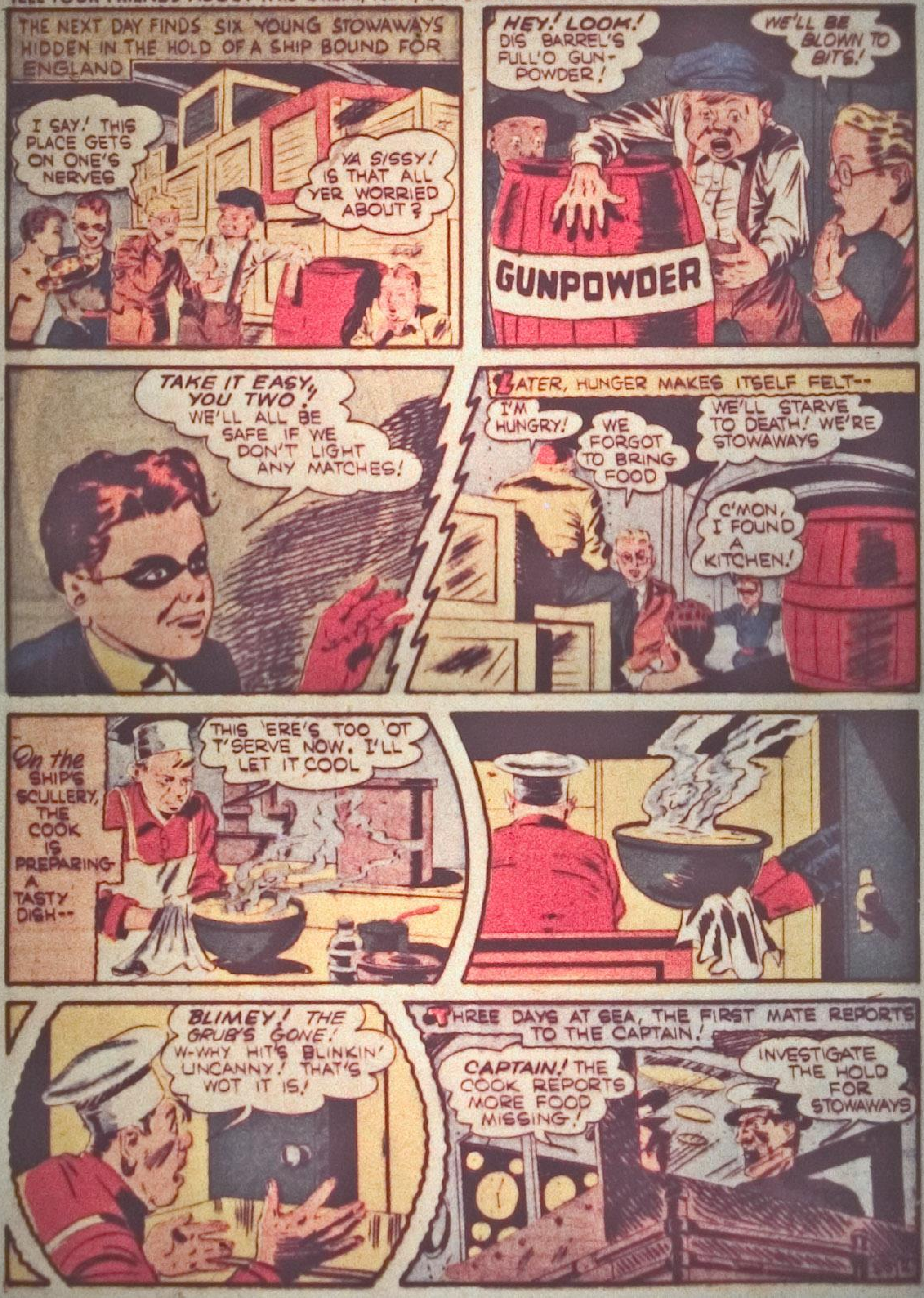

WHY THERE'S A CHUTE IN THIS GRAVE--THESE MEN ARE SPIES, NOT GHOULS. I WONDER WHERE THE CHUTE LEADS TO?
BUT-BUCKY CREEPS TOO CLOSE AND ACCIDENTLY PLUMMETS DOWN THE CHUTE.
?
WHA?
A TUNNEL! THIS MIGHT BE THE SPIES UNDERGROUND HIDEOUT!
THIS LOOKS LIKE A WINDOW TO SOME ROOM. I THINK I'LL TAKE A LOOK.
WHAT BUCKY SEES--
YOU ARE AGENTS X AND ZERO OF BRITISH INTELLIGENCE. WHAT IS THE CODE MESSAGE?
AGENT X DEFIES THE COMMANDING VOICE AND IS SHOT DOWN IN COLD BLOOD!
I'LL NEVER TELL YOU--UGH!
BANG!
NOW, AGENT ZERO--WILL YOU TALK---OR--DIE?
GO AHEAD AND SHOOT!
I'LL SUMMON THE ALLIES, MAYBE WE CAN SAVE HIM!

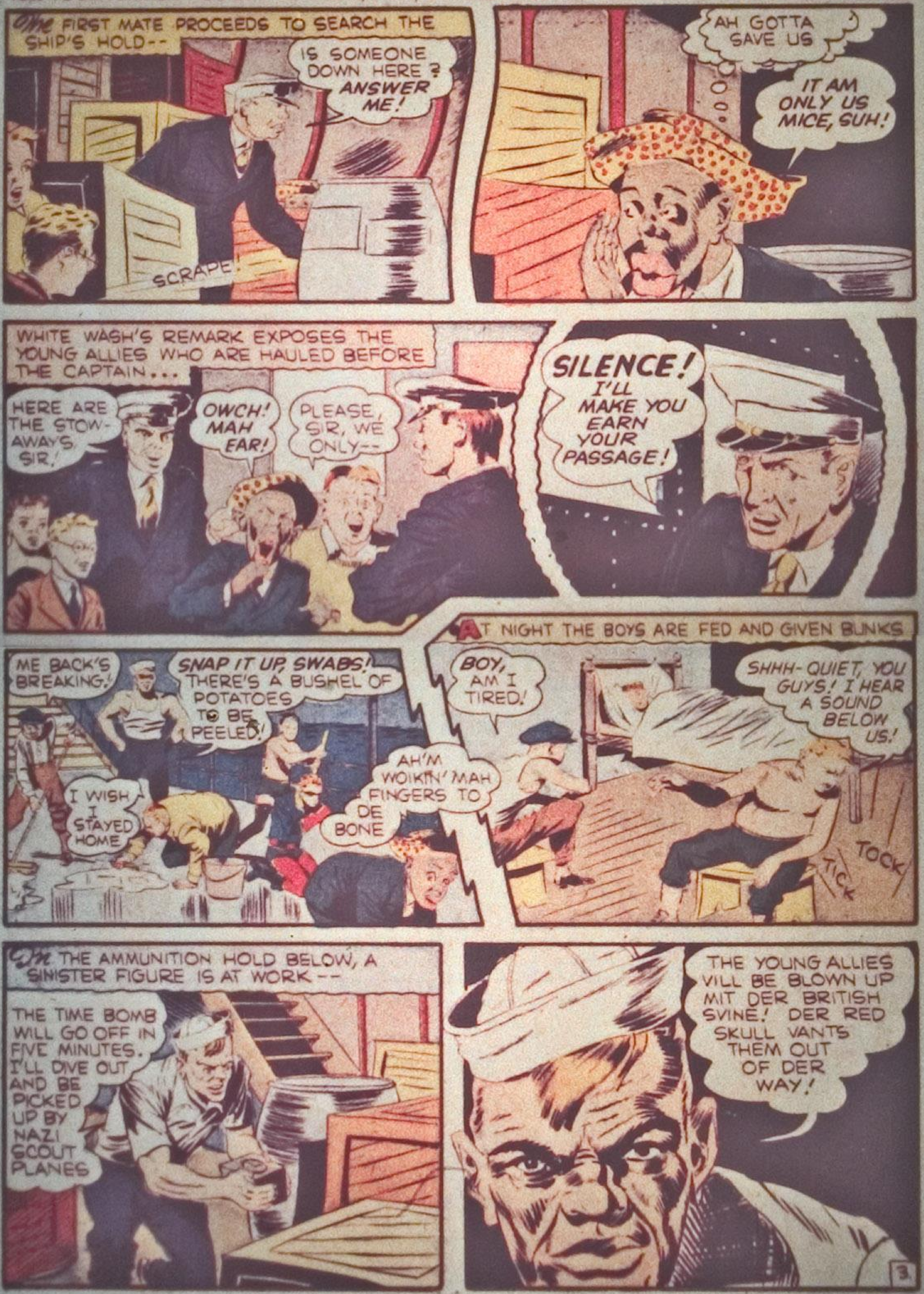

BUT SUDDENLY LIGHTS FLOOD THE TUNNEL, EXPOSING THE STARTLED BUCKY IN THEIR BLINDING GLARE.
AH! WE HAVE CORNERED A LITTLE SNOOPER!
BUCKY WHIRLS AND STARES IN UTTER DISBELIEF AND HORROR AS THE SPY-LEADER CONFRONTS HIM.
HOLY MACKEREL! IT'S-IT'S-
--THE RED SKULL!
WELL! WELL! IF IT ISN'T BUCKY! SO WE MEET AGAIN, EH?
STILL WORKING FOR THE NAZIS, EH, SKULL?
TAKE THIS, BRAT!
THIS TIME CAPTAIN AMERICA ISN'T HERE TO HELP YOU!
UGH
AS THE STEELY FINGERS OF THE RED SKULL MERCILESSLY TIGHTEN, BUCKY GASPS OUT A DESPERATE STRANGLED CRY!
UGG- YAHOO! YAHOO!
UP ABOVE, TORO AND THE YOUNG ALLIES HAVE BEEN SEARCHING FOR BUCKY!
HEAR THAT? IT'S BUCKY! HE'S IN TROUBLE!
YAHOOO! ARG

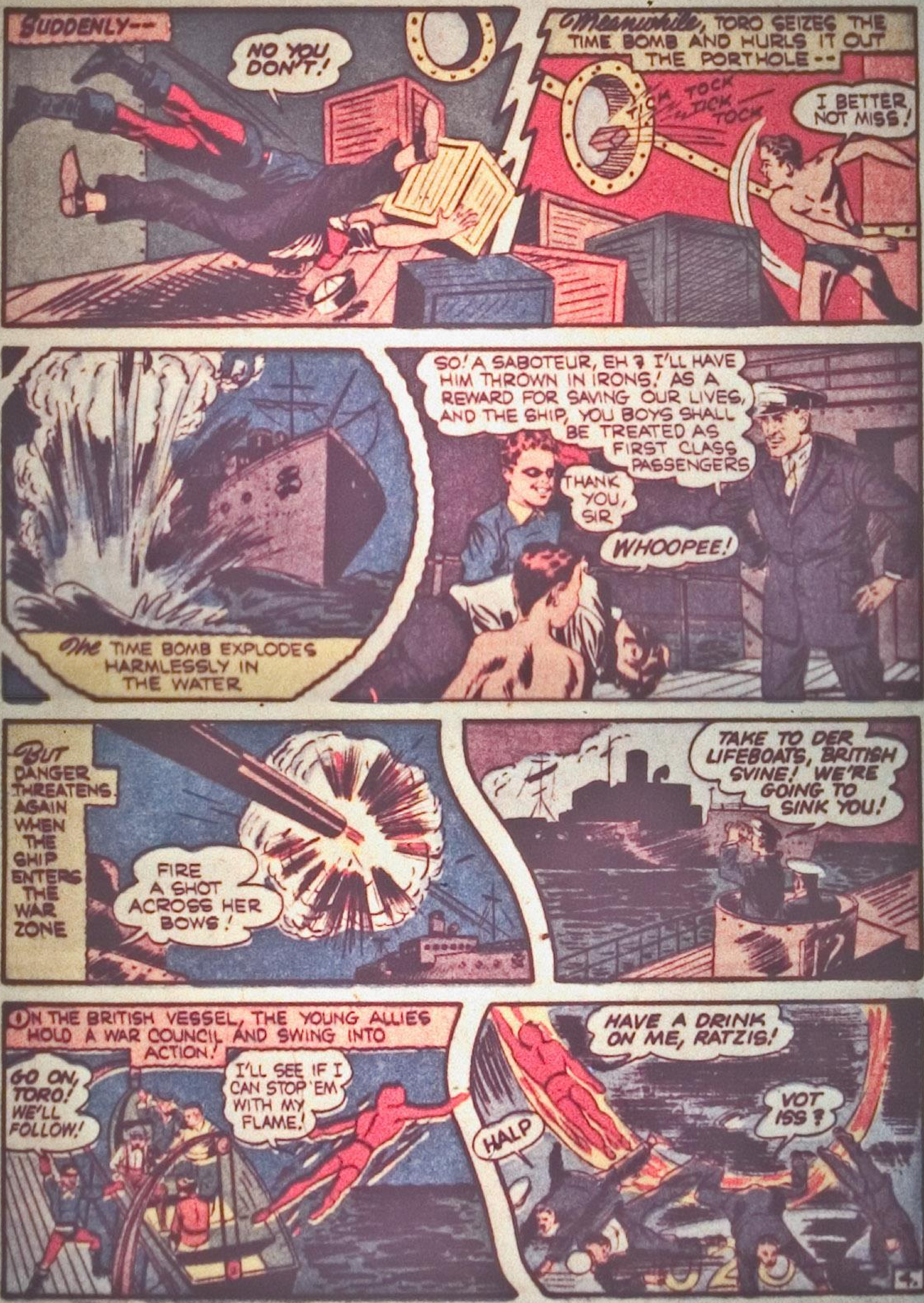

WASTING NO TIME, TORO SLIDES DOWN THE CHUTE FOLLOWED BY THE OTHERS.
YAHOO-GURG-
THIS WAY, YOU GUYS!
THE BOYS REACH THE ROOM WITH THE CIRCULAR WINDOW.
LOOK! IT'S THE RED SKULL! HE'S GOT BUCKY AND AGENT ZERO TIED UP!
I DIDN'T KILL YOU BRATS BECAUSE I WANT YOU TO WITNESS HOW I TORTURE THE CODE MESSAGE OUT OF AGENT ZERO.
MEANWHILE SPIES BURST INTO THE TUNNEL, SURPRISING THE YOUNG ALLIES.
SPIES! WE'RE CAUGHT!
LOOK AT THE LITTLE RATS WE CORNERED!
BUT UNKNOWN TO ANYONE A LAST PASSENGER SHOOTS FROM THE CHUTE.
MAH PANTS GOT CAUGHT--OH-OH-LAST STOP!
WHITEWASH ARRIVES IN TIME TO SEE THE SPIES ADVANCING ON HIS FRIENDS.
LAWDY! AH GOTTA D-DO S-SUMP'N T' HELP MUH BUDDIES!
WHITEWASH SUDDENLY SPIES A DEVICE IN THE WALL WHICH IS INSTALLED TO DESTROY ANY RAIDERS OF THE HIDEOUT!
AH-AH'LL PULL DIS HERE HANDLE; MEBBE IT'S A POLICE ALA'HM!

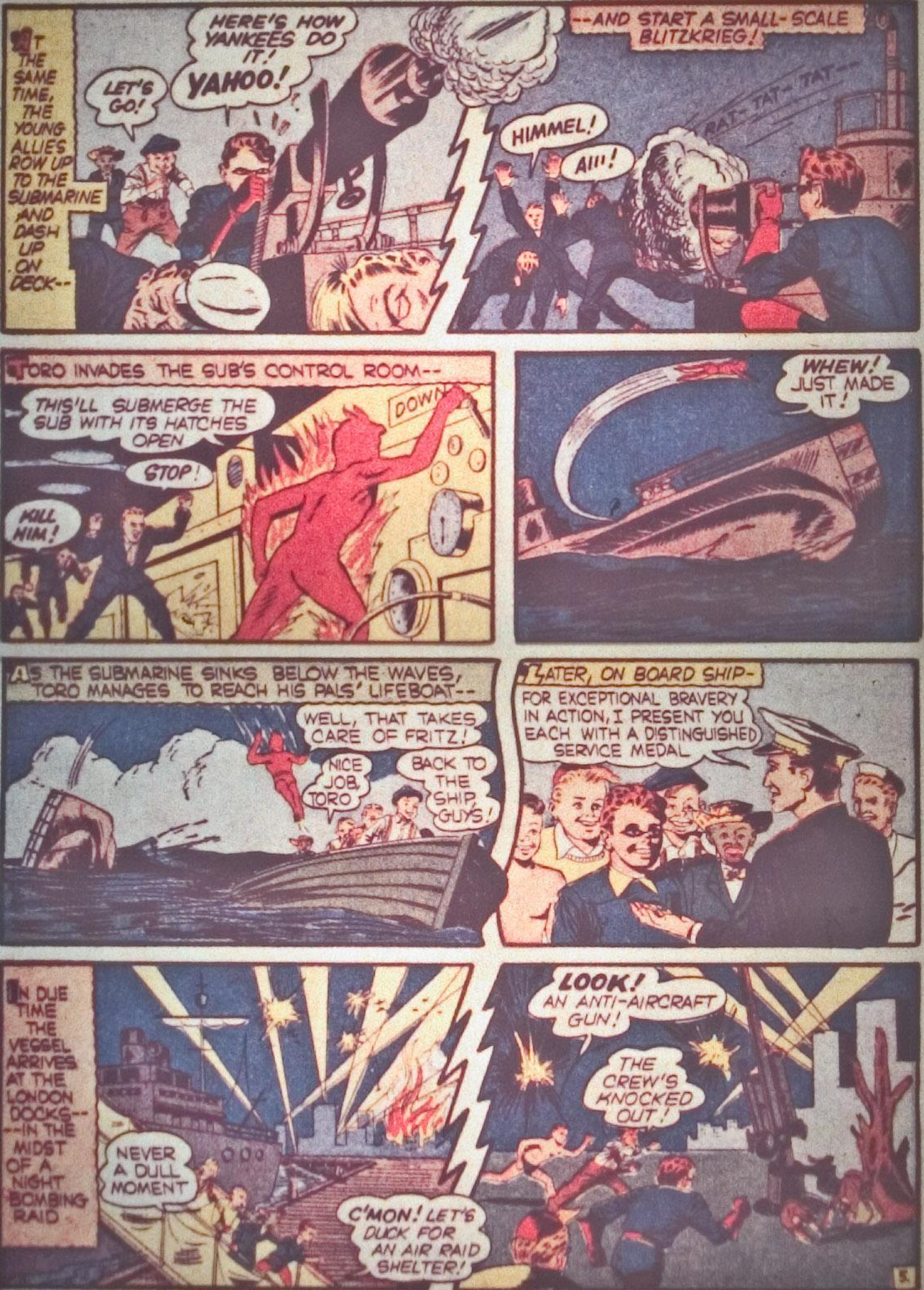

WHITEWASH PULLS DOWN THE LEVER SENDING TONS OF EARTH AND ROCK CRASHING DOWN ON THE UNSUSPECTING SPIES!
W-W-WHAT DID AH DONE?
AAAA
THE RED SKULL HEARS THE OMINOUS ROAR.
SOMEONE'S PULLED THE EARTH-TRAP!
YOUR YOUNG FRIENDS KILLED MY MEN, BUT AGENT ZERO IS STILL MY PRISONER. I'LL GET YOU SOME OTHER TIME--TA-TA
YOU RAT!
A MOMENT LATER, THE YOUNG ALLIES BREAK INTO THE ROOM.
BUCKY! YOU'RE SAFE!
UNTIE ME, QUICK!
AGENT X IS STILL BREATHING BUT I'M AFRAID HE'S DONE FOR
WHERE'S THE RED SKULL, BUCKY?
HE ESCAPED AND TOOK AGENT ZERO WITH HIM!
AGENT X, NOT YET DEAD, GASPS OUT HIS LAST, DYING WORDS.
RED SKULL WILL TAKE AGENT ZERO TO BERLIN---TORTURE---GET CODE!
PROMISE-ME--RESCUE---AGENT ZERO--SAVE WORLD---MUST--SAVE--CODE--UGH--
YOUNG ALLIES ARE YOU READY TO DO YOUR DUTY FOR AMERICA AND CIVILIZATION?
YEAH!
YAHOO
ON TO BERLIN!

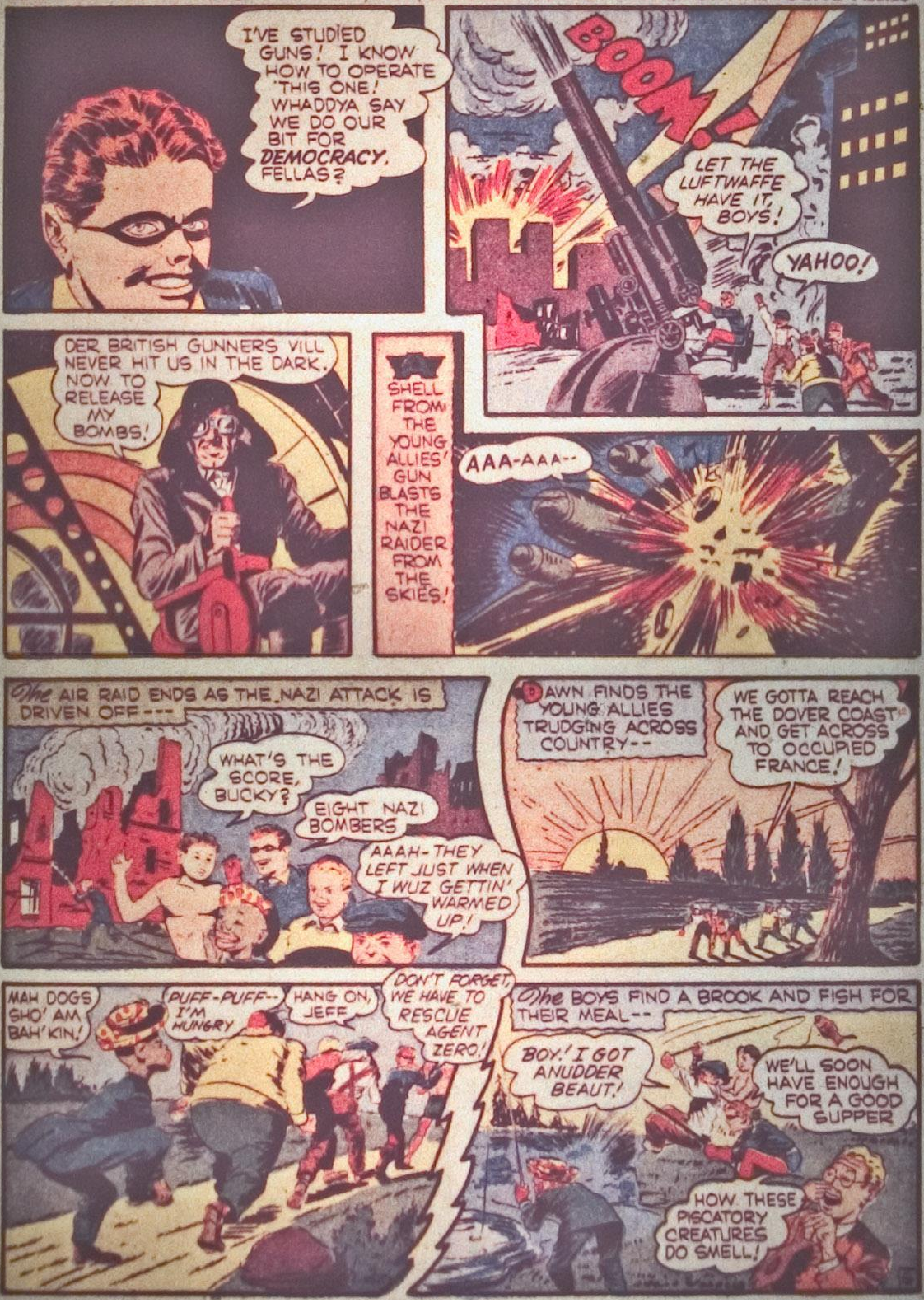

The YOUNG ALLIES
CHAPTER 3
VOYAGE to NO-MAN'S-LAND
NOT HEEDING THE TERRIBLE DANGER WHICH CONFRONTS THEM ON ALL SIDES, BUCKY LEADS HIS FEARLESS YOUNG ALLIES DEEP INTO NAZI GERMANY!! CAN THEY SUCCEED IN FREEING AGENT ZERO FROM THE RED SKULL'S MURDEROUS GRASP?

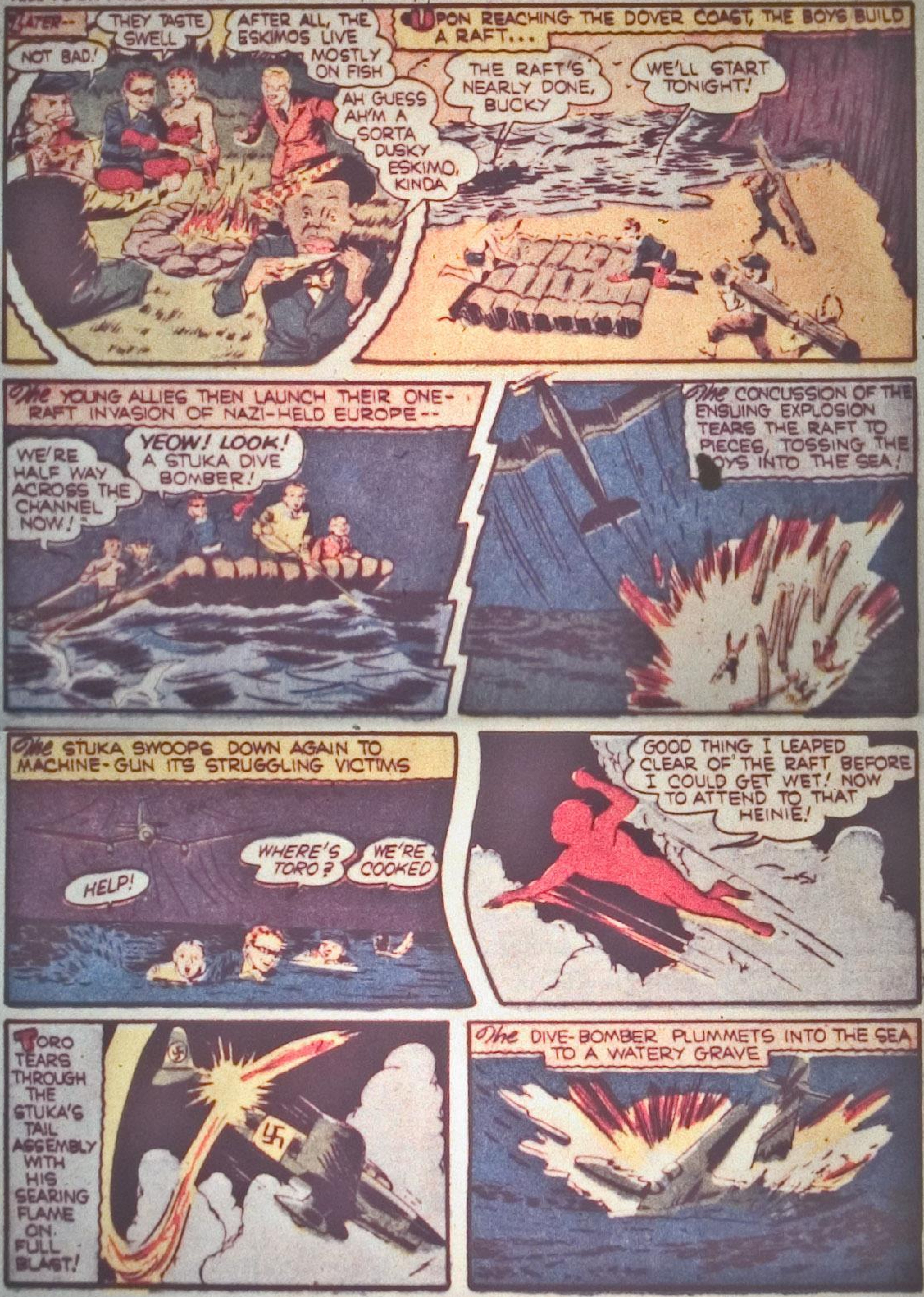

THE NEXT DAY FINDS SIX YOUNG STOWAWAYS HIDDEN IN THE HOLD OF A SHIP BOUND FOR ENGLAND
I SAY! THIS PLACE GETS ON ONE'S NERVES
YA SISSY! IS THAT ALL YER WORRIED ABOUT?
HEY! LOOK! DIS BARREL'S FULL'O GUN-POWDER!
WE'LL BE BLOWN TO BITS!
GUNPOWDER
TAKE IT EASY, YOU TWO! WE'LL ALL BE SAFE IF WE DON'T LIGHT ANY MATCHES!
LATER, HUNGER MAKES ITSELF FELT--
I'M HUNGRY!
WE FORGOT TO BRING FOOD
WE'LL STARVE TO DEATH! WE'RE STOWAWAYS
C'MON, I FOUND A KITCHEN!
On the SHIP'S SCULLERY, THE COOK IS PREPARING A TASTY DISH--
THIS 'ERE'S TOO 'OT T'SERVE NOW. I'LL LET IT COOL
BLIMEY! THE GRUB'S GONE! W-WHY HIT'S BLINKIN' UNCANNY! THAT'S WOT IT IS!
THREE DAYS AT SEA, THE FIRST MATE REPORTS TO THE CAPTAIN!
CAPTAIN! THE COOK REPORTS MORE FOOD MISSING!
INVESTIGATE THE HOLD FOR STOWAWAYS

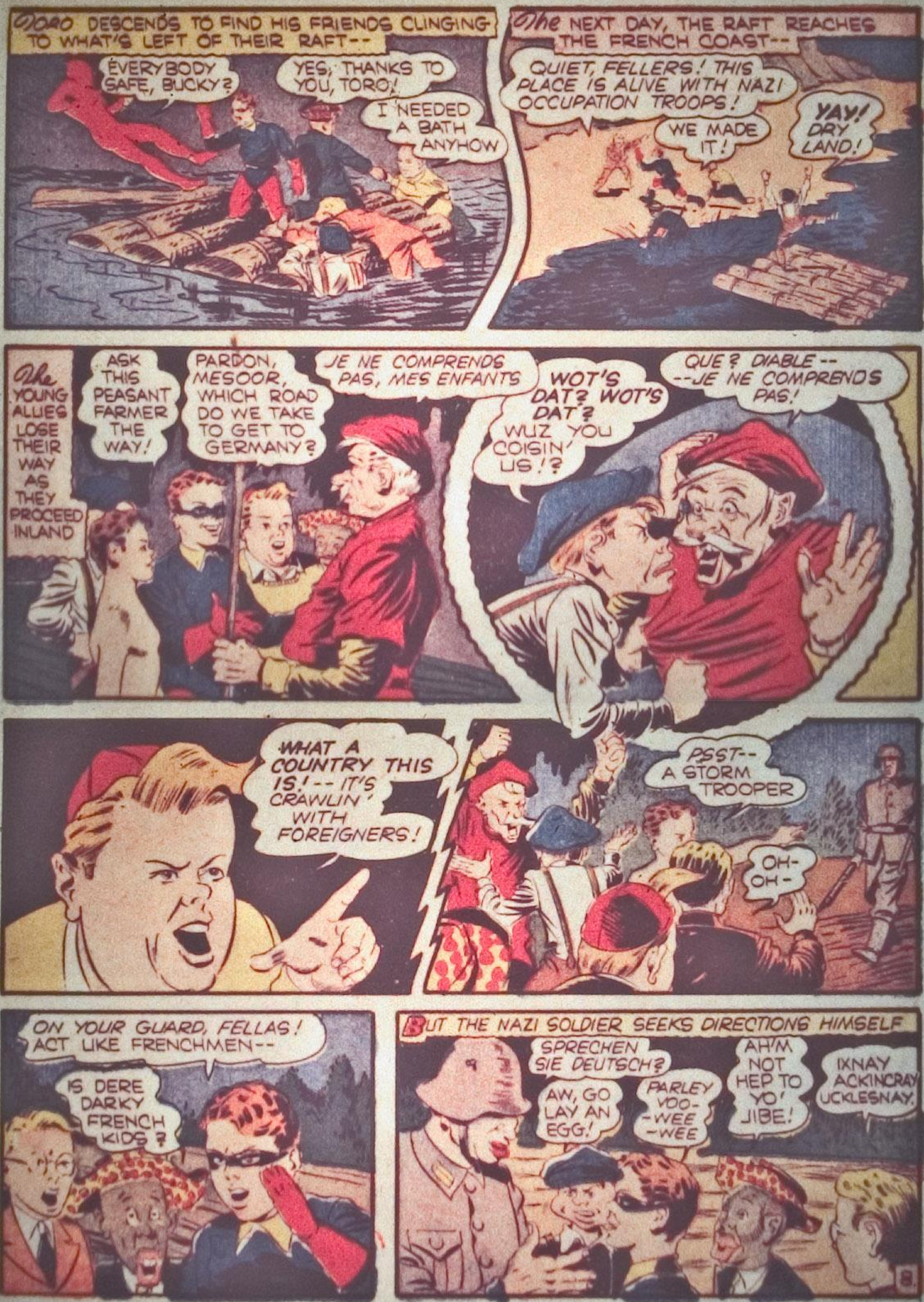

THE FIRST MATE PROCEEDS TO SEARCH THE SHIP'S HOLD--
IS SOMEONE DOWN HERE? ANSWER ME!
SCRAPE!
AH GOTTA SAVE US
IT AM ONLY US MICE, SUH!
WHITE WASH'S REMARK EXPOSES THE YOUNG ALLIES WHO ARE HAULED BEFORE THE CAPTAIN...
HERE ARE THE STOW-AWAYS, SIR!
OWCH! MAH EAR!
PLEASE, SIR, WE ONLY--
SILENCE! I'LL MAKE YOU EARN YOUR PASSAGE!
ME BACK'S BREAKING!
SNAP IT UP, SWABS! THERE'S A BUSHEL OF POTATOES TO BE PEELED!
I WISH I STAYED HOME
AH'M WOIKIN' MAH FINGERS TO DE BONE
AT NIGHT THE BOYS ARE FED AND GIVEN BUNKS
BOY, AM I TIRED!
SHHH- QUIET, YOU GUYS! I HEAR A SOUND BELOW US!
TICK
TOCK
IN THE AMMUNITION HOLD BELOW, A SINISTER FIGURE IS AT WORK--
THE TIME BOMB WILL GO OFF IN FIVE MINUTES. I'LL DIVE OUT AND BE PICKED UP BY NAZI SCOUT PLANES
THE YOUNG ALLIES VILL BE BLOWN UP MIT DER BRITISH SVINE! DER RED SKULL VANTS THEM OUT OF DER WAY!
3

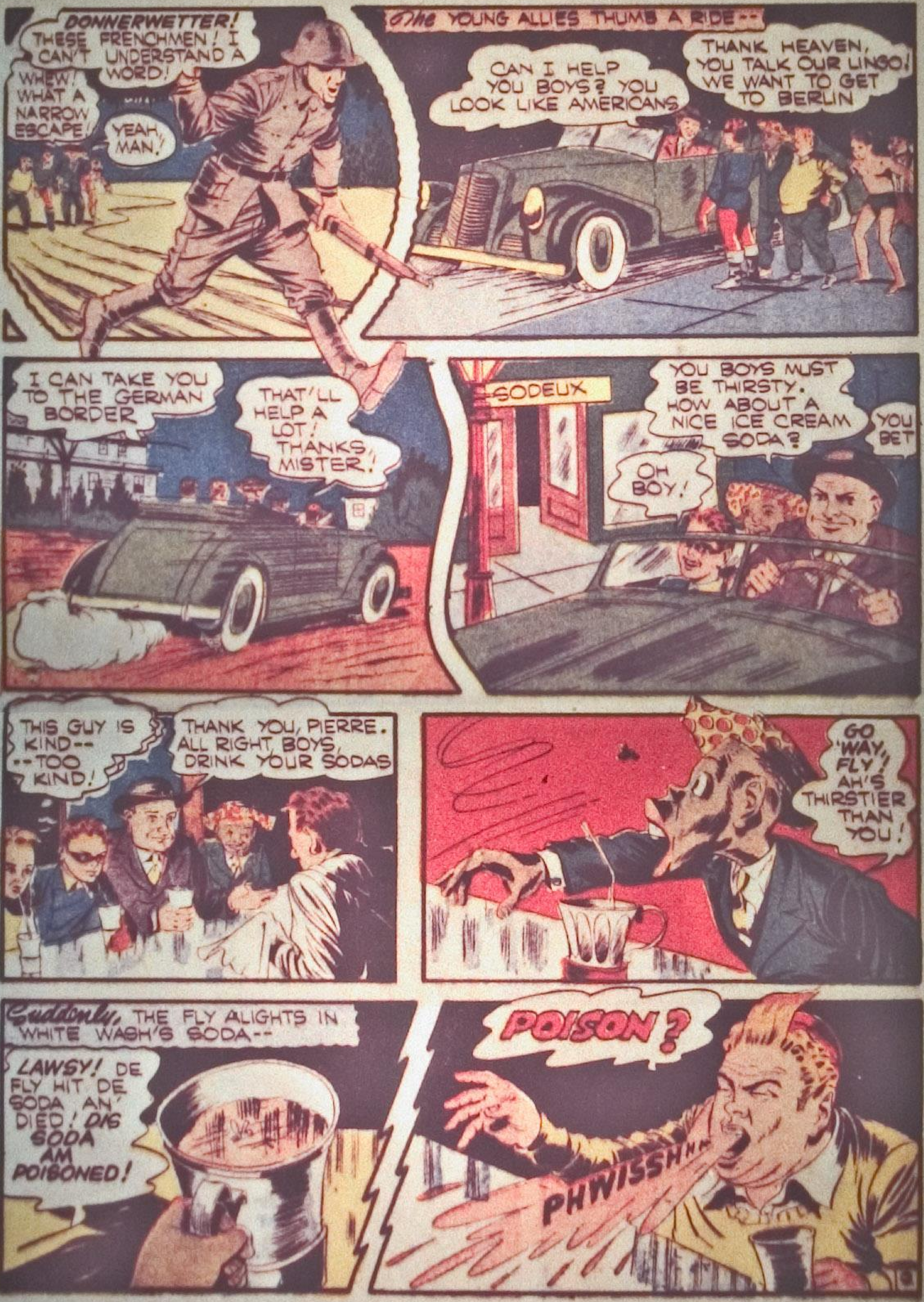

SUDDENLY--
NO YOU DON'T!
Meanwhile, TORO SEIZES THE TIME BOMB AND HURLS IT OUT THE PORTHOLE--
TICK TOCK TICK TOCK
I BETTER NOT MISS!
The TIME BOMB EXPLODES HARMLESSLY IN THE WATER
SO! A SABOTEUR, EH? I'LL HAVE HIM THROWN IN IRONS! AS A REWARD FOR SAVING OUR LIVES, AND THE SHIP, YOU BOYS SHALL BE TREATED AS FIRST CLASS PASSENGERS
THANK YOU, SIR
WHOOPEE!
BUT DANGER THREATENS AGAIN WHEN THE SHIP ENTERS THE WAR ZONE
FIRE A SHOT ACROSS HER BOWS!
TAKE TO DER LIFEBOATS, BRITISH SVINE! WE'RE GOING TO SINK YOU!
ON THE BRITISH VESSEL, THE YOUNG ALLIES HOLD A WAR COUNCIL AND SWING INTO ACTION!
GO ON, TORO! WE'LL FOLLOW!
I'LL SEE IF I CAN STOP 'EM WITH MY FLAME!
HAVE A DRINK ON ME, RATZIS!
HALP
VOT ISS?

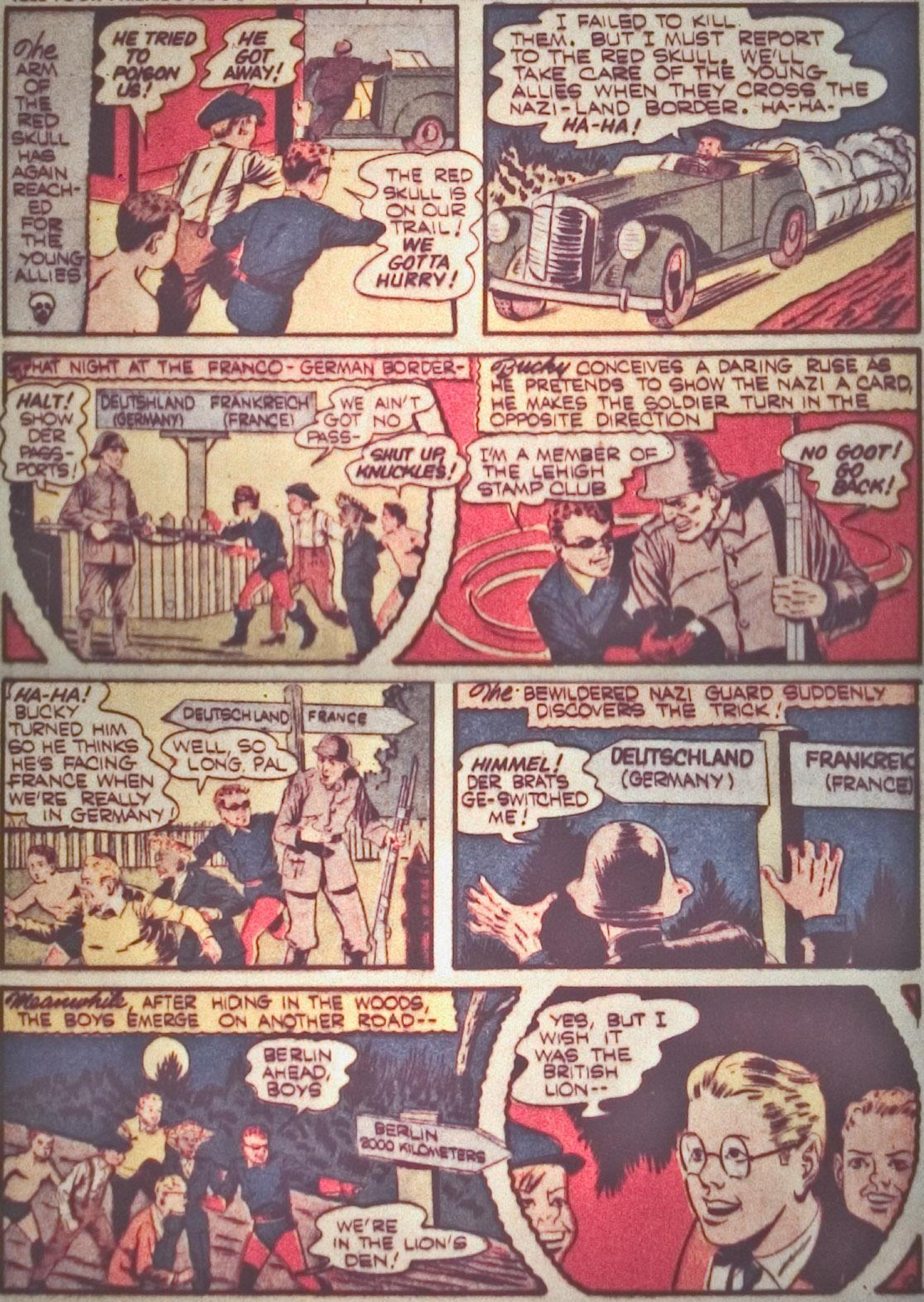

AT THE SAME TIME, THE YOUNG ALLIES ROW UP TO THE SUBMARINE AND DASH UP ON DECK--
LET'S GO!
HERE'S HOW YANKEES DO IT! YAHOO!
--AND START A SMALL-SCALE BLITZKRIEG!
HIMMEL!
AIII!
RAT-TAT-TAT--
TORO INVADES THE SUB'S CONTROL ROOM--
THIS'LL SUBMERGE THE SUB WITH ITS HATCHES OPEN
DOWN
STOP!
KILL HIM!
WHEW! JUST MADE IT!
AS THE SUBMARINE SINKS BELOW THE WAVES, TORO MANAGES TO REACH HIS PALS' LIFEBOAT--
WELL, THAT TAKES CARE OF FRITZ!
NICE JOB, TORO
BACK TO THE SHIP, GUYS!
LATER, ON BOARD SHIP-
FOR EXCEPTIONAL BRAVERY IN ACTION, I PRESENT YOU EACH WITH A DISTINGUISHED SERVICE MEDAL
IN DUE TIME THE VESSEL ARRIVES AT THE LONDON DOCKS-- --IN THE MIDST OF A NIGHT BOMBING RAID
NEVER A DULL MOMENT
C'MON! LET'S DUCK FOR AN AIR RAID SHELTER!
LOOK! AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN!
THE CREW'S KNOCKED OUT!


I'VE STUDIED GUNS! I KNOW HOW TO OPERATE THIS ONE! WHADDYA SAY WE DO OUR BIT FOR **DEMOCRACY**, FELLAS?
BOOM!
LET THE LUFTWAFFE HAVE IT, BOYS!
YAHOO!
DER BRITISH GUNNERS VILL NEVER HIT US IN THE DARK. NOW TO RELEASE MY BOMBS!
A SHELL FROM THE YOUNG ALLIES' GUN BLASTS THE NAZI RAIDER FROM THE SKIES!
AAA-AAA--
THE AIR RAID ENDS AS THE NAZI ATTACK IS DRIVEN OFF---
WHAT'S THE SCORE, BUCKY?
EIGHT NAZI BOMBERS
AAAH-THEY LEFT JUST WHEN I WUZ GETTIN' WARMED UP!
DAWN FINDS THE YOUNG ALLIES TRUDGING ACROSS COUNTRY--
WE GOTTA REACH THE DOVER COAST AND GET ACROSS TO OCCUPIED FRANCE!
MAH DOGS SHO' AM BAH'KIN!
PUFF-PUFF-- I'M HUNGRY
HANG ON, JEFF
DON'T FORGET, WE HAVE TO RESCUE AGENT ZERO!
THE BOYS FIND A BROOK AND FISH FOR THEIR MEAL--
BOY! I GOT ANUDDER BEAUT!
WE'LL SOON HAVE ENOUGH FOR A GOOD SUPPER
HOW THESE PISCATORY CREATURES DO SMELL!
5


LATER--
THEY TASTE SWELL
NOT BAD!
AFTER ALL, THE ESKIMOS LIVE MOSTLY ON FISH
AH GUESS AH'M A SORTA DUSKY ESKIMO, KINDA
UPON REACHING THE DOVER COAST, THE BOYS BUILD A RAFT...
THE RAFT'S NEARLY DONE, BUCKY
WE'LL START TONIGHT!
THE YOUNG ALLIES THEN LAUNCH THEIR ONE-RAFT INVASION OF NAZI-HELD EUROPE--
WE'RE HALF WAY ACROSS THE CHANNEL NOW!
YEOW! LOOK! A STUKA DIVE BOMBER!
THE CONCUSSION OF THE ENSUING EXPLOSION TEARS THE RAFT TO PIECES, TOSSING THE BOYS INTO THE SEA!
THE STUKA SWOOPS DOWN AGAIN TO MACHINE-GUN ITS STRUGGLING VICTIMS
HELP!
WHERE'S TORO?
WE'RE COOKED
GOOD THING I LEAPED CLEAR OF THE RAFT BEFORE I COULD GET WET! NOW TO ATTEND TO THAT HEINIE!
TORO TEARS THROUGH THE STUKA'S TAIL ASSEMBLY WITH HIS SEARING FLAME ON. FULL BLAST!
THE DIVE-BOMBER PLUMMETS INTO THE SEA TO A WATERY GRAVE


TORO DESCENDS TO FIND HIS FRIENDS CLINGING TO WHAT'S LEFT OF THEIR RAFT--
EVERYBODY SAFE, BUCKY?
YES, THANKS TO YOU, TORO!
I NEEDED A BATH ANYHOW
THE NEXT DAY, THE RAFT REACHES THE FRENCH COAST--
QUIET, FELLERS! THIS PLACE IS ALIVE WITH NAZI OCCUPATION TROOPS!
WE MADE IT!
YAY! DRY LAND!
THE YOUNG ALLIES LOSE THEIR WAY AS THEY PROCEED INLAND
ASK THIS PEASANT FARMER THE WAY!
PARDON, MESOOR, WHICH ROAD DO WE TAKE TO GET TO GERMANY?
JE NE COMPRENDS PAS, MES ENFANTS
WOT'S DAT? WOT'S DAT? WUZ YOU COISIN' US!?
QUE? DIABLE -- --JE NE COMPRENDS PAS!
WHAT A COUNTRY THIS IS! -- IT'S CRAWLIN' WITH FOREIGNERS!
PSST-- A STORM TROOPER
OH-OH-
ON YOUR GUARD, FELLAS! ACT LIKE FRENCHMEN--
IS DERE DARKY FRENCH KIDS?
BUT THE NAZI SOLDIER SEEKS DIRECTIONS HIMSELF
SPRECHEN SIE DEUTSCH?
AW, GO LAY AN EGG!
PARLEY VOO--WEE --WEE
AH'M NOT HEP TO YO' JIBE!
IXNAY ACKINCRAY UCKLESNAY.


DONNERWETTER! THESE FRENCHMEN! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND A WORD!
WHEW! WHAT A NARROW ESCAPE!
YEAH MAN!
The YOUNG ALLIES THUMB A RIDE--
CAN I HELP YOU BOYS? YOU LOOK LIKE AMERICANS
THANK HEAVEN, YOU TALK OUR LINGO! WE WANT TO GET TO BERLIN
I CAN TAKE YOU TO THE GERMAN BORDER
THAT'LL HELP A LOT! THANKS, MISTER!
SODEUX
YOU BOYS MUST BE THIRSTY. HOW ABOUT A NICE ICE CREAM SODA?
YOU BET
OH BOY!
THIS GUY IS KIND-- --TOO KIND!
THANK YOU, PIERRE. ALL RIGHT, BOYS, DRINK YOUR SODAS
GO 'WAY, FLY! AH'S THIRSTIER THAN YOU!
Suddenly, THE FLY ALIGHTS IN WHITE WASH'S SODA--
LAWSY! DE FLY HIT DE SODA AN' DIED! DIS SODA AM POISONED!
POISON?
PHWISSH!!


The ARM OF THE RED SKULL HAS AGAIN REACHED FOR THE YOUNG ALLIES
HE TRIED TO POISON US!
HE GOT AWAY!
THE RED SKULL IS ON OUR TRAIL! WE GOTTA HURRY!
I FAILED TO KILL THEM. BUT I MUST REPORT TO THE RED SKULL. WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THE YOUNG ALLIES WHEN THEY CROSS THE NAZI-LAND BORDER. HA-HA-HA-HA!
THAT NIGHT AT THE FRANCO-GERMAN BORDER-
HALT! SHOW DER PASSPORTS!
DEUTSHLAND (GERMANY) FRANKREICH (FRANCE)
WE AIN'T GOT NO PASS-
SHUT UP, KNUCKLES!
Bucky CONCEIVES A DARING RUSE AS HE PRETENDS TO SHOW THE NAZI A CARD, HE MAKES THE SOLDIER TURN IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION
I'M A MEMBER OF THE LEHIGH STAMP CLUB
NO GOOT! GO BACK!
HA-HA! BUCKY TURNED HIM SO HE THINKS HE'S FACING FRANCE WHEN WE'RE REALLY IN GERMANY!
DEUTSCHLAND
FRANCE
WELL, SO LONG, PAL
The BEWILDERED NAZI GUARD SUDDENLY DISCOVERS THE TRICK!
HIMMEL! DER BRATS GE-SWITCHED ME!
DEUTSCHLAND (GERMANY)
FRANKREIC (FRANCE)
Meanwhile AFTER HIDING IN THE WOODS, THE BOYS EMERGE ON ANOTHER ROAD--
BERLIN AHEAD, BOYS
BERLIN 2000 KILOMETERS
WE'RE IN THE LION'S DEN!
YES, BUT I WISH IT WAS THE BRITISH LION--

BIG NEW SUB-MARINER

SUMMER ISSUE
No. 2
SUB-MARINER COMICS
10¢
SUB-MARINER RAMMED THE TORPEDO DOWN THE NAZI SUB'S HATCH!
PLUS 20 PAGES of the
ANGEL

NO. 2

IS NOW ON SALE!

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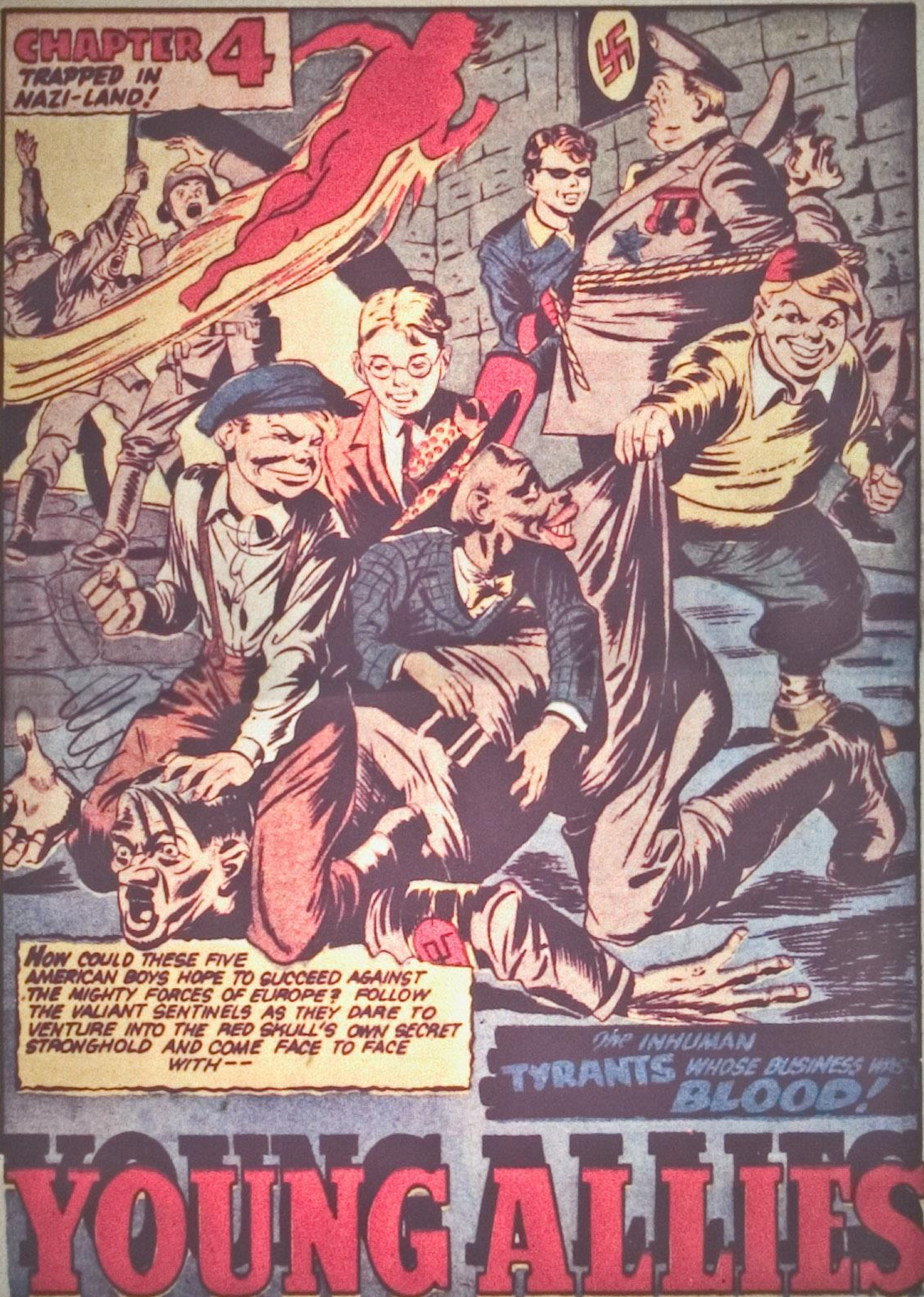
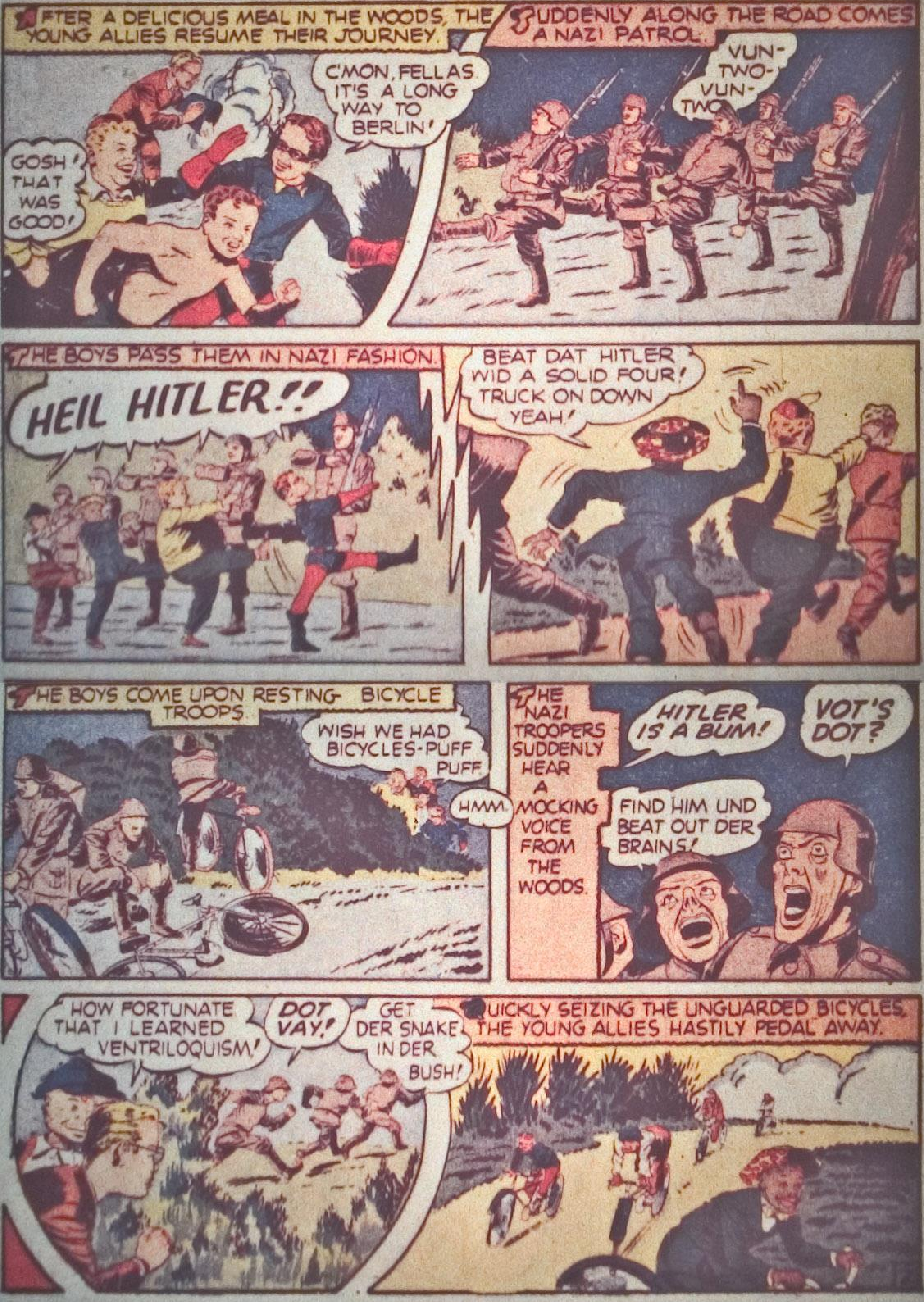
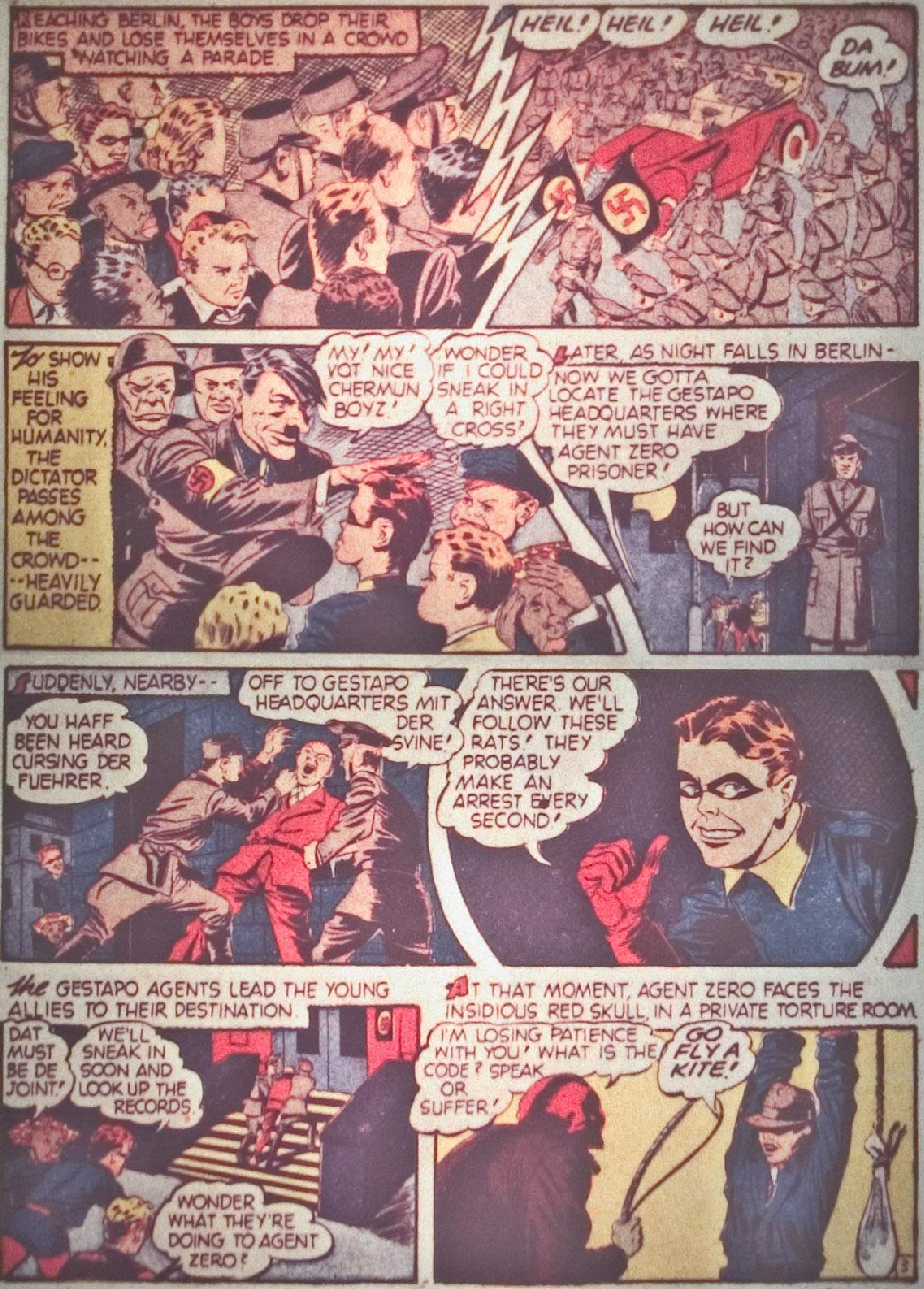
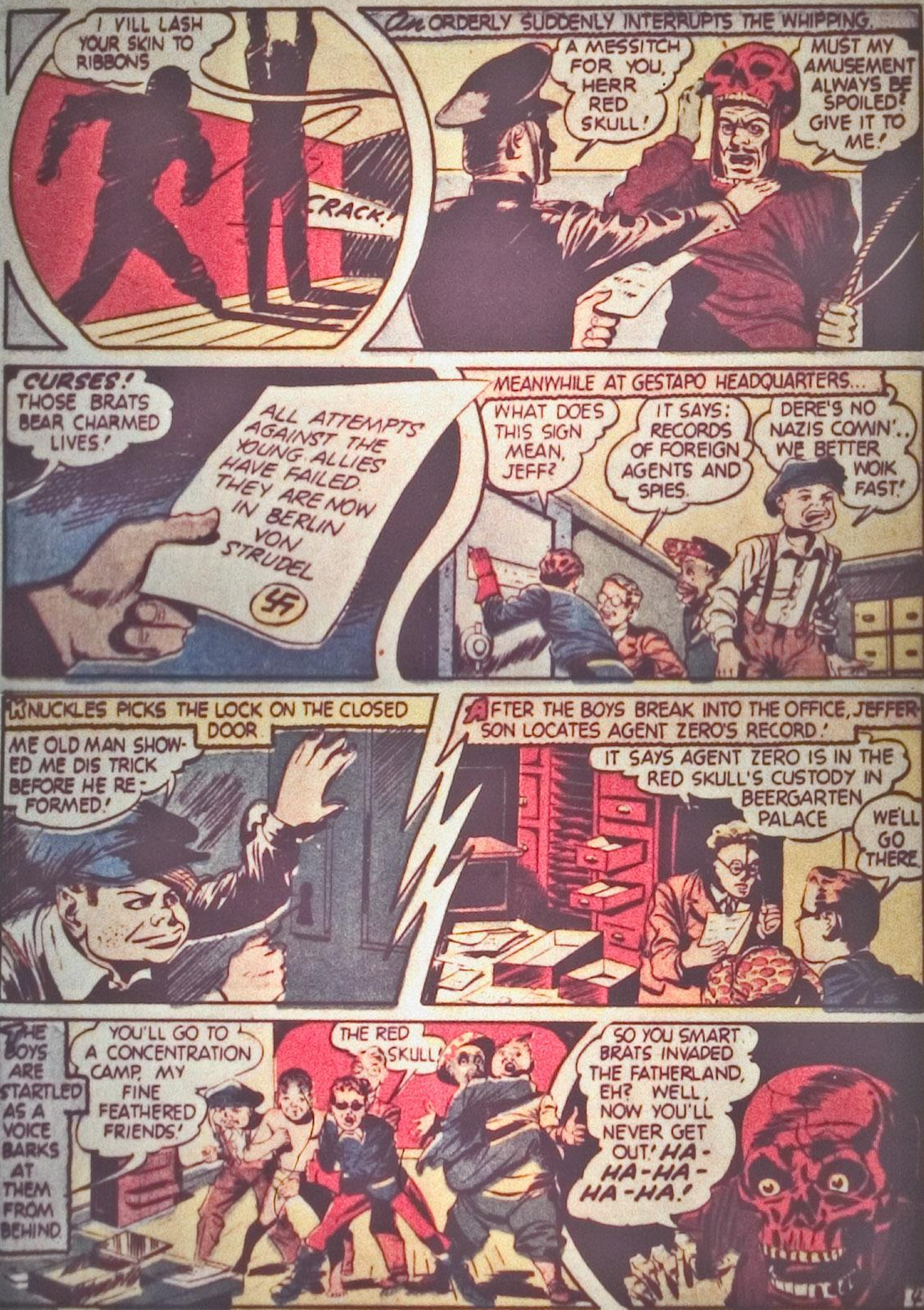
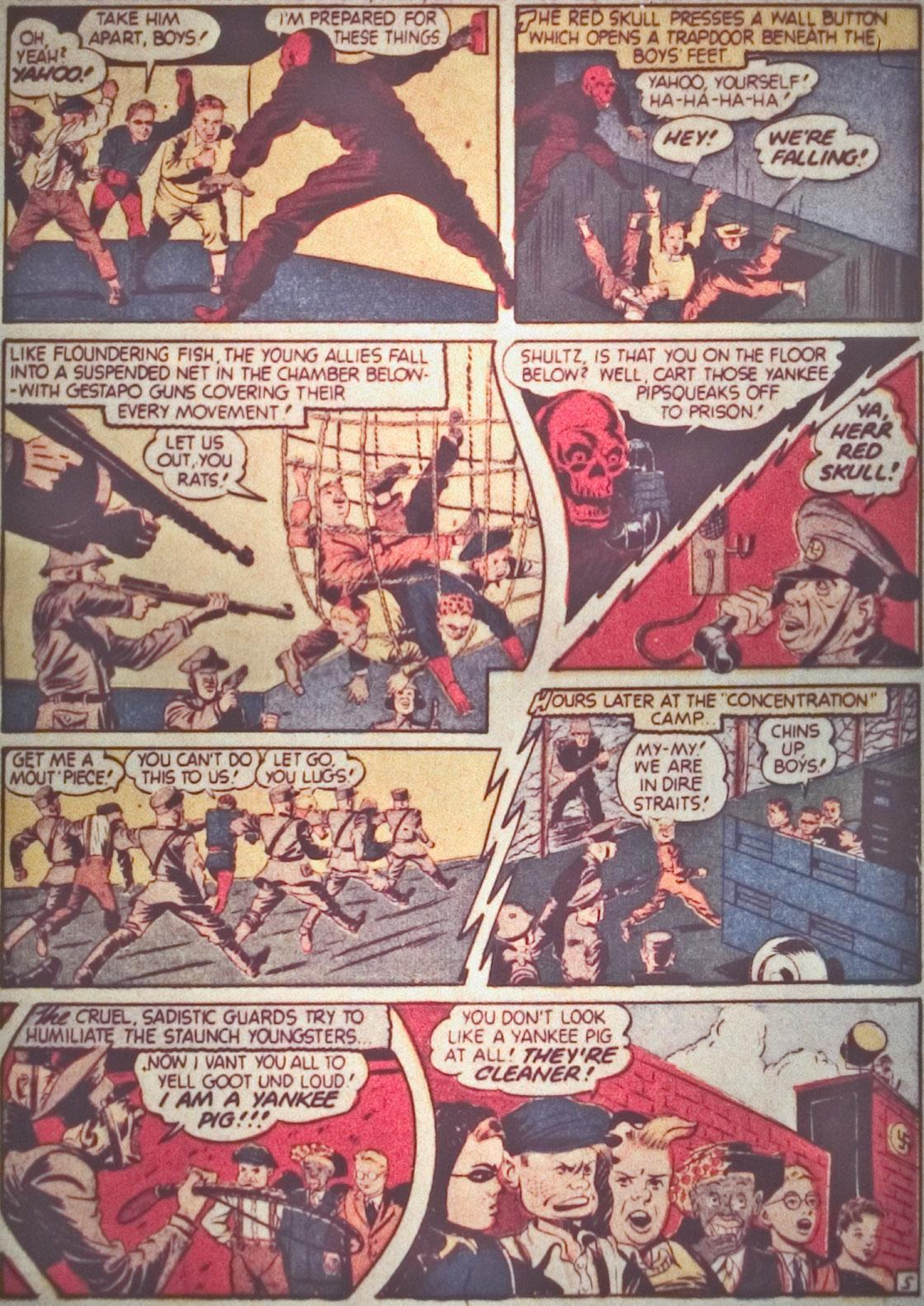

CHAPTER 4
TRAPPED IN NAZI-LAND!
HOW COULD THESE FIVE AMERICAN BOYS HOPE TO SUCCEED AGAINST THE MIGHTY FORCES OF EUROPE? FOLLOW THE VALIANT SENTINELS AS THEY DARE TO VENTURE INTO THE RED SKULL'S OWN SECRET STRONGHOLD AND COME FACE TO FACE WITH--
The INHUMAN TYRANTS WHOSE BUSINESS WAS BLOOD!
YOUNG ALLIES

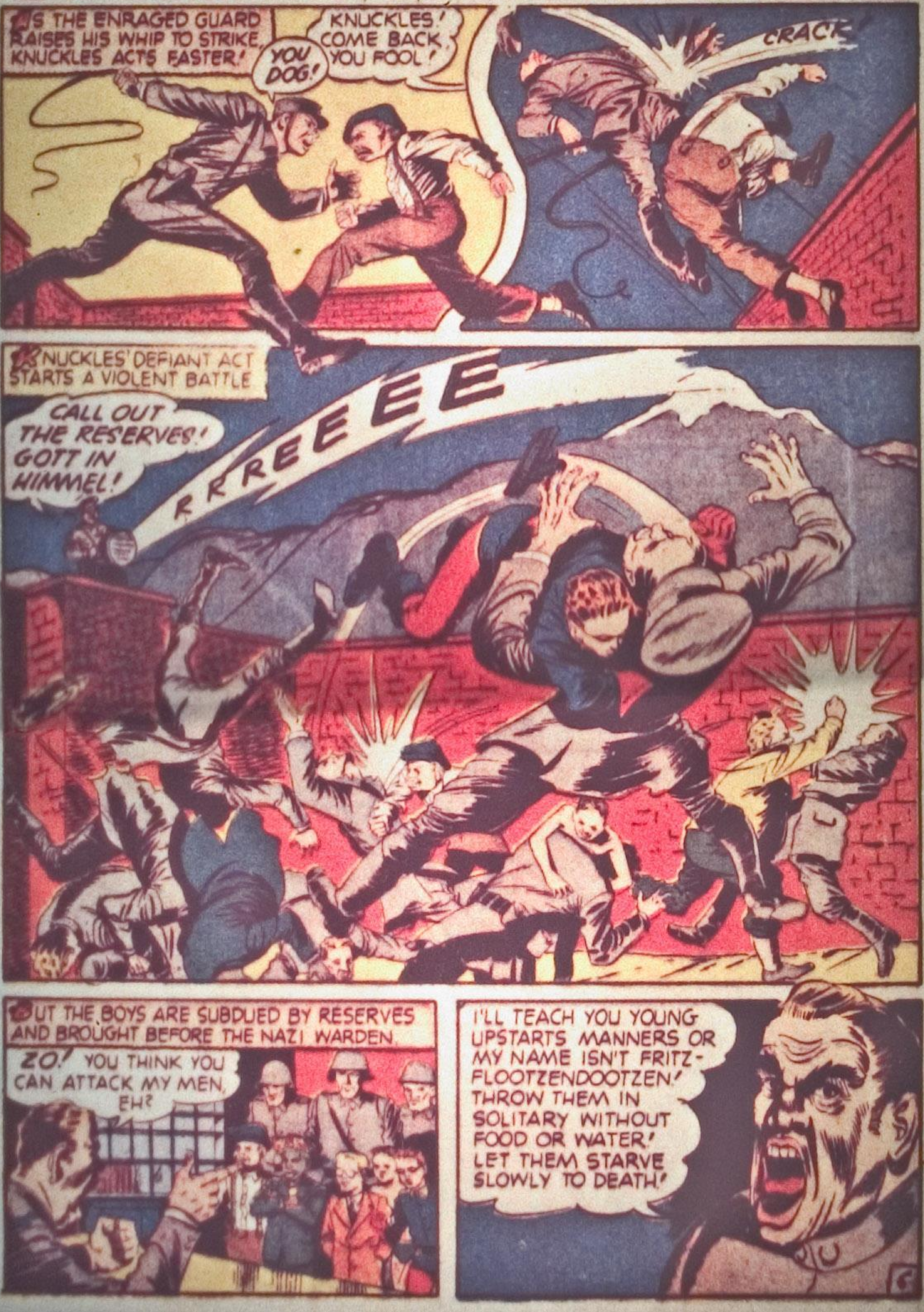

AFTER A DELICIOUS MEAL IN THE WOODS, THE YOUNG ALLIES RESUME THEIR JOURNEY.
C'MON, FELLAS. IT'S A LONG WAY TO BERLIN!
GOSH! THAT WAS GOOD!
SUDDENLY ALONG THE ROAD COMES A NAZI PATROL.
VUN-TWO-VUN-TWO
THE BOYS PASS THEM IN NAZI FASHION.
HEIL HITLER!!
BEAT DAT HITLER WID A SOLID FOUR! TRUCK ON DOWN YEAH!
THE BOYS COME UPON RESTING BICYCLE TROOPS.
WISH WE HAD BICYCLES-PUFF PUFF
HMM
THE NAZI TROOPERS SUDDENLY HEAR A MOCKING VOICE FROM THE WOODS.
HITLER IS A BUM!
VOT'S DOT?
FIND HIM UND BEAT OUT DER BRAINS!
HOW FORTUNATE THAT I LEARNED VENTRILOQUISM!
DOT VAY!
GET DER SNAKE IN DER BUSH!
QUICKLY SEIZING THE UNGUARDED BICYCLES, THE YOUNG ALLIES HASTILY PEDAL AWAY.

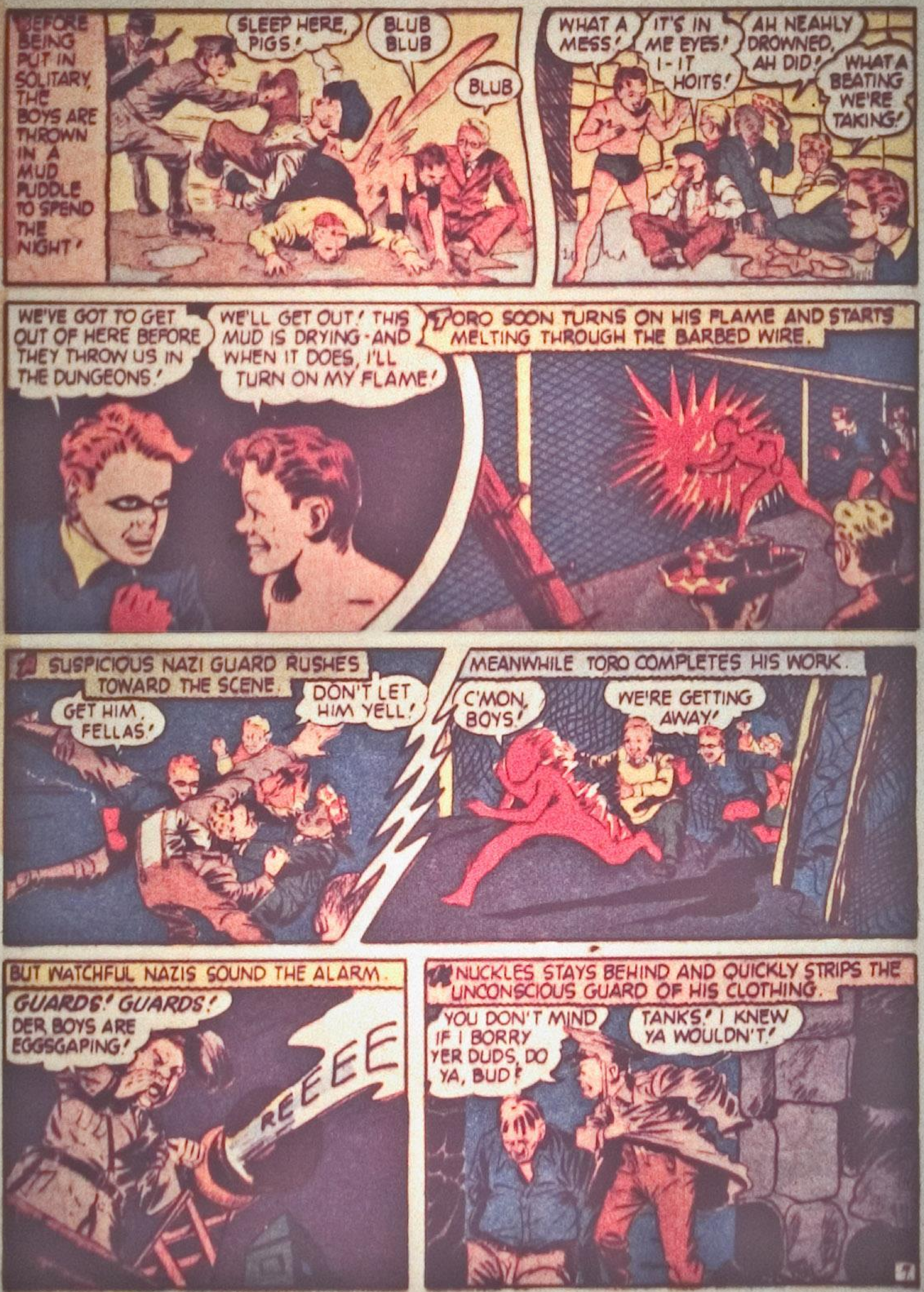

REACHING BERLIN, THE BOYS DROP THEIR BIKES AND LOSE THEMSELVES IN A CROWD WATCHING A PARADE.
HEIL!
HEIL!
HEIL!
DA BUM!
TO SHOW HIS FEELING FOR HUMANITY, THE DICTATOR PASSES AMONG THE CROWD-- --HEAVILY GUARDED.
MY! MY! VOT NICE CHERMUN BOYZ!
WONDER IF I COULD SNEAK IN A RIGHT CROSS?
LATER, AS NIGHT FALLS IN BERLIN-
NOW WE GOTTA LOCATE THE GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS WHERE THEY MUST HAVE AGENT ZERO PRISONER!
BUT HOW CAN WE FIND IT?
SUDDENLY, NEARBY--
YOU HAFF BEEN HEARD CURSING DER FUEHRER.
OFF TO GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS MIT DER SVINE!
THERE'S OUR ANSWER. WE'LL FOLLOW THESE RATS! THEY PROBABLY MAKE AN ARREST EVERY SECOND!
THE GESTAPO AGENTS LEAD THE YOUNG ALLIES TO THEIR DESTINATION.
DAT MUST BE DE JOINT!
WE'LL SNEAK IN SOON AND LOOK UP THE RECORDS.
WONDER WHAT THEY'RE DOING TO AGENT ZERO?
AT THAT MOMENT, AGENT ZERO FACES THE INSIDIOUS RED SKULL, IN A PRIVATE TORTURE ROOM
I'M LOSING PATIENCE WITH YOU! WHAT IS THE CODE? SPEAK OR SUFFER!
GO FLY A KITE!

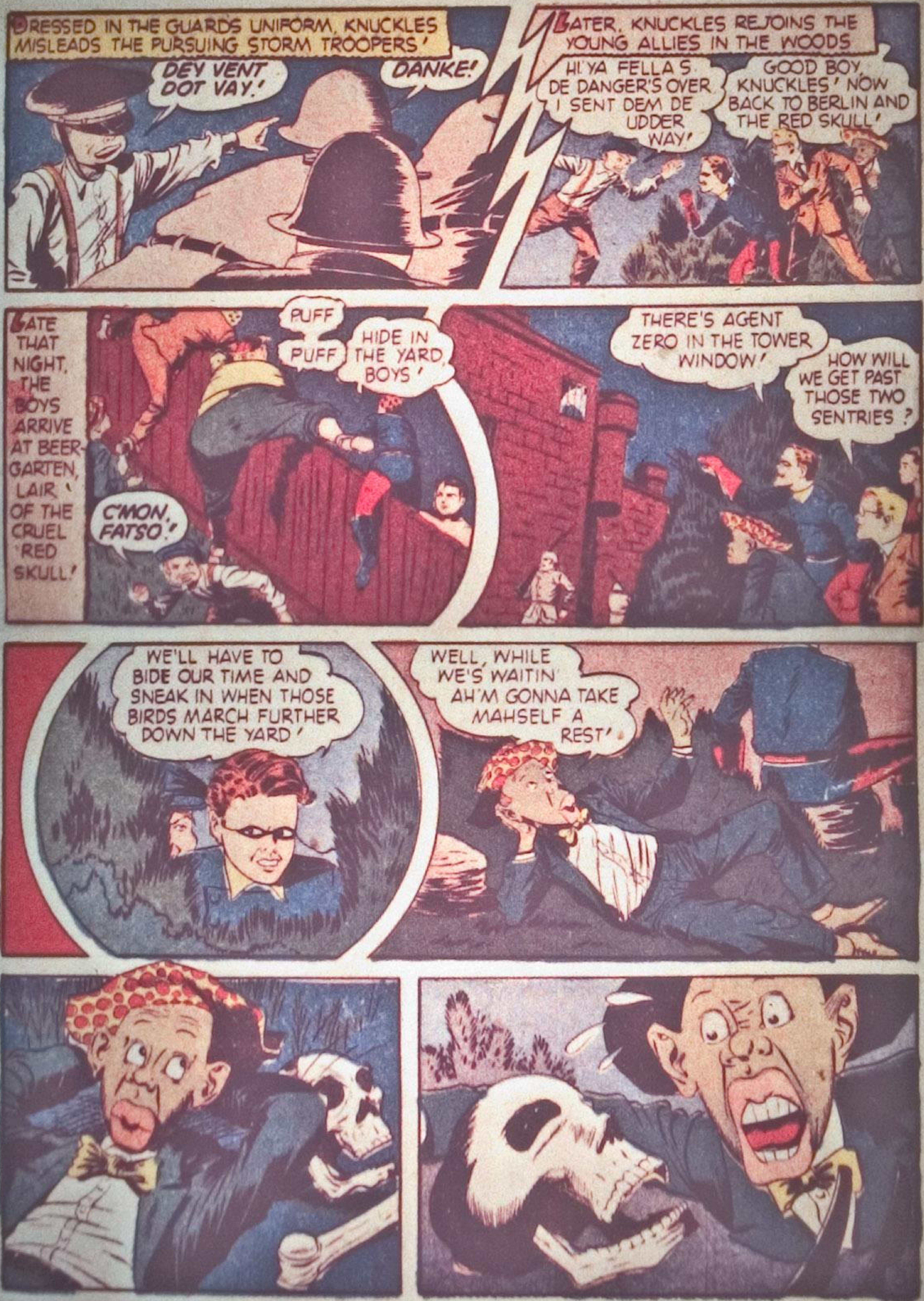

I VILL LASH YOUR SKIN TO RIBBONS
CRACK!
AN ORDERLY SUDDENLY INTERRUPTS THE WHIPPING.
A MESSITCH FOR YOU, HERR RED SKULL!
MUST MY AMUSEMENT ALWAYS BE SPOILED? GIVE IT TO ME!
CURSES! THOSE BRATS BEAR CHARMED LIVES!
ALL ATTEMPTS AGAINST THE YOUNG ALLIES HAVE FAILED. THEY ARE NOW IN BERLIN VON STRUDEL
MEANWHILE AT GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS...
WHAT DOES THIS SIGN MEAN, JEFF?
IT SAYS: RECORDS OF FOREIGN AGENTS AND SPIES.
DERE'S NO NAZIS COMIN'.. WE BETTER WOIK FAST!
KNUCKLES PICKS THE LOCK ON THE CLOSED DOOR
ME OLD MAN SHOWED ME DIS TRICK BEFORE HE REFORMED!
AFTER THE BOYS BREAK INTO THE OFFICE, JEFFERSON LOCATES AGENT ZERO'S RECORD!
IT SAYS AGENT ZERO IS IN THE RED SKULL'S CUSTODY IN BEERGARTEN PALACE
WE'LL GO THERE.
THE BOYS ARE STARTLED AS A VOICE BARKS AT THEM FROM BEHIND
YOU'LL GO TO A CONCENTRATION CAMP, MY FINE FEATHERED FRIENDS!
THE RED SKULL!
SO YOU SMART BRATS INVADED THE FATHERLAND, EH? WELL, NOW YOU'LL NEVER GET OUT! HA-HA-HA-HA-HA!

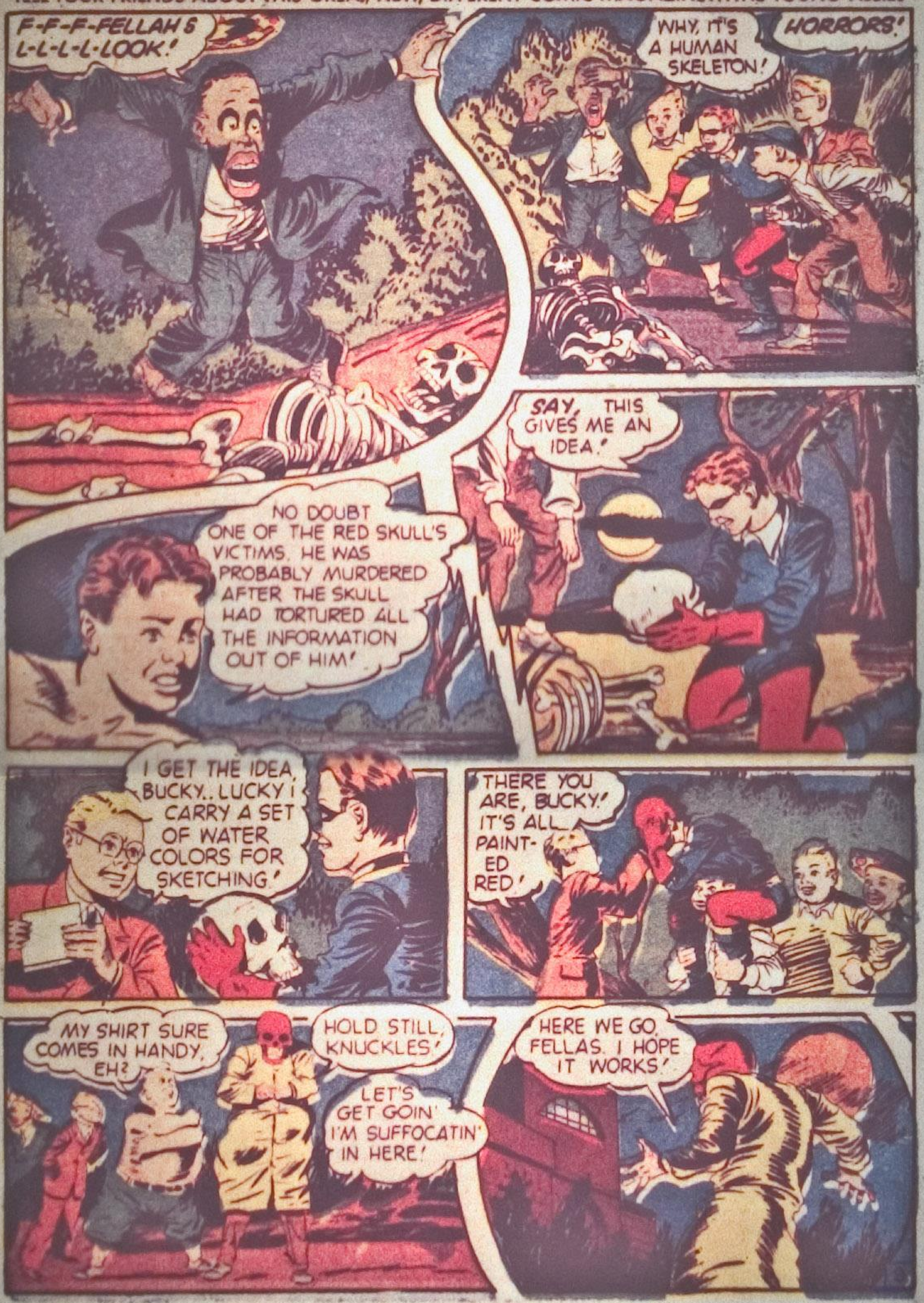
TELL YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT THIS GREAT, NEW, DIFFERENT COMIC MAGAZINE . . . THE YOUNG ALLIES

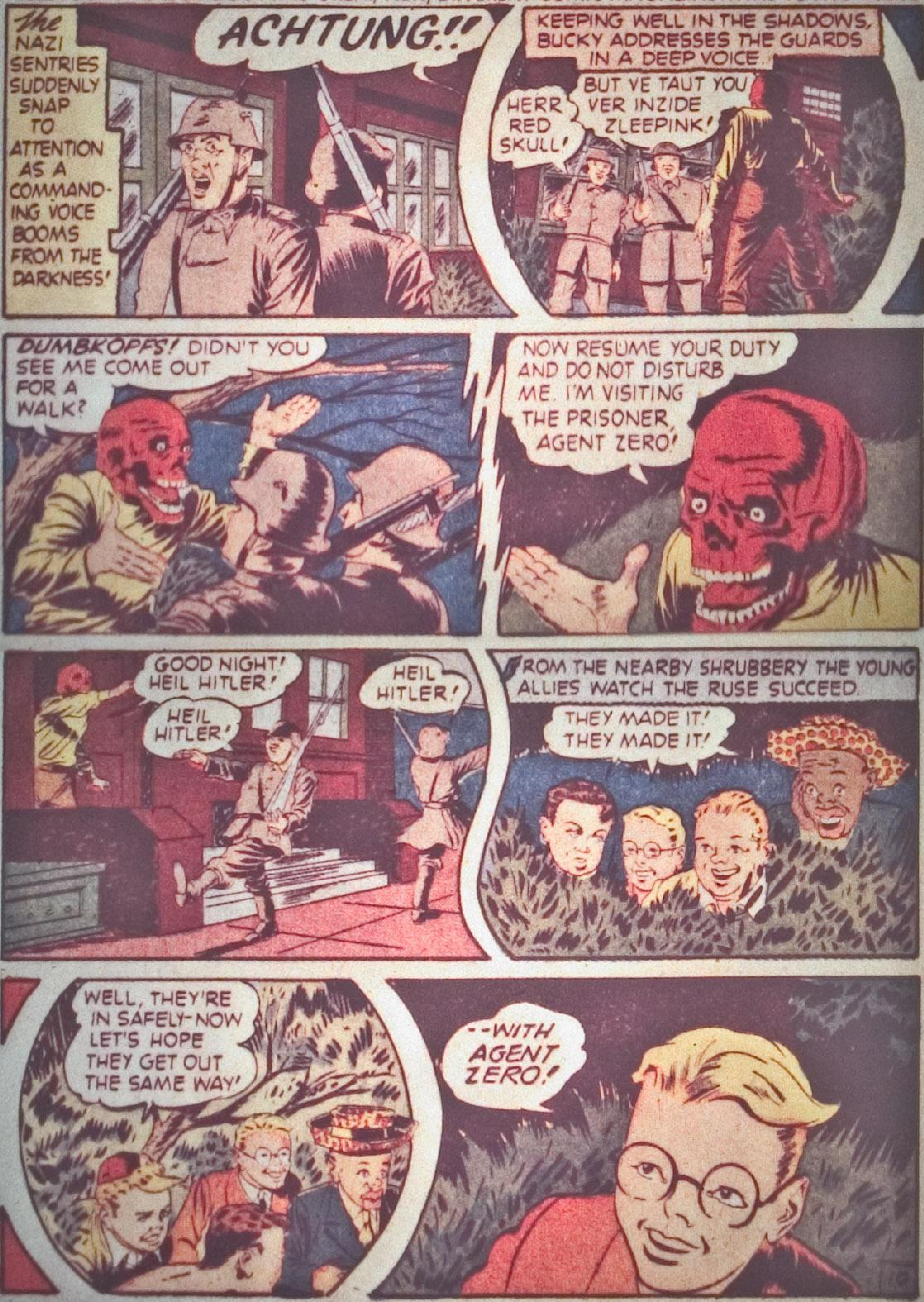

OH, YEAH? YAHOO!
TAKE HIM APART, BOYS!
I'M PREPARED FOR THESE THINGS
THE RED SKULL PRESSES A WALL BUTTON WHICH OPENS A TRAPDOOR BENEATH THE BOYS' FEET.
YAHOO, YOURSELF! HA-HA-HA-HA!
HEY!
WE'RE FALLING!
LIKE FLOUNDERING FISH, THE YOUNG ALLIES FALL INTO A SUSPENDED NET IN THE CHAMBER BELOW--WITH GESTAPO GUNS COVERING THEIR EVERY MOVEMENT!
LET US OUT, YOU RATS!
SHULTZ, IS THAT YOU ON THE FLOOR BELOW? WELL, CART THOSE YANKEE PIPSQUEAKS OFF TO PRISON!
YA, HERR RED SKULL!
GET ME A MOUT'PIECE!
YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO US!
LET GO, YOU LUGS!
HOURS LATER AT THE "CONCENTRATION" CAMP..
MY-MY! WE ARE IN DIRE STRAITS!
CHINS UP, BOYS!
THE CRUEL, SADISTIC GUARDS TRY TO HUMILIATE THE STAUNCH YOUNGSTERS...
NOW I VANT YOU ALL TO YELL GOOT UND LOUD! I AM A YANKEE PIG!!!
YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE A YANKEE PIG AT ALL! THEY'RE CLEANER!

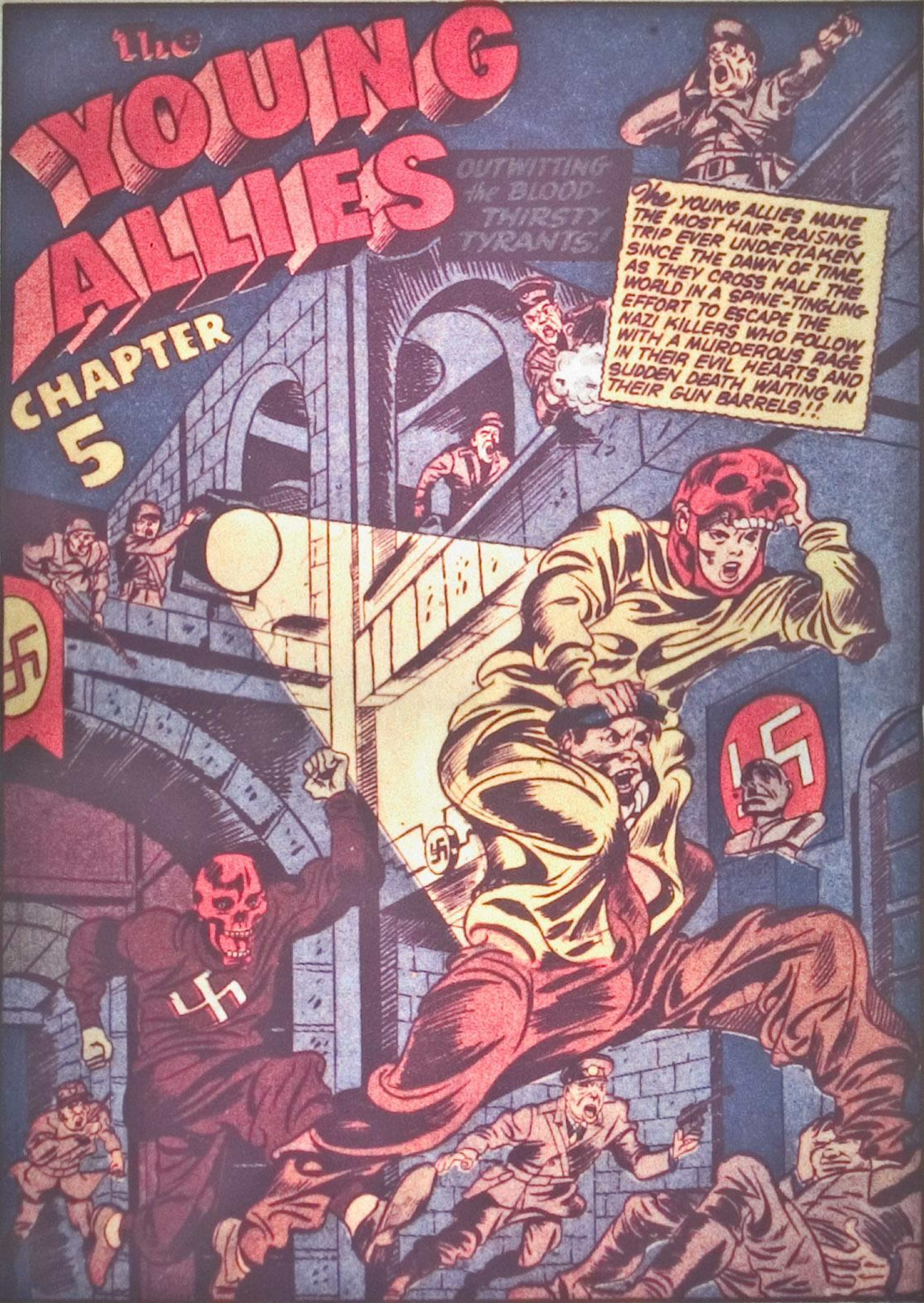

AS THE ENRAGED GUARD RAISES HIS WHIP TO STRIKE, KNUCKLES ACTS FASTER!
YOU DOG!
KNUCKLES! COME BACK YOU FOOL!
CRACK!
KNUCKLES' DEFIANT ACT STARTS A VIOLENT BATTLE
CALL OUT THE RESERVES! GOTT IN HIMMEL!
RRREEEEE
BUT THE BOYS ARE SUBDUED BY RESERVES AND BROUGHT BEFORE THE NAZI WARDEN.
ZO! YOU THINK YOU CAN ATTACK MY MEN, EH?
I'LL TEACH YOU YOUNG UPSTARTS MANNERS OR MY NAME ISN'T FRITZ-FLOOTZENDOOTZEN! THROW THEM IN SOLITARY WITHOUT FOOD OR WATER! LET THEM STARVE SLOWLY TO DEATH!
6

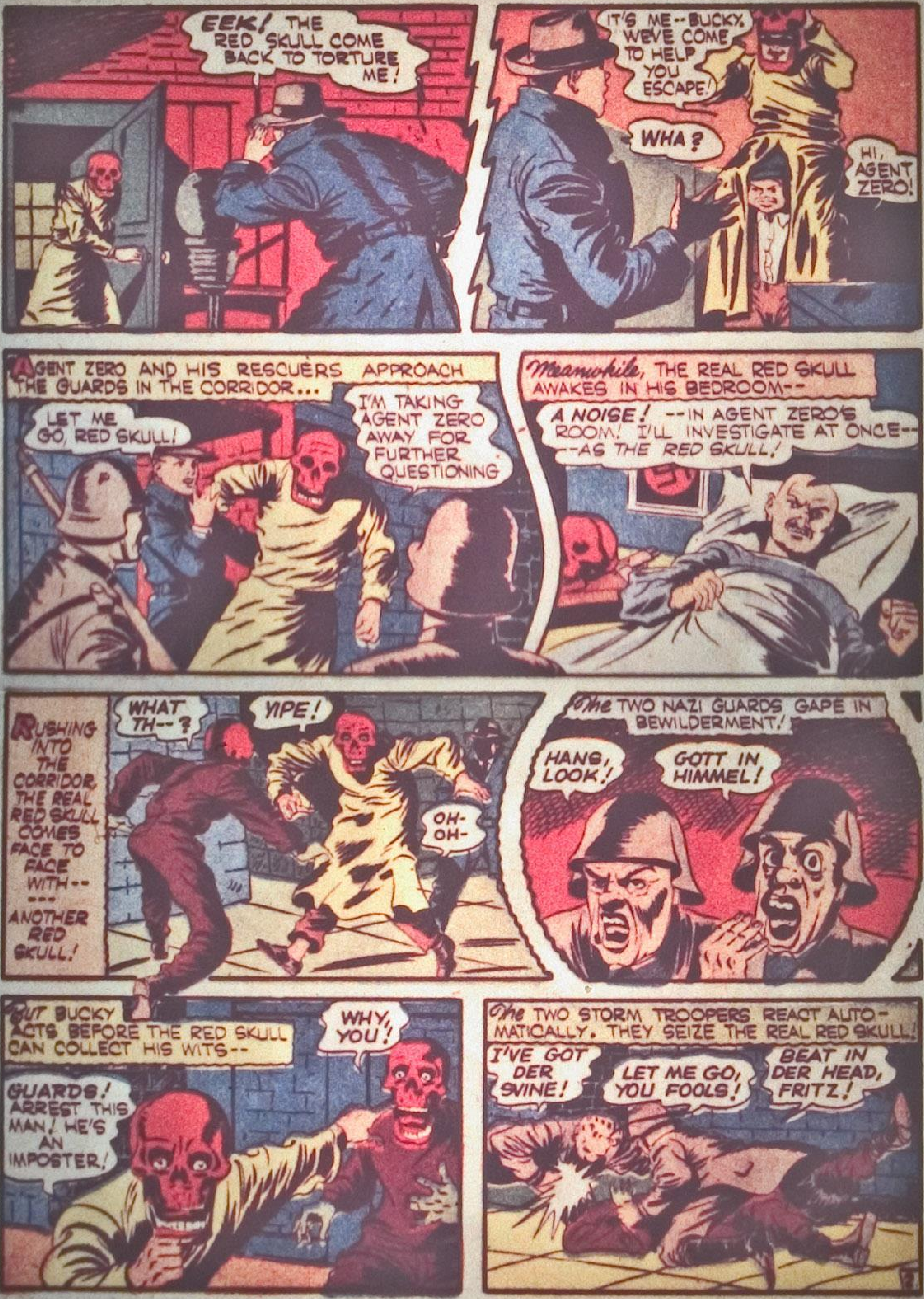

BEFORE BEING PUT IN SOLITARY, THE BOYS ARE THROWN IN A MUD PUDDLE TO SPEND THE NIGHT!
SLEEP HERE, PIGS!
BLUB BLUB
BLUB
WHAT A MESS!
IT'S IN ME EYES! I-IT HOITS!
AH NEAHLY DROWNED, AH DID!
WHAT A BEATING WE'RE TAKING!
WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THEY THROW US IN THE DUNGEONS!
WE'LL GET OUT! THIS MUD IS DRYING - AND WHEN IT DOES, I'LL TURN ON MY FLAME!
TORO SOON TURNS ON HIS FLAME AND STARTS MELTING THROUGH THE BARBED WIRE.
A SUSPICIOUS NAZI GUARD RUSHES TOWARD THE SCENE.
GET HIM, FELLAS!
DON'T LET HIM YELL!
MEANWHILE TORO COMPLETES HIS WORK.
C'MON, BOYS!
WE'RE GETTING AWAY!
BUT WATCHFUL NAZIS SOUND THE ALARM.
GUARDS! GUARDS! DER BOYS ARE EGGSGAPING!
REEEEE
KNUCKLES STAYS BEHIND AND QUICKLY STRIPS THE UNCONSCIOUS GUARD OF HIS CLOTHING.
YOU DON'T MIND IF I BORRY YER DUDS, DO YA, BUD?
TANKS! I KNEW YA WOULDN'T!


DRESSED IN THE GUARDS UNIFORM, KNUCKLES MISLEADS THE PURSUING STORM TROOPERS!
DEY VENT DOT VAY!
DANKE!
LATER, KNUCKLES REJOINS THE YOUNG ALLIES IN THE WOODS
HI'YA FELLAS. DE DANGER'S OVER I SENT DEM DE UDDER WAY!
GOOD BOY, KNUCKLES! NOW BACK TO BERLIN AND THE RED SKULL!
LATE THAT NIGHT, THE BOYS ARRIVE AT BEER-GARTEN, LAIR OF THE CRUEL RED SKULL!
PUFF
PUFF
HIDE IN THE YARD, BOYS!
C'MON, FATSO!
THERE'S AGENT ZERO IN THE TOWER WINDOW!
HOW WILL WE GET PAST THOSE TWO SENTRIES?
WE'LL HAVE TO BIDE OUR TIME AND SNEAK IN WHEN THOSE BIRDS MARCH FURTHER DOWN THE YARD!
WELL, WHILE WE'S WAITIN' AH'M GONNA TAKE MAHSELF A REST!

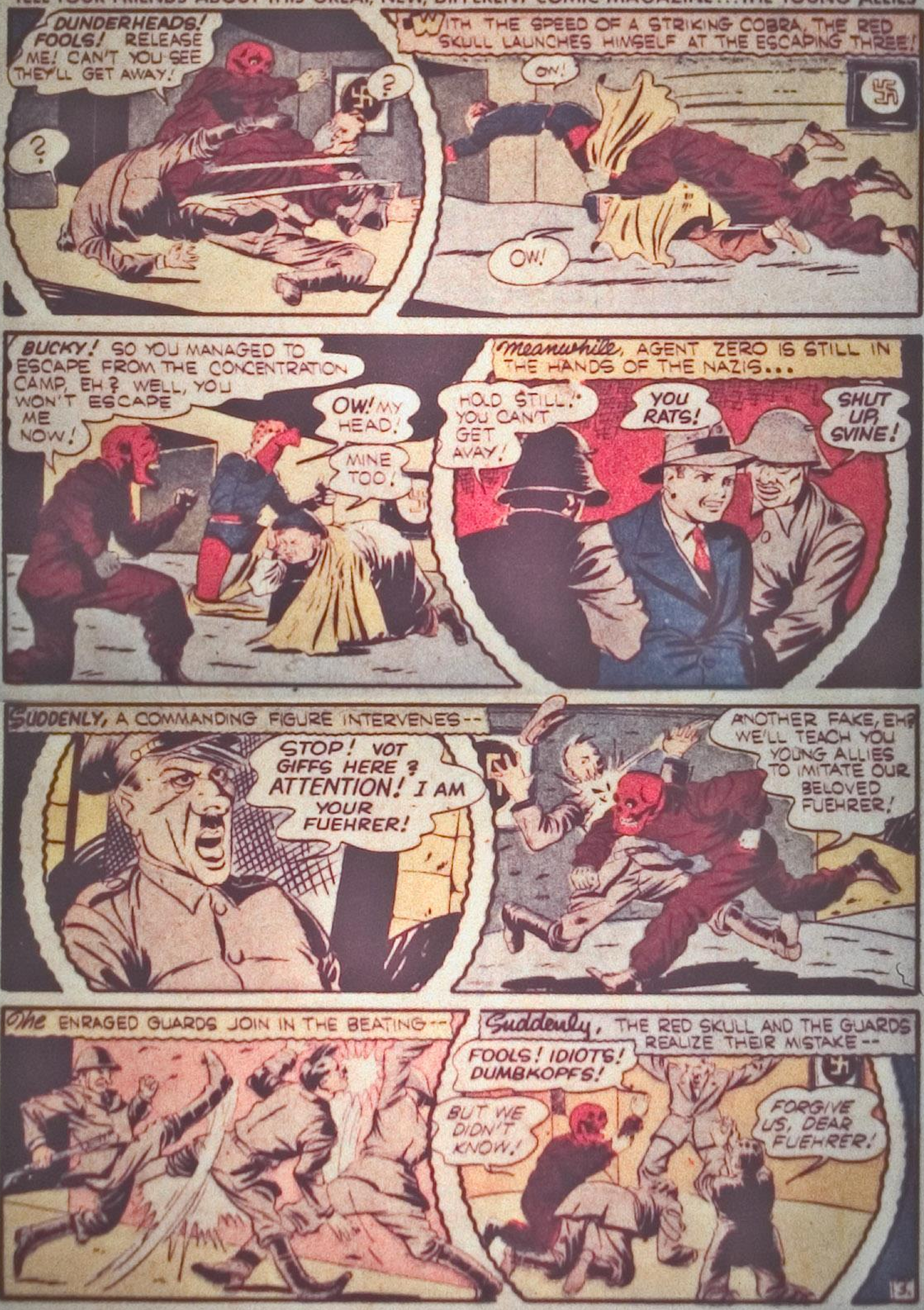

F-F-F-FELLAHS L-L-L-L-LOOK!
WHY, IT'S A HUMAN SKELETON!
HORRORS!
NO DOUBT ONE OF THE RED SKULL'S VICTIMS. HE WAS PROBABLY MURDERED AFTER THE SKULL HAD TORTURED ALL THE INFORMATION OUT OF HIM!
SAY, THIS GIVES ME AN IDEA!
I GET THE IDEA, BUCKY.. LUCKY I CARRY A SET OF WATER COLORS FOR SKETCHING!
THERE YOU ARE, BUCKY! IT'S ALL PAINTED RED!
MY SHIRT SURE COMES IN HANDY, EH?
HOLD STILL, KNUCKLES!
LET'S GET GOIN' I'M SUFFOCATIN' IN HERE!
HERE WE GO, FELLAS. I HOPE IT WORKS!

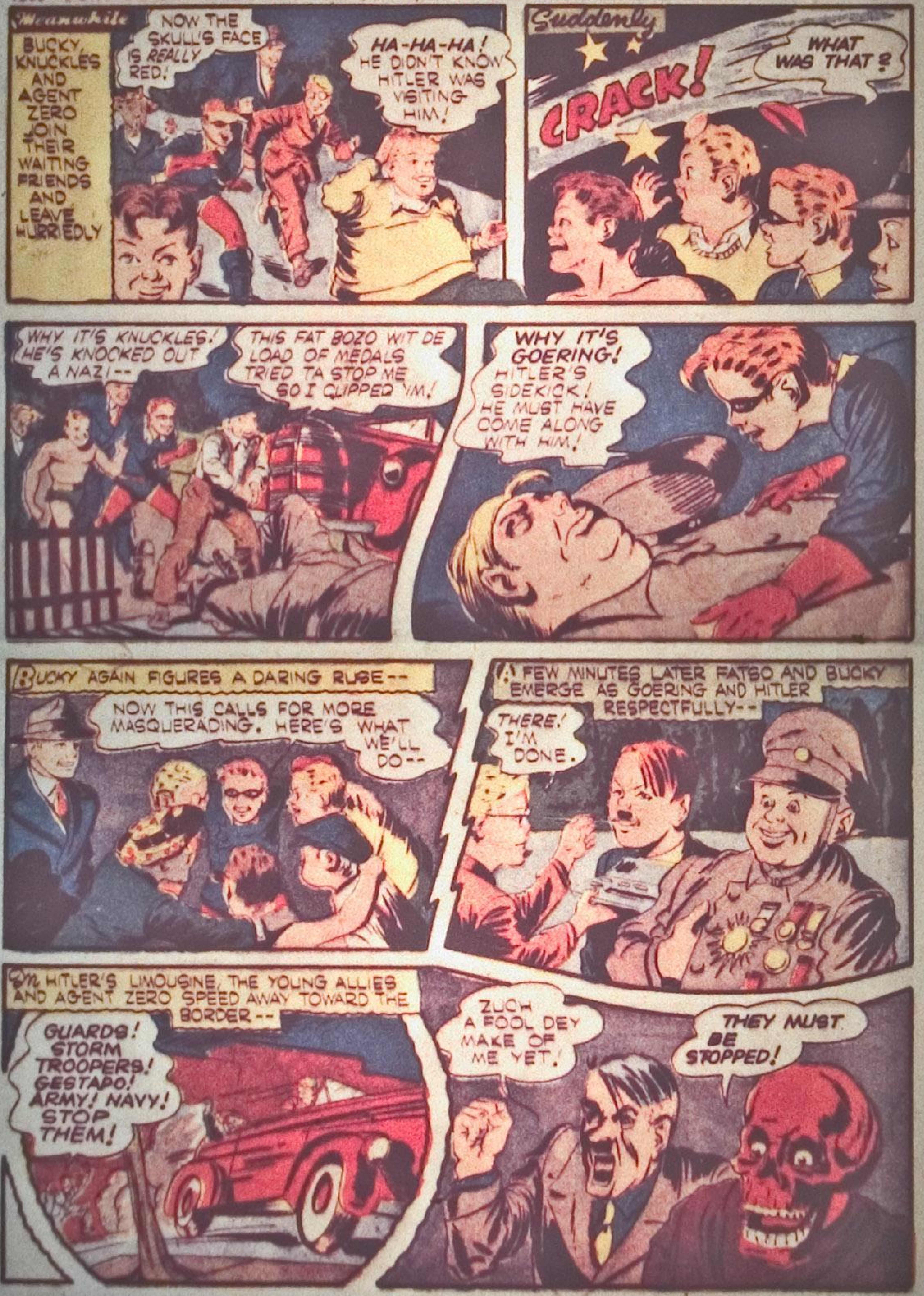

The NAZI SENTRIES SUDDENLY SNAP TO ATTENTION AS A COMMANDING VOICE BOOMS FROM THE DARKNESS!
ACHTUNG!!
KEEPING WELL IN THE SHADOWS, BUCKY ADDRESSES THE GUARDS IN A DEEP VOICE.
HERR RED SKULL!
BUT VE TAUT YOU VER INZIDE ZLEEPINK!
DUMBKOPFS! DIDN'T YOU SEE ME COME OUT FOR A WALK?
NOW RESUME YOUR DUTY AND DO NOT DISTURB ME. I'M VISITING THE PRISONER, AGENT ZERO!
GOOD NIGHT! HEIL HITLER!
HEIL HITLER!
HEIL HITLER!
FROM THE NEARBY SHRUBBERY THE YOUNG ALLIES WATCH THE RUSE SUCCEED.
THEY MADE IT! THEY MADE IT!
WELL, THEY'RE IN SAFELY-NOW LET'S HOPE THEY GET OUT THE SAME WAY!
--WITH AGENT ZERO!

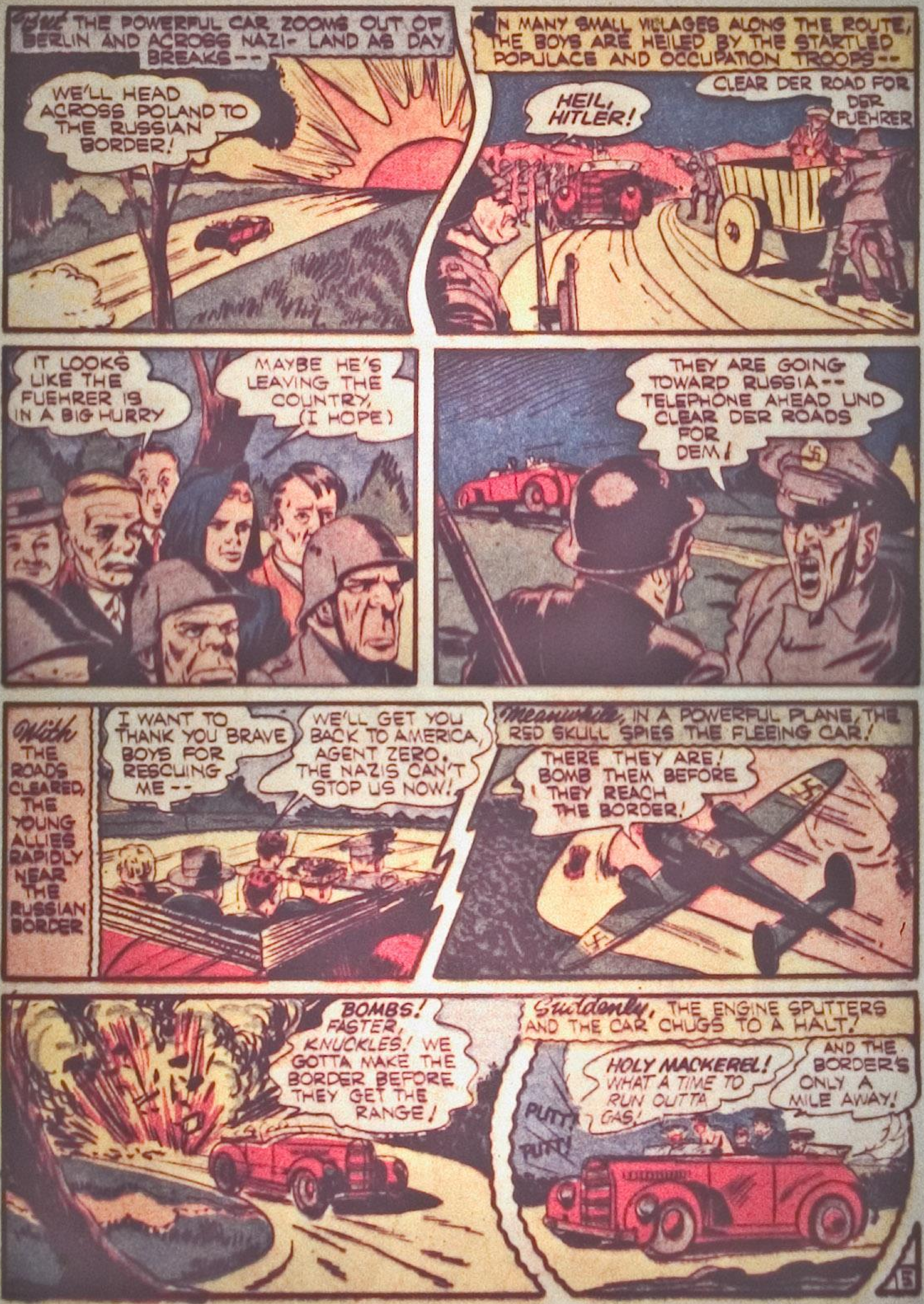

The YOUNG ALLIES
OUTWITTING the BLOOD-THIRSTY TYRANTS!
CHAPTER 5
The YOUNG ALLIES MAKE THE MOST HAIR-RAISING TRIP EVER UNDERTAKEN SINCE THE DAWN OF TIME, AS THEY CROSS HALF THE WORLD IN A SPINE-TINGLING EFFORT TO ESCAPE THE NAZI KILLERS WHO FOLLOW WITH A MURDEROUS RAGE IN THEIR EVIL HEARTS AND SUDDEN DEATH WAITING IN THEIR GUN BARRELS!!

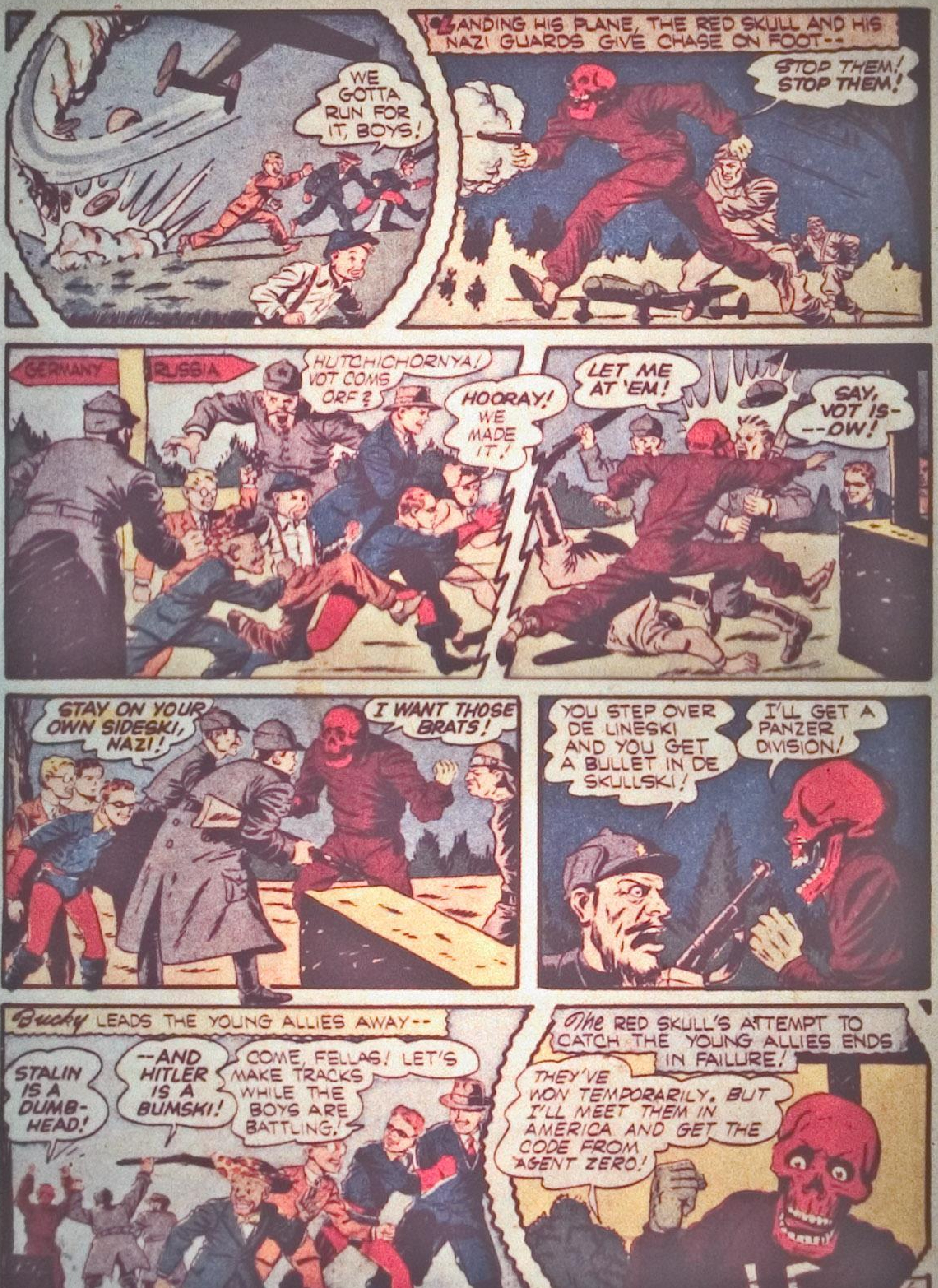

EEK! THE RED SKULL COME BACK TO TORTURE ME!
IT'S ME--BUCKY. WE'VE COME TO HELP YOU ESCAPE!
WHA?
HI, AGENT ZERO!
AGENT ZERO AND HIS RESCUERS APPROACH THE GUARDS IN THE CORRIDOR...
LET ME GO, RED SKULL!
I'M TAKING AGENT ZERO AWAY FOR FURTHER QUESTIONING
Meanwhile, THE REAL RED SKULL AWAKES IN HIS BEDROOM--
A NOISE! --IN AGENT ZERO'S ROOM! I'LL INVESTIGATE AT ONCE-- --AS THE RED SKULL!
RUSHING INTO THE CORRIDOR, THE REAL RED SKULL COMES FACE TO FACE WITH-- ---ANOTHER RED SKULL!
WHAT TH--?
YIPE!
OH-OH-
The TWO NAZI GUARDS GAPE IN BEWILDERMENT!
HANS, LOOK!
GOTT IN HIMMEL!
BUT BUCKY ACTS BEFORE THE RED SKULL CAN COLLECT HIS WITS--
WHY, YOU!
GUARDS! ARREST THIS MAN! HE'S AN IMPOSTER!
The TWO STORM TROOPERS REACT AUTOMATICALLY. THEY SEIZE THE REAL RED SKULL!
I'VE GOT DER SVINE!
LET ME GO, YOU FOOLS!
BEAT IN DER HEAD, FRITZ!

TELL YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT THIS GREAT, NEW, DIFFERENT COMIC MAGAZINE . . . THE YOUNG ALLIES

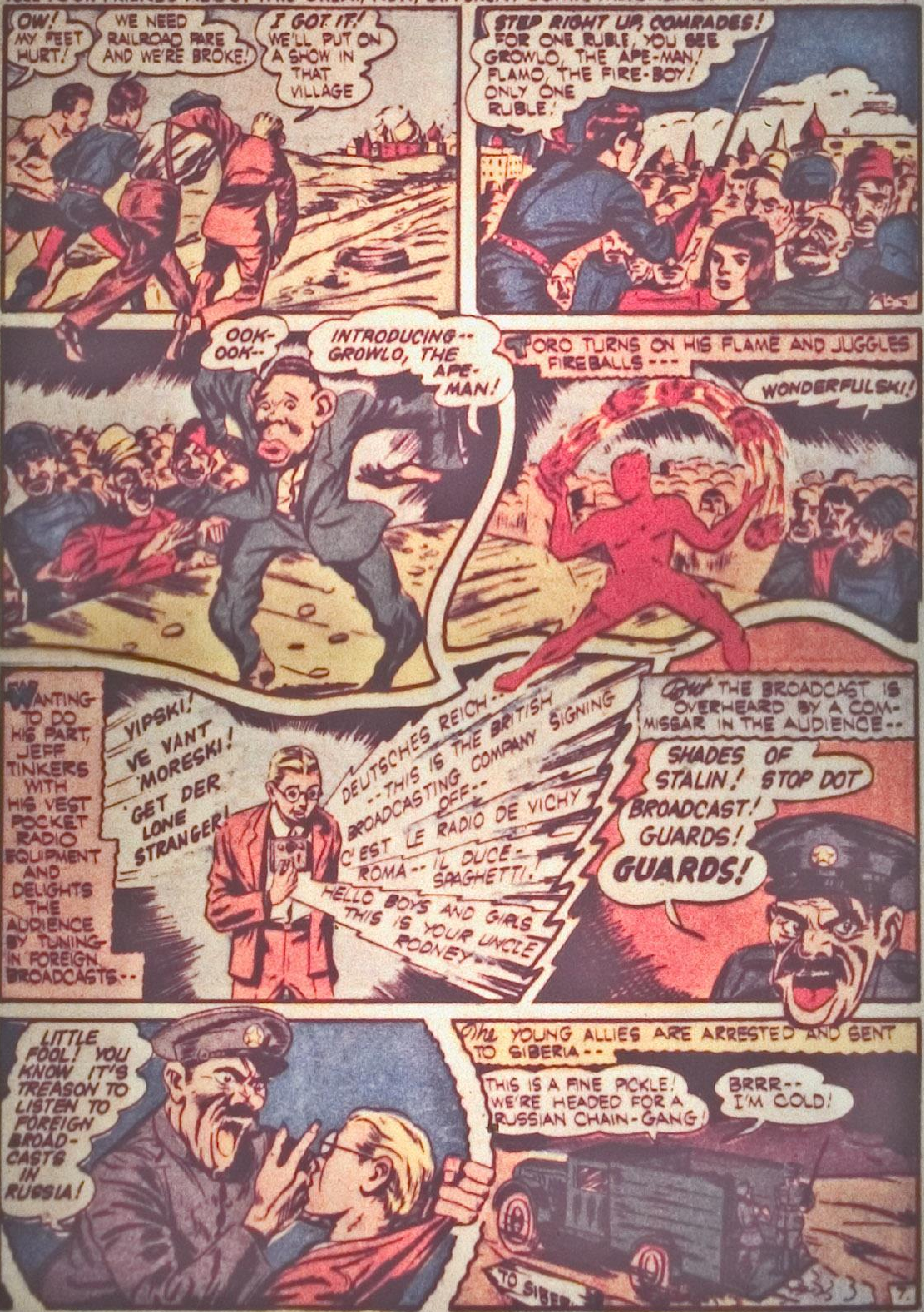

DUNDERHEADS! FOOLS! RELEASE ME! CAN'T YOU SEE THEY'LL GET AWAY!
?
?
WITH THE SPEED OF A STRIKING COBRA, THE RED SKULL LAUNCHES HIMSELF AT THE ESCAPING THREE!
OW!
OW!
BUCKY! SO YOU MANAGED TO ESCAPE FROM THE CONCENTRATION CAMP, EH? WELL, YOU WON'T ESCAPE ME NOW!
OW! MY HEAD!
MINE TOO!
Meanwhile, AGENT ZERO IS STILL IN THE HANDS OF THE NAZIS...
HOLD STILL! YOU CAN'T GET AVAY!
YOU RATS!
SHUT UP, SVINE!
SUDDENLY, A COMMANDING FIGURE INTERVENES--
STOP! VOT GIFFS HERE? ATTENTION! I AM YOUR FUEHRER!
ANOTHER FAKE, EH? WE'LL TEACH YOU YOUNG ALLIES TO IMITATE OUR BELOVED FUEHRER!
The ENRAGED GUARDS JOIN IN THE BEATING--
Suddenly, THE RED SKULL AND THE GUARDS REALIZE THEIR MISTAKE--
FOOLS! IDIOTS! DUMBKOPFS!
BUT WE DIDN'T KNOW!
FORGIVE US, DEAR FUEHRER!

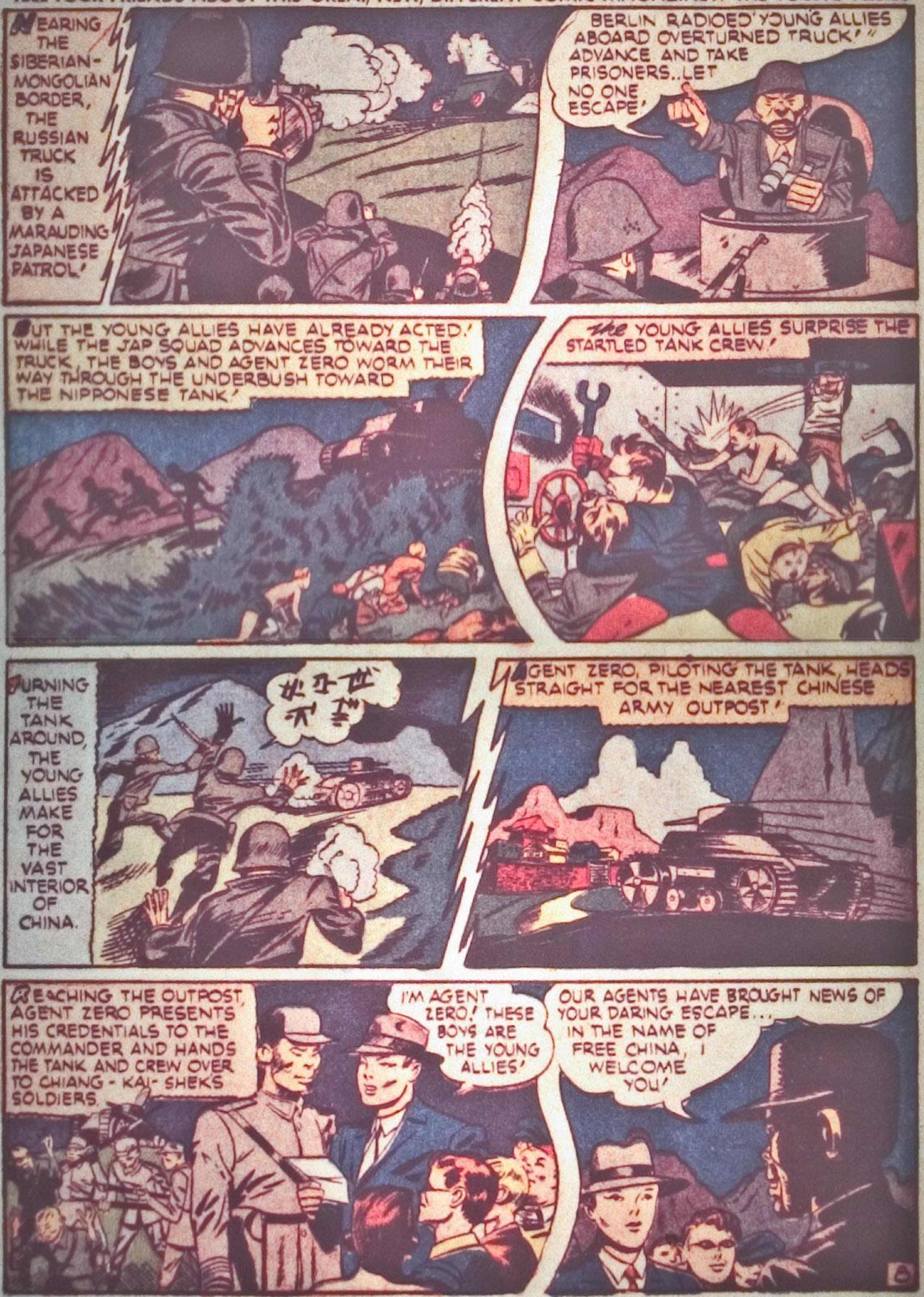

Meanwhile
BUCKY, KNUCKLES AND AGENT ZERO JOIN THEIR WAITING FRIENDS AND LEAVE HURRIEDLY
NOW THE SKULL'S FACE IS REALLY RED!
HA-HA-HA! HE DIDN'T KNOW HITLER WAS VISITING HIM!
Suddenly
CRACK!
WHAT WAS THAT?
WHY IT'S KNUCKLES! HE'S KNOCKED OUT A NAZI--
THIS FAT BOZO WIT DE LOAD OF MEDALS TRIED TA STOP ME SO I CLIPPED 'IM!
WHY IT'S GOERING! HITLER'S SIDEKICK! HE MUST HAVE COME ALONG WITH HIM!
BUCKY AGAIN FIGURES A DARING RUSE--
NOW THIS CALLS FOR MORE MASQUERADING. HERE'S WHAT WE'LL DO--
A FEW MINUTES LATER FATSO AND BUCKY EMERGE AS GOERING AND HITLER RESPECTFULLY--
THERE! I'M DONE.
IN HITLER'S LIMOUSINE, THE YOUNG ALLIES AND AGENT ZERO SPEED AWAY TOWARD THE BORDER--
GUARDS! STORM TROOPERS! GESTAPO! ARMY! NAVY! STOP THEM!
ZUCH A FOOL DEY MAKE OF ME YET!
THEY MUST BE STOPPED!

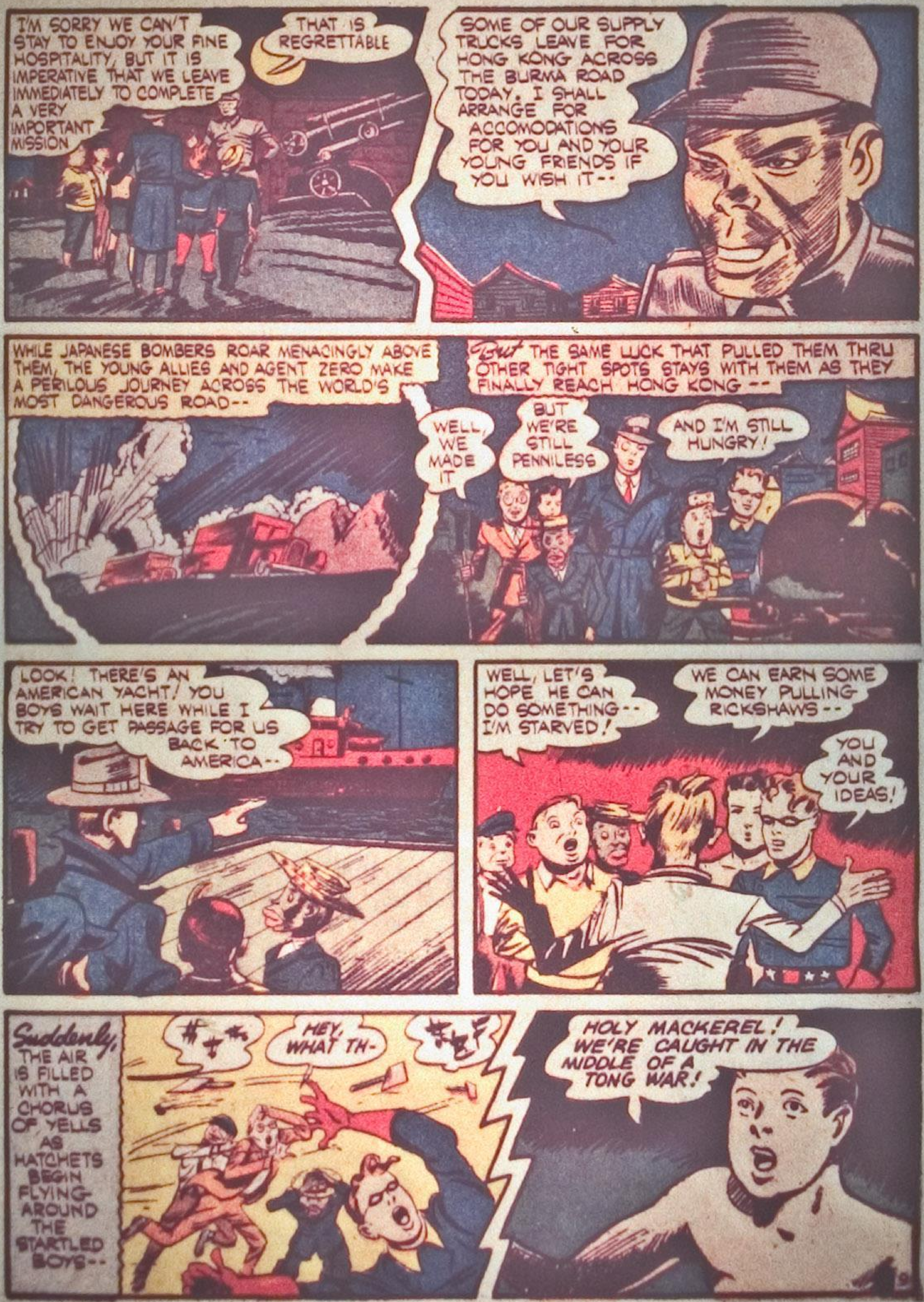

BUT THE POWERFUL CAR ZOOMS OUT OF BERLIN AND ACROSS NAZI-LAND AS DAY BREAKS--
WE'LL HEAD ACROSS POLAND TO THE RUSSIAN BORDER!
IN MANY SMALL VILLAGES ALONG THE ROUTE, THE BOYS ARE HEILED BY THE STARTLED POPULACE AND OCCUPATION TROOPS--
HEIL, HITLER!
CLEAR DER ROAD FOR DER FUEHRER
IT LOOKS LIKE THE FUEHRER IS IN A BIG HURRY
MAYBE HE'S LEAVING THE COUNTRY, (I HOPE)
THEY ARE GOING TOWARD RUSSIA-- TELEPHONE AHEAD UND CLEAR DER ROADS FOR DEM!
WITH THE ROADS CLEARED, THE YOUNG ALLIES RAPIDLY NEAR THE RUSSIAN BORDER
I WANT TO THANK YOU BRAVE BOYS FOR RESCUING ME--
WE'LL GET YOU BACK TO AMERICA, AGENT ZERO. THE NAZIS CAN'T STOP US NOW!
MEANWHILE, IN A POWERFUL PLANE, THE RED SKULL SPIES THE FLEEING CAR!
THERE THEY ARE! BOMB THEM BEFORE THEY REACH THE BORDER!
BOMBS! FASTER, KNUCKLES! WE GOTTA MAKE THE BORDER BEFORE THEY GET THE RANGE!
SUDDENLY, THE ENGINE SPUTTERS AND THE CAR CHUGS TO A HALT!
HOLY MACKEREL! WHAT A TIME TO RUN OUTTA GAS!
AND THE BORDER'S ONLY A MILE AWAY!
PUTT! PUTT!


WE GOTTA RUN FOR IT, BOYS!
LANDING HIS PLANE, THE RED SKULL AND HIS NAZI GUARDS GIVE CHASE ON FOOT--
STOP THEM! STOP THEM!
GERMANY
RUSSIA
HUTCHICHORNYA! VOT COMS ORF?
HOORAY! WE MADE IT!
LET ME AT 'EM!
SAY, VOT IS- --OW!
STAY ON YOUR OWN SIDESKI, NAZI!
I WANT THOSE BRATS!
YOU STEP OVER DE LINESKI AND YOU GET A BULLET IN DE SKULLSKI!
I'LL GET A PANZER DIVISION!
BUCKY LEADS THE YOUNG ALLIES AWAY--
STALIN IS A DUMB-HEAD!
--AND HITLER IS A BUMSKI!
COME, FELLAS! LET'S MAKE TRACKS WHILE THE BOYS ARE BATTLING!
THE RED SKULL'S ATTEMPT TO CATCH THE YOUNG ALLIES ENDS IN FAILURE!
THEY'VE WON TEMPORARILY, BUT I'LL MEET THEM IN AMERICA AND GET THE CODE FROM AGENT ZERO!

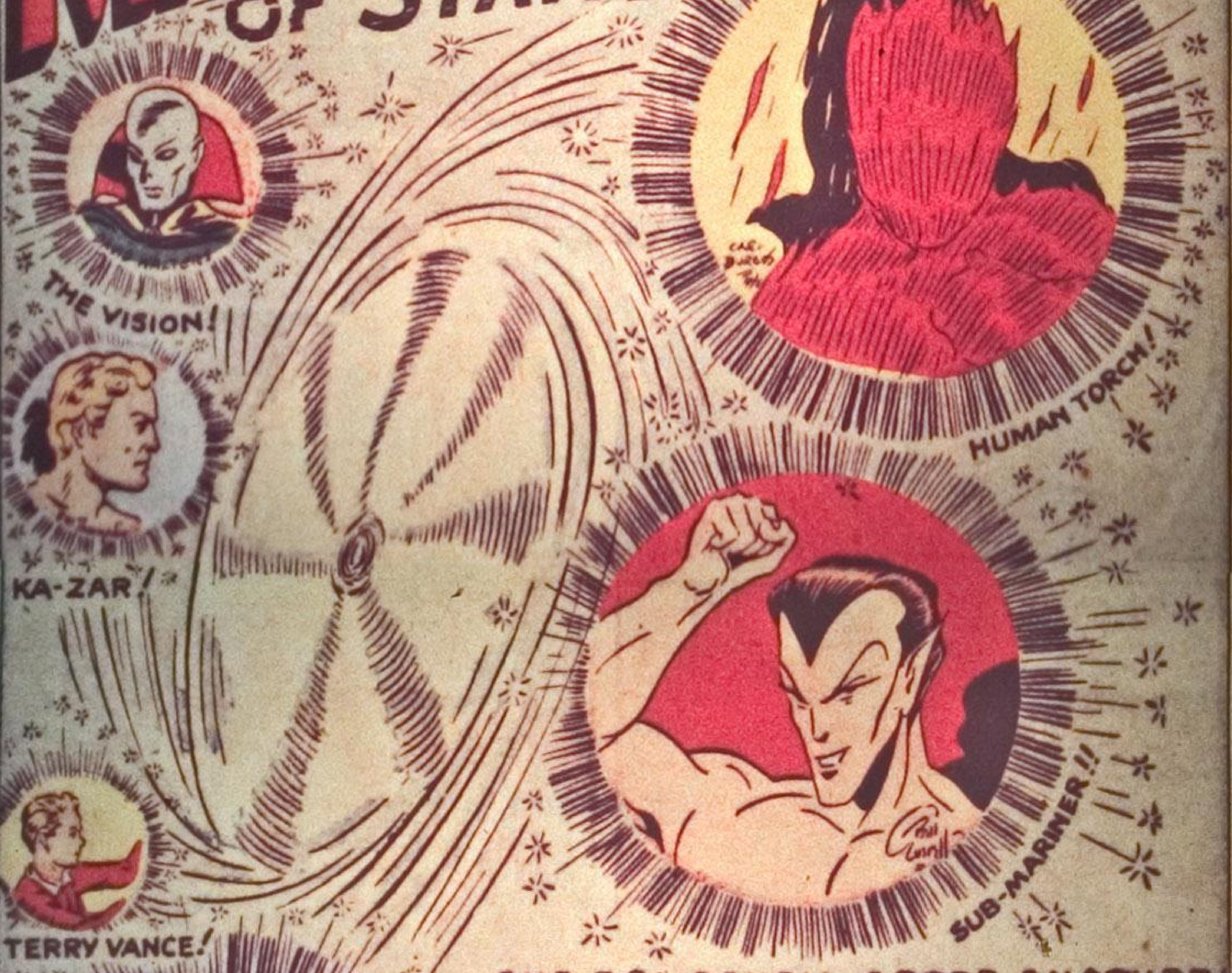
TELL YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT THIS GREAT, NEW, DIFFERENT COMIC MAGAZINE...THE YOUNG ALLIES


OW! MY FEET HURT!
WE NEED RAILROAD FARE AND WE'RE BROKE!
I GOT IT! WE'LL PUT ON A SHOW IN THAT VILLAGE
STEP RIGHT UP, COMRADES! FOR ONE RUBLE, YOU SEE GROWLO, THE APE-MAN! FLAMO, THE FIRE-BOY! ONLY ONE RUBLE!
OOK-OOK--
INTRODUCING--GROWLO, THE APE-MAN!
TORO TURNS ON HIS FLAME AND JUGGLES FIREBALLS---
WONDERFULSKI!
WANTING TO DO HIS PART, JEFF TINKERS WITH HIS VEST POCKET RADIO EQUIPMENT AND DELIGHTS THE AUDIENCE BY TUNING IN FOREIGN BROADCASTS--
YIPSKI!
VE VANT MORESKI!
GET DER LONE STRANGER!
DEUTSCHES REICH--
--THIS IS THE BRITISH BROADCASTING COMPANY SIGNING OFF--
C'EST LE RADIO DE VICHY
ROMA--IL DUCE--SPAGHETTI!
HELLO BOYS AND GIRLS THIS IS YOUR UNCLE RODNEY
BUT THE BROADCAST IS OVERHEARD BY A COMMISSAR IN THE AUDIENCE--
SHADES OF STALIN! STOP DOT BROADCAST! GUARDS! GUARDS!
LITTLE FOOL! YOU KNOW IT'S TREASON TO LISTEN TO FOREIGN BROADCASTS IN RUSSIA!
THE YOUNG ALLIES ARE ARRESTED AND SENT TO SIBERIA--
THIS IS A FINE PICKLE! WE'RE HEADED FOR A RUSSIAN CHAIN-GANG!
BRRR--I'M COLD!
TO SIBER


NEARING THE SIBERIAN-MONGOLIAN BORDER, THE RUSSIAN TRUCK IS ATTACKED BY A MARAUDING JAPANESE PATROL!
BERLIN RADIOED 'YOUNG ALLIES ABOARD OVERTURNED TRUCK!' ADVANCE AND TAKE PRISONERS..LET NO ONE ESCAPE!
BUT THE YOUNG ALLIES HAVE ALREADY ACTED! WHILE THE JAP SQUAD ADVANCES TOWARD THE TRUCK, THE BOYS AND AGENT ZERO WORM THEIR WAY THROUGH THE UNDERBUSH TOWARD THE NIPPONESE TANK!
THE YOUNG ALLIES SURPRISE THE STARTLED TANK CREW!
TURNING THE TANK AROUND, THE YOUNG ALLIES MAKE FOR THE VAST INTERIOR OF CHINA.
AGENT ZERO, PILOTING THE TANK, HEADS STRAIGHT FOR THE NEAREST CHINESE ARMY OUTPOST!
REACHING THE OUTPOST, AGENT ZERO PRESENTS HIS CREDENTIALS TO THE COMMANDER AND HANDS THE TANK AND CREW OVER TO CHIANG-KAI-SHEKS SOLDIERS.
I'M AGENT ZERO! THESE BOYS ARE THE YOUNG ALLIES!
OUR AGENTS HAVE BROUGHT NEWS OF YOUR DARING ESCAPE... IN THE NAME OF FREE CHINA, I WELCOME YOU!


I'M SORRY WE CAN'T STAY TO ENJOY YOUR FINE HOSPITALITY, BUT IT IS IMPERATIVE THAT WE LEAVE IMMEDIATELY TO COMPLETE A VERY IMPORTANT MISSION
THAT IS REGRETTABLE
SOME OF OUR SUPPLY TRUCKS LEAVE FOR HONG KONG ACROSS THE BURMA ROAD TODAY. I SHALL ARRANGE FOR ACCOMODATIONS FOR YOU AND YOUR YOUNG FRIENDS IF YOU WISH IT--
WHILE JAPANESE BOMBERS ROAR MENACINGLY ABOVE THEM, THE YOUNG ALLIES AND AGENT ZERO MAKE A PERILOUS JOURNEY ACROSS THE WORLD'S MOST DANGEROUS ROAD--
But THE SAME LUCK THAT PULLED THEM THRU OTHER TIGHT SPOTS STAYS WITH THEM AS THEY FINALLY REACH HONG KONG--
WELL, WE MADE IT
BUT WE'RE STILL PENNILESS
AND I'M STILL HUNGRY!
LOOK! THERE'S AN AMERICAN YACHT! YOU BOYS WAIT HERE WHILE I TRY TO GET PASSAGE FOR US BACK TO AMERICA--
WELL, LET'S HOPE HE CAN DO SOMETHING-- I'M STARVED!
WE CAN EARN SOME MONEY PULLING RICKSHAWS--
YOU AND YOUR IDEAS!
Suddenly, THE AIR IS FILLED WITH A CHORUS OF YELLS AS HATCHETS BEGIN FLYING AROUND THE STARTLED BOYS--
HEY, WHAT TH-
HOLY MACKEREL! WE'RE CAUGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF A TONG WAR!

MARVEL'S PINWHEEL OF STARS!

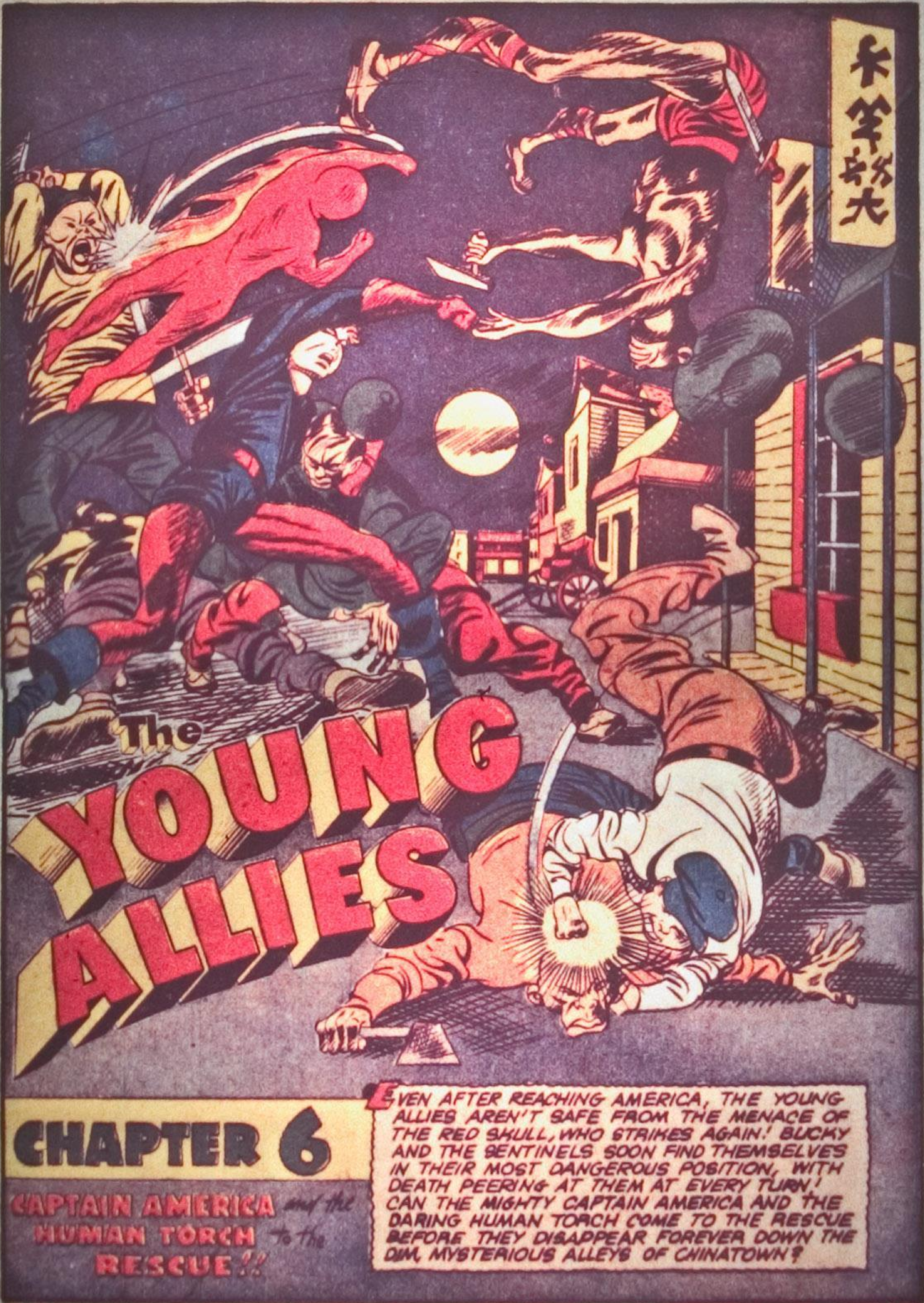

THE VISION!
KA-ZAR!
TERRY VANCE!
HUMAN TORCH!
SUB-MARINER!!

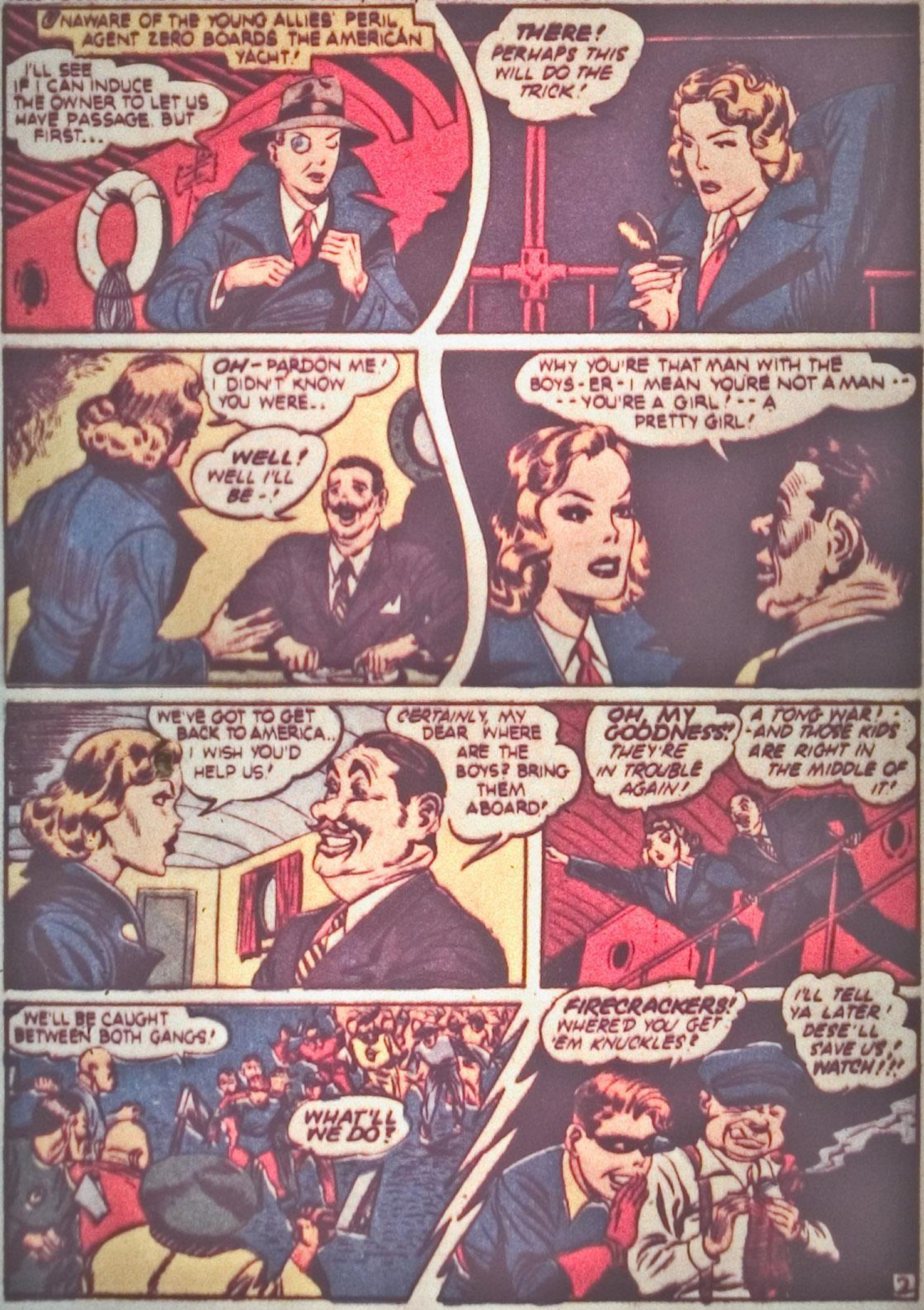
ONE BOMBSHELL AFTER ANOTHER!

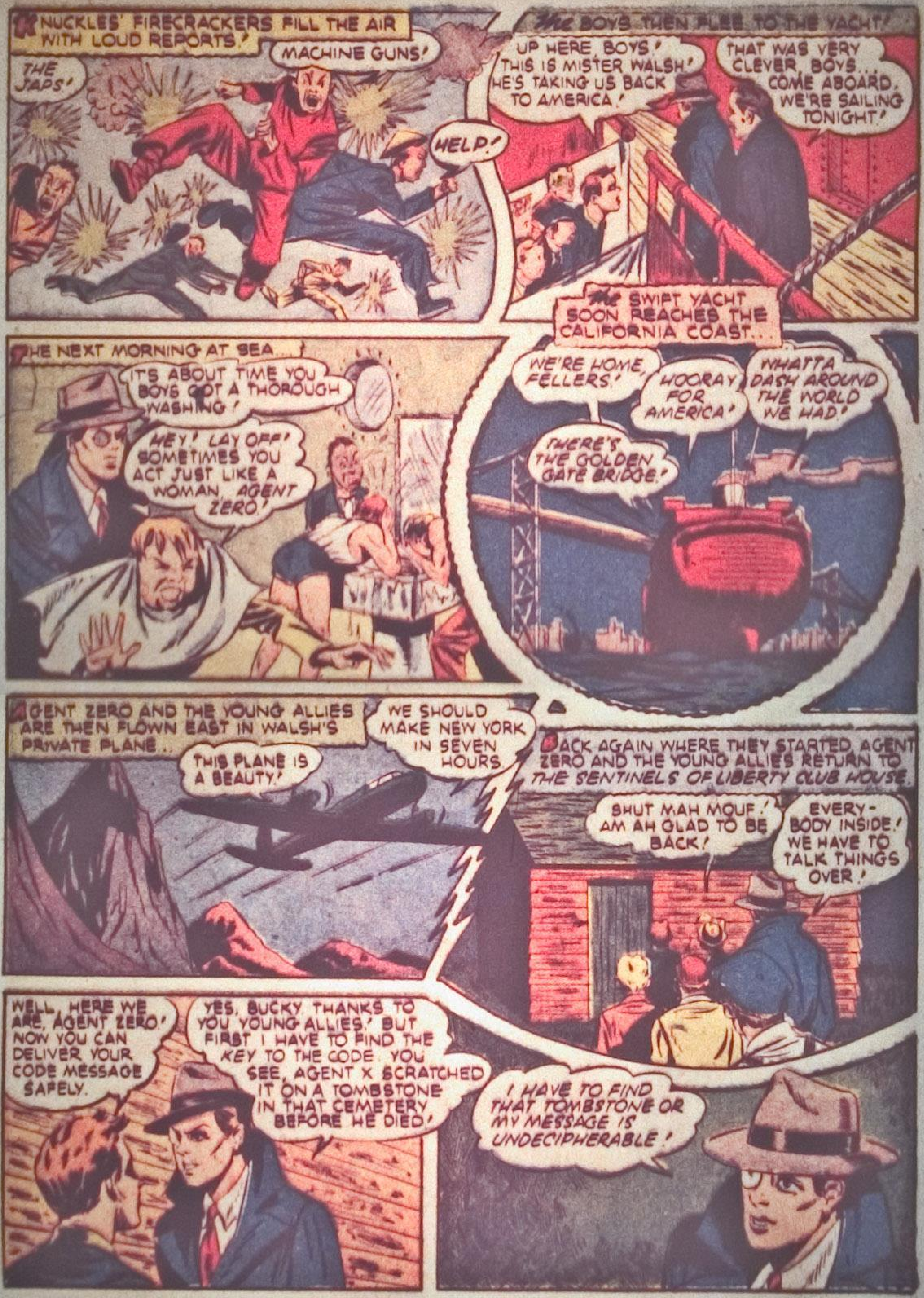
FAST-MOVING-ACTION-BRIGHT CHARACTERS THAT NEVER LET YOU DOWN. WITH NEW IDEAS, NEW STORIES NEW ADVENTURES IN EVERY **MARVEL** *COMICS* ISSUE AND SO POPULAR THAT THEY HAVE THEIR OWN COMPANION MAGAZINES--FILLED WITH NEW, UNUSUAL FEATURES ABOUT EACH

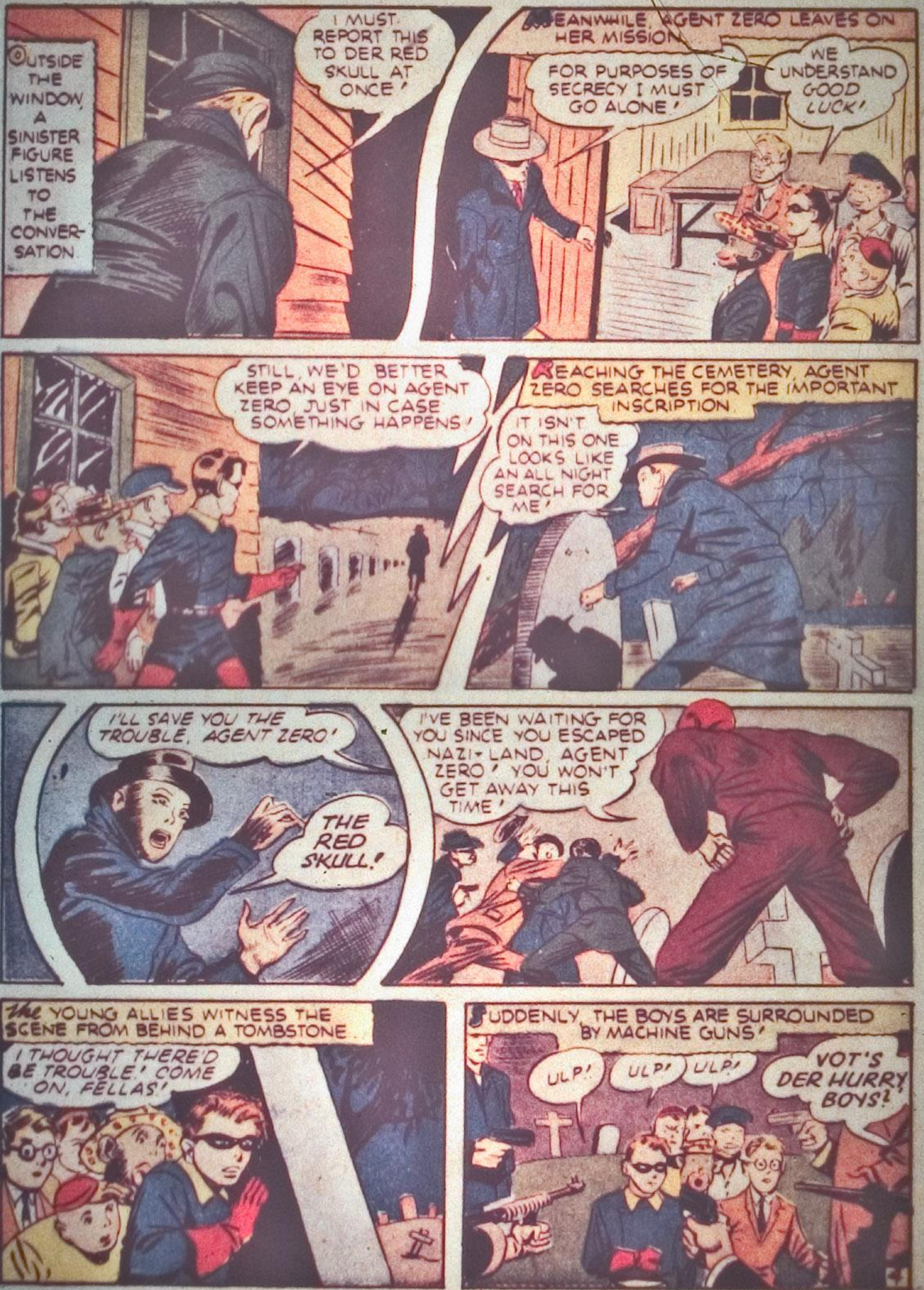
HUMAN TORCH!
SUB-MARINER!
THE ANGEL!
ALL-WINNERS!

ALL BOMBSHELLS!
ALL NEWSSTANDS
ALL FOR→ 10¢

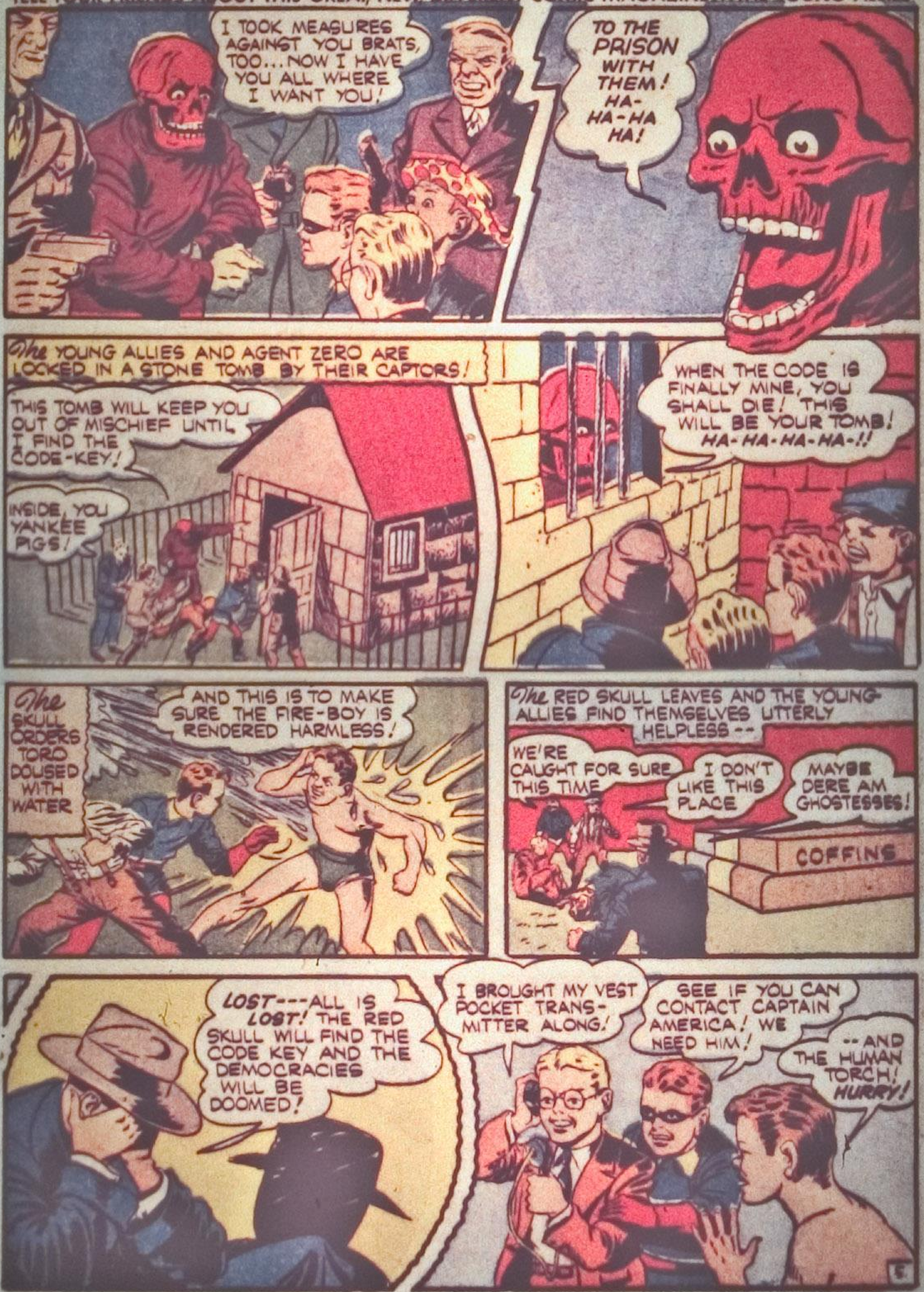

The YOUNG ALLIES
CHAPTER 6
CAPTAIN AMERICA and the HUMAN TORCH to the RESCUE!!
EVEN AFTER REACHING AMERICA, THE YOUNG ALLIES AREN'T SAFE FROM THE MENACE OF THE RED SKULL, WHO STRIKES AGAIN! BUCKY AND THE SENTINELS SOON FIND THEMSELVES IN THEIR MOST DANGEROUS POSITION, WITH DEATH PEERING AT THEM AT EVERY TURN! CAN THE MIGHTY CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE DARING HUMAN TORCH COME TO THE RESCUE BEFORE THEY DISAPPEAR FOREVER DOWN THE DIM, MYSTERIOUS ALLEYS OF CHINATOWN?

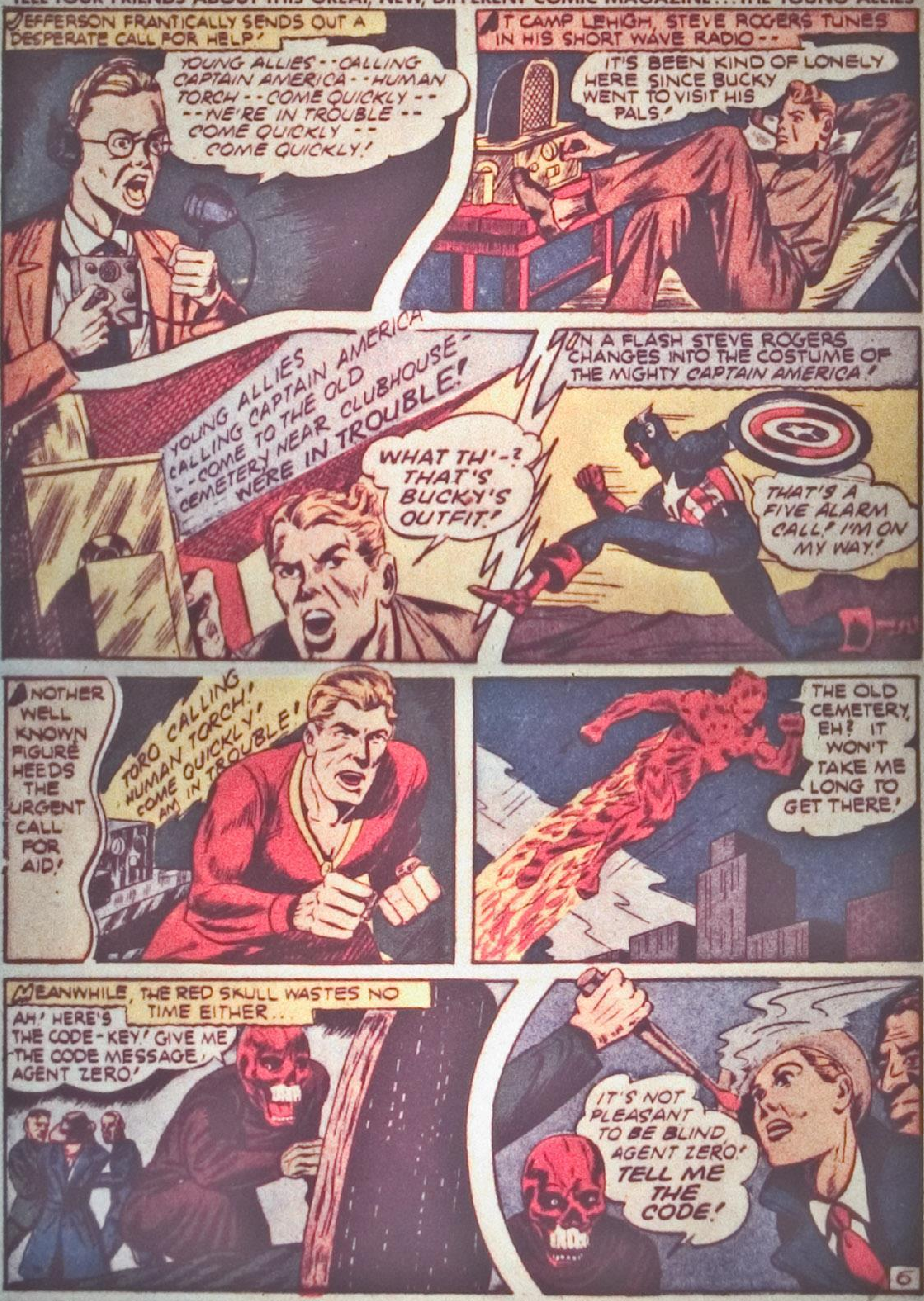

UNAWARE OF THE YOUNG ALLIES' PERIL, AGENT ZERO BOARDS THE AMERICAN YACHT!
I'LL SEE IF I CAN INDUCE THE OWNER TO LET US HAVE PASSAGE. BUT FIRST...
THERE! PERHAPS THIS WILL DO THE TRICK!
OH - PARDON ME! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE..
WELL! WELL I'LL BE -!
WHY YOU'RE THAT MAN WITH THE BOYS - ER - I MEAN YOU'RE NOT A MAN -- -- YOU'RE A GIRL! -- A PRETTY GIRL!
WE'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO AMERICA.. I WISH YOU'D HELP US!
CERTAINLY, MY DEAR. WHERE ARE THE BOYS? BRING THEM ABOARD!
OH, MY GOODNESS! THEY'RE IN TROUBLE AGAIN!
A TONG WAR! -- AND THOSE KIDS ARE RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF IT!
WE'LL BE CAUGHT BETWEEN BOTH GANGS!
WHAT'LL WE DO?
FIRECRACKERS! WHERE'D YOU GET 'EM KNUCKLES?
I'LL TELL YA LATER! DESE'LL SAVE US! WATCH!?!

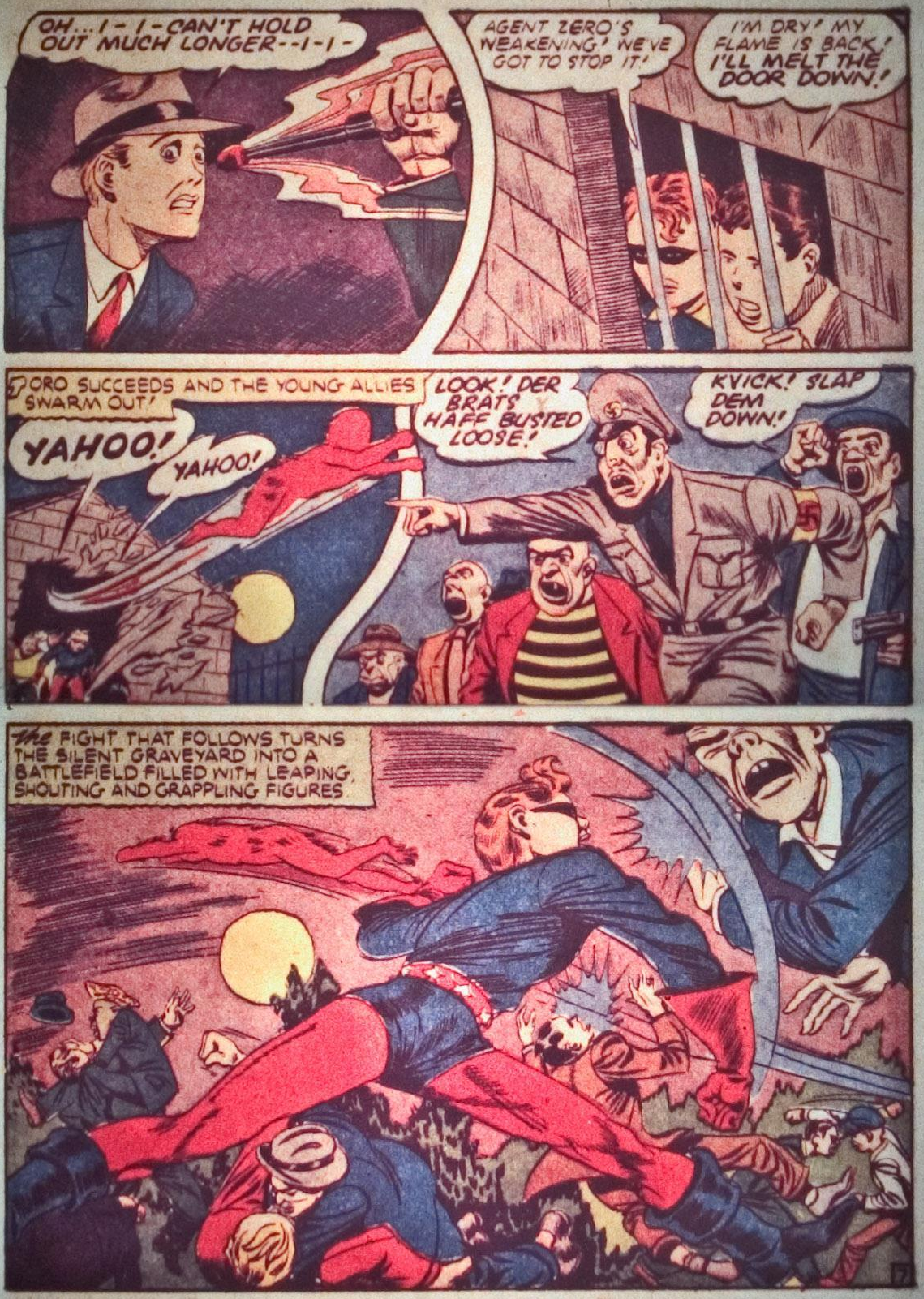

KNUCKLES' FIRECRACKERS FILL THE AIR WITH LOUD REPORTS!
MACHINE GUNS!
THE JAPS!
HELP!
THE BOYS THEN FLEE TO THE YACHT!
UP HERE, BOYS! THIS IS MISTER WALSH! HE'S TAKING US BACK TO AMERICA!
THAT WAS VERY CLEVER, BOYS... COME ABOARD. WE'RE SAILING TONIGHT!
THE NEXT MORNING AT SEA..
IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU BOYS GOT A THOROUGH WASHING!
HEY! LAY OFF! SOMETIMES YOU ACT JUST LIKE A WOMAN, AGENT ZERO!
THE SWIFT YACHT SOON REACHES THE CALIFORNIA COAST..
WE'RE HOME, FELLERS!
HOORAY FOR AMERICA!
WHATTA DASH AROUND THE WORLD WE HAD!
THERE'S THE GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE!
AGENT ZERO AND THE YOUNG ALLIES ARE THEN FLOWN EAST IN WALSH'S PRIVATE PLANE..
WE SHOULD MAKE NEW YORK IN SEVEN HOURS.
THIS PLANE IS A BEAUTY!
BACK AGAIN WHERE THEY STARTED, AGENT ZERO AND THE YOUNG ALLIES RETURN TO *THE SENTINELS OF LIBERTY CLUB HOUSE.*
SHUT MAH MOUF! AM AH GLAD TO BE BACK!
EVERY-BODY INSIDE! WE HAVE TO TALK THINGS OVER!
WELL, HERE WE ARE, AGENT ZERO! NOW YOU CAN DELIVER YOUR CODE MESSAGE SAFELY.
YES, BUCKY THANKS TO YOU YOUNG ALLIES! BUT FIRST I HAVE TO FIND THE *KEY* TO THE CODE. YOU SEE, AGENT X SCRATCHED IT ON A TOMBSTONE IN THAT CEMETERY BEFORE HE DIED!
I HAVE TO FIND THAT TOMBSTONE OR MY MESSAGE IS UNDECIPHERABLE!

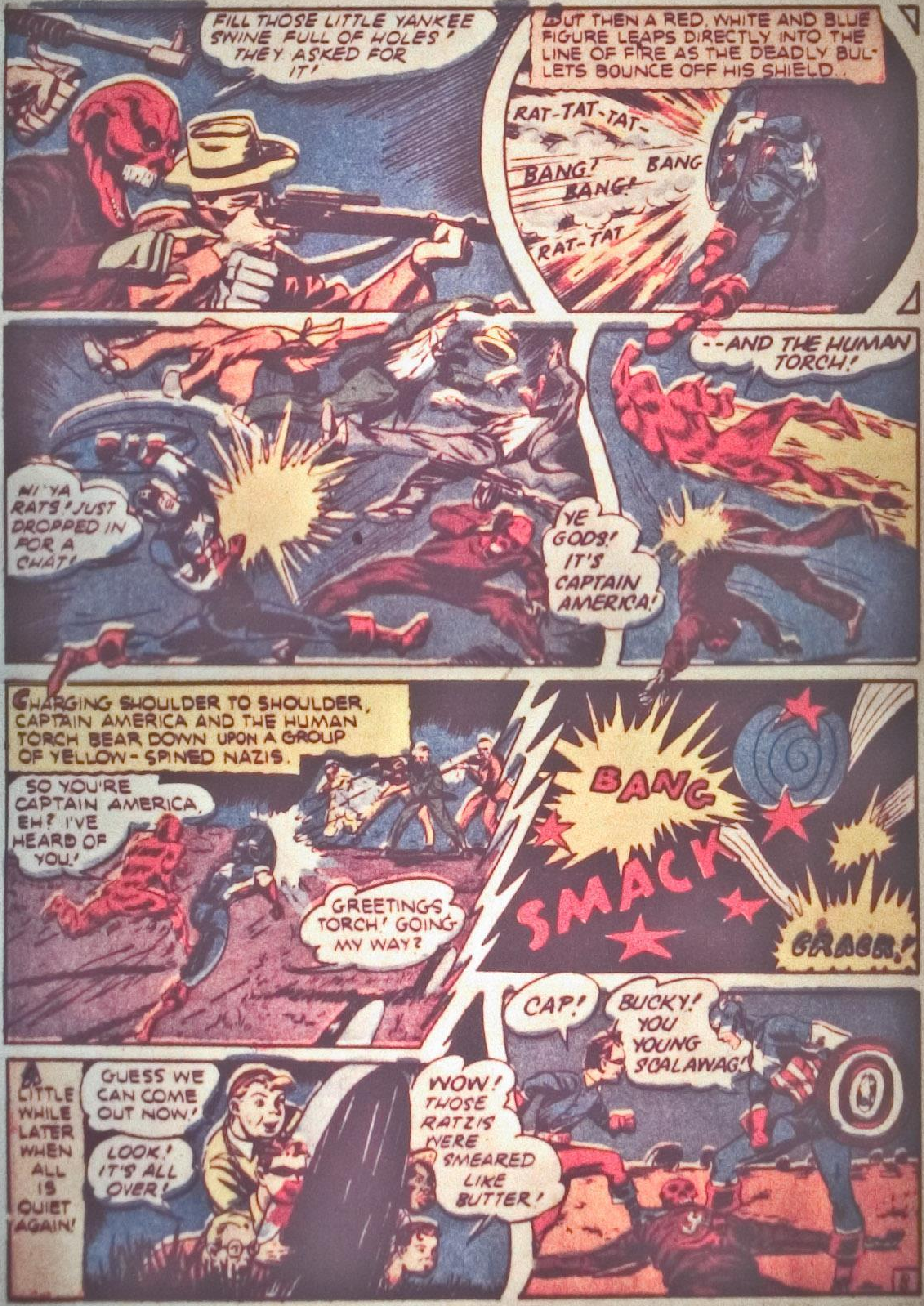

OUTSIDE THE WINDOW, A SINISTER FIGURE LISTENS TO THE CONVERSATION
I MUST REPORT THIS TO DER RED SKULL AT ONCE!
MEANWHILE, AGENT ZERO LEAVES ON HER MISSION
FOR PURPOSES OF SECRECY I MUST GO ALONE!
WE UNDERSTAND GOOD LUCK!
STILL, WE'D BETTER KEEP AN EYE ON AGENT ZERO, JUST IN CASE SOMETHING HAPPENS!
REACHING THE CEMETERY, AGENT ZERO SEARCHES FOR THE IMPORTANT INSCRIPTION
IT ISN'T ON THIS ONE LOOKS LIKE AN ALL NIGHT SEARCH FOR ME!
I'LL SAVE YOU THE TROUBLE, AGENT ZERO!
THE RED SKULL!
I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU SINCE YOU ESCAPED NAZI-LAND, AGENT ZERO! YOU WON'T GET AWAY THIS TIME!
THE YOUNG ALLIES WITNESS THE SCENE FROM BEHIND A TOMBSTONE
I THOUGHT THERE'D BE TROUBLE! COME ON, FELLAS!
SUDDENLY, THE BOYS ARE SURROUNDED BY MACHINE GUNS!
ULP!
ULP!
ULP!
VOT'S DER HURRY, BOYS?

TELL YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT THIS GREAT, NEW, DIFFERENT COMIC MAGAZINE... THE YOUNG ALLIES

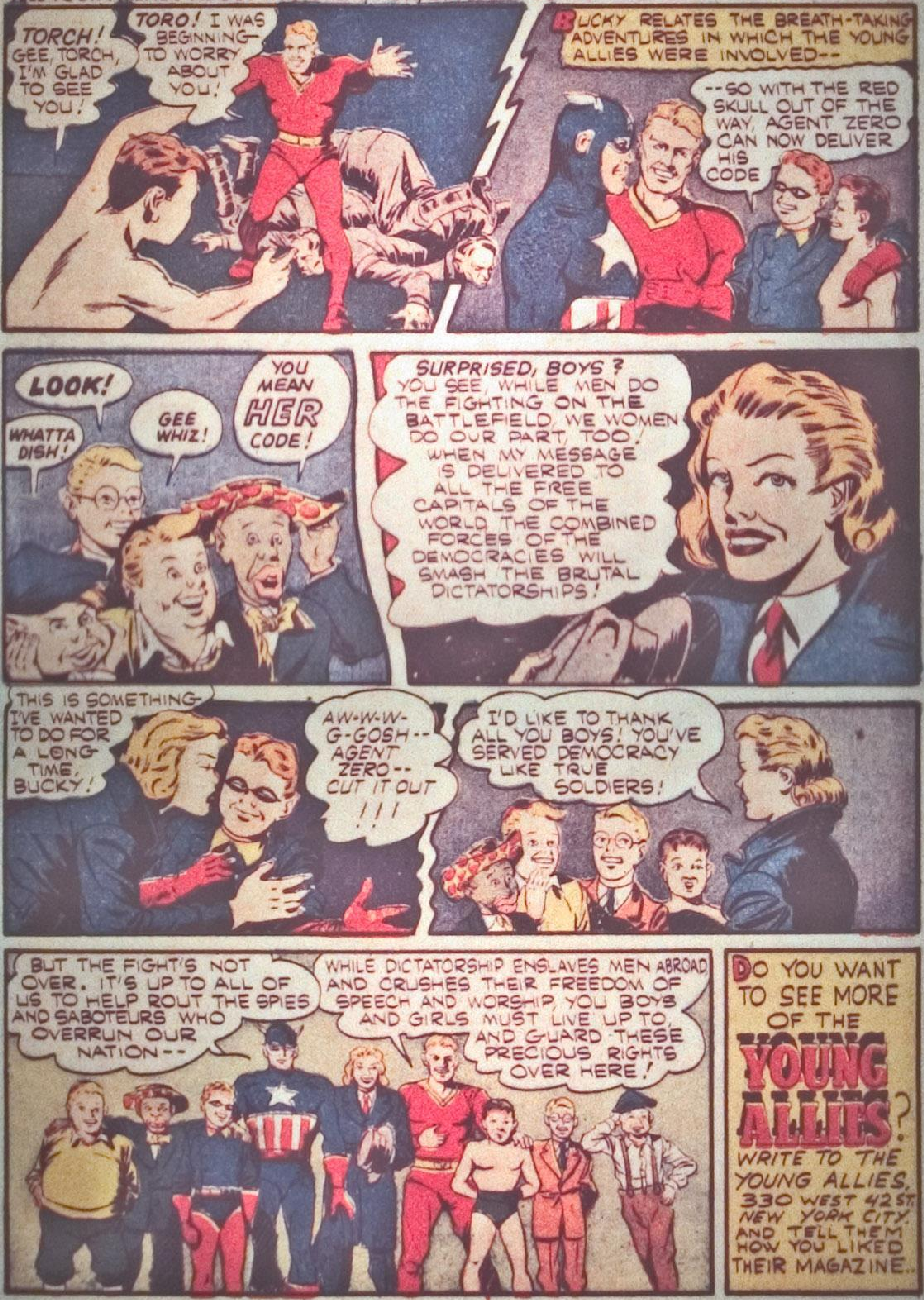

I TOOK MEASURES AGAINST YOU BRATS, TOO... NOW I HAVE YOU ALL WHERE I WANT YOU!
TO THE PRISON WITH THEM! HA-HA-HA HA!
The YOUNG ALLIES AND AGENT ZERO ARE LOCKED IN A STONE TOMB BY THEIR CAPTORS!
THIS TOMB WILL KEEP YOU OUT OF MISCHIEF UNTIL I FIND THE CODE-KEY!
INSIDE, YOU YANKEE PIGS!
WHEN THE CODE IS FINALLY MINE, YOU SHALL DIE! THIS WILL BE YOUR TOMB! HA-HA-HA-HA-!!
The SKULL ORDERS TORO DOUSED WITH WATER
AND THIS IS TO MAKE SURE THE FIRE-BOY IS RENDERED HARMLESS!
The RED SKULL LEAVES AND THE YOUNG ALLIES FIND THEMSELVES UTTERLY HELPLESS --
WE'RE CAUGHT FOR SURE THIS TIME
I DON'T LIKE THIS PLACE
MAYBE DERE AM GHOSTESSES!
COFFINS
LOST---ALL IS LOST! THE RED SKULL WILL FIND THE CODE KEY AND THE DEMOCRACIES WILL BE DOOMED!
I BROUGHT MY VEST POCKET TRANS-MITTER ALONG!
SEE IF YOU CAN CONTACT CAPTAIN AMERICA! WE NEED HIM!
--AND THE HUMAN TORCH! HURRY!


JEFFERSON FRANTICALLY SENDS OUT A DESPERATE CALL FOR HELP!
YOUNG ALLIES--CALLING CAPTAIN AMERICA--HUMAN TORCH--COME QUICKLY----WE'RE IN TROUBLE--COME QUICKLY--COME QUICKLY!
AT CAMP LEHIGH, STEVE ROGERS TUNES IN HIS SHORT WAVE RADIO--
IT'S BEEN KIND OF LONELY HERE SINCE BUCKY WENT TO VISIT HIS PALS!
YOUNG ALLIES CALLING CAPTAIN AMERICA--COME TO THE OLD CEMETERY NEAR CLUBHOUSE--WERE IN TROUBLE!
WHAT TH'-? THAT'S BUCKY'S OUTFIT!
IN A FLASH STEVE ROGERS CHANGES INTO THE COSTUME OF THE MIGHTY CAPTAIN AMERICA!
THAT'S A FIVE ALARM CALL! I'M ON MY WAY!
ANOTHER WELL KNOWN FIGURE HEEDS THE URGENT CALL FOR AID!
TORO CALLING HUMAN TORCH! COME QUICKLY! AM IN TROUBLE!
THE OLD CEMETERY, EH? IT WON'T TAKE ME LONG TO GET THERE!
MEANWHILE, THE RED SKULL WASTES NO TIME EITHER..
AH! HERE'S THE CODE-KEY! GIVE ME THE CODE MESSAGE, AGENT ZERO!
IT'S NOT PLEASANT TO BE BLIND, AGENT ZERO! TELL ME THE CODE!


OH...I-I-CAN'T HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER--I-I-
AGENT ZERO'S WEAKENING! WE'VE GOT TO STOP IT!
I'M DRY! MY FLAME IS BACK! I'LL MELT THE DOOR DOWN!
TORO SUCCEEDS AND THE YOUNG ALLIES SWARM OUT!
YAHOO!
YAHOO!
LOOK! DER BRATS HAFF BUSTED LOOSE!
KVICK! SLAP DEM DOWN!
THE FIGHT THAT FOLLOWS TURNS THE SILENT GRAVEYARD INTO A BATTLEFIELD FILLED WITH LEAPING, SHOUTING AND GRAPPLING FIGURES.


FILL THOSE LITTLE YANKEE SWINE FULL OF HOLES! THEY ASKED FOR IT!
BUT THEN A RED, WHITE AND BLUE FIGURE LEAPS DIRECTLY INTO THE LINE OF FIRE AS THE DEADLY BULLETS BOUNCE OFF HIS SHIELD..
RAT-TAT-TAT-
BANG! BANG!
BANG
RAT-TAT
HI 'YA RATS! JUST DROPPED IN FOR A CHAT!
YE GODS! IT'S CAPTAIN AMERICA!
--AND THE HUMAN TORCH!
CHARGING SHOULDER TO SHOULDER, CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE HUMAN TORCH BEAR DOWN UPON A GROUP OF YELLOW-SPINED NAZIS.
SO YOU'RE CAPTAIN AMERICA, EH? I'VE HEARD OF YOU!
GREETINGS TORCH! GOING MY WAY?
BANG
SMACK
GRAGR.!
A LITTLE WHILE LATER WHEN ALL IS QUIET AGAIN!
GUESS WE CAN COME OUT NOW!
LOOK! IT'S ALL OVER!
WOW! THOSE RATZIS WERE SMEARED LIKE BUTTER!
CAP!
BUCKY! YOU YOUNG SCALAWAG!

TELL YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT THIS GREAT, NEW, DIFFERENT COMIC MAGAZINE... THE YOUNG ALLIES


TORCH! GEE, TORCH, I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU!
TORO! I WAS BEGINNING TO WORRY ABOUT YOU!
BUCKY RELATES THE BREATH-TAKING ADVENTURES IN WHICH THE YOUNG ALLIES WERE INVOLVED--
--SO WITH THE RED SKULL OUT OF THE WAY, AGENT ZERO CAN NOW DELIVER HIS CODE
LOOK!
WHATTA DISH!
GEE WHIZ!
YOU MEAN HER CODE!
SURPRISED, BOYS? YOU SEE, WHILE MEN DO THE FIGHTING ON THE BATTLEFIELD, WE WOMEN DO OUR PART, TOO! WHEN MY MESSAGE IS DELIVERED TO ALL THE FREE CAPITALS OF THE WORLD THE COMBINED FORCES OF THE DEMOCRACIES WILL SMASH THE BRUTAL DICTATORSHIPS!
THIS IS SOMETHING I'VE WANTED TO DO FOR A LONG TIME, BUCKY!
AW-W-W-G-GOSH-- AGENT ZERO-- CUT IT OUT !!!
I'D LIKE TO THANK ALL YOU BOYS! YOU'VE SERVED DEMOCRACY LIKE TRUE SOLDIERS!
BUT THE FIGHT'S NOT OVER. IT'S UP TO ALL OF US TO HELP ROUT THE SPIES AND SABOTEURS WHO OVERRUN OUR NATION--
WHILE DICTATORSHIP ENSLAVES MEN ABROAD AND CRUSHES THEIR FREEDOM OF SPEECH AND WORSHIP, YOU BOYS AND GIRLS MUST LIVE UP TO, AND GUARD THESE PRECIOUS RIGHTS OVER HERE!
DO YOU WANT TO SEE MORE OF THE YOUNG ALLIES? WRITE TO THE YOUNG ALLIES, 330 WEST 42ND ST. NEW YORK CITY. AND TELL THEM HOW YOU LIKED THEIR MAGAZINE.

CROOKS ARE COWARDS

"WHAT!" Biff Jenkins cried. "Come again?" Biff was a star reporter for the World Wide Tribune and a bit of a sleuth thrown in.

"I said the Billingslys were just held up for everything they had on them. They were on the way to the yacht hotel from the race track," Burt Higgins told him. "I ran across them on my beat and I'm on my way to call headquarters. Gotta rush. Y'owe me a fiver for this!"

Burt beat it on to the nearest telephone. Biff stood lost in thought for a moment then turned and ran after him. "How much loot did the thugs get?" he asked Burt as they ran side by side.

"Don't know. Didn't take time to question them."

"That's all I want'a know," Biff said, then struck out for the yacht hotel. He had little trouble finding the whereabouts of the frantic couple, although he was afraid at first that they would already be on their yacht, then he probably couldn't have seen them.

"Yes," Mr. Billingsly stated, "You're the first we've released any facts about the robbery to, except to tell the officer that we were robbed."

"Well, listen folks," Biff said, "I have a plan by which the thugs can be brought to justice if you'll work with me."

"Shoot, sonny," the wealthy old man said quickly. "Let's have it."

"D-d-deah me. M-my deah boy," the prostrated Mrs. Billingsly said nervously. "D-do let's have it!"

"Okay," Biff shot. "Listen–"

The Tribune the next morning carried the huge headline: "BILLINGSLYS ROBBED OF 200,000 DOLLARS IN JEWELS".

Biff threw his long legs across his little desk the next morning as he read his own work and a smile wrinkled his freckled nose. "If the executive editor knew what I did," he thought, "he would give me my time and a swift kick!" Now that his little plan was working, Biff didn't feel so bold about having done it. In fact, he was more than a little nervous. But Biff thought he knew who did that job, and if he was right, this was the best way to get them. They were too smart to play the ordinary way. The two Anson brothers were tough, too, and he knew that he was playing with dynamite.

But when the Tribune carried a smaller headline that afternoon: "BILLINGSLY ROBBERS STILL AT LARGE", he smiled again. So far so good.

Biff then went to police headquarters and asked for a couple of men to go with him.

"Ok, Biff," Chief Wells agreed. "But what for?"

"Rather not tell you yet, Chief. I might be wrong, and I wouldn't want to get your hopes aroused."

But Biff didn't admit even to himself that he stood much chance of being wrong. His plans had to work out, because if they didn't, the story would get out and he would lose his job and maybe get into serious trouble. No, he had to be right!

Biff knew John Athey and Bob Robins, the two plain clothes men the chief had let him have. He knew them well; they were two good men and would be right there in case of trouble – which Biff expected – even hoped for. The three of them went through the city that Saturday night in Biff's car, Biff being the only one knowing their destination. And his companions did not ask.

On the outer edge of the business district Biff pulled up in front of a small jewelry store. It was the only jewelry store that wasn't right in the middle of the business district and Biff was certain that if the robbers did as he expected, they would come here. He parked his car and told the plain clothes men

"John, you stroll down one way and you the other, Bob. I expect the two thugs who robbed the Billingslys last-night, or more likely just one of them, to come here any minute. If we're careful they won't notice us, it being Saturday night and the streets so crowded. In case of trouble, Bob, you come on in the store right away, and John, you guard the entrance – and don't let anybody out!"

"Wow!" Bob Robins exclaimed. "This *is* something!"

"Boy, oh boy!" John Athey confirmed. "How right you are! And Biff, I hope you're right, too!"

"Not half as much as I do," Biff answered Then suddenly he stiffened – his body tensed. "Oh-oh! Boys, I think we might be late for the party!"

At the same time as his words a shot rang out from the store. A couple of women screamed and people cleared out in front of the place. Biff and his two companions leaped into action. John was the first out of the car and he went bounding into the store.

It was a brave thing to do, but a dangerous one, for a bullet from the thug's gun caught John in the shoulder and knocked him backwards. He fell to the hard marble floor at the entrance to the store and blood spouted from a hole in his vest. You cowards, Bob Robins screamed, as he let go a volley of slugs at the man who had downed John. That man was disappearing through a door in the back of the jewelry store's front room, and so far as Biff could see he had not been hit. Biff yelled at a couple of pedestrians to take care of John and shot after Bob Robins, his pet twenty-five automatic in his hand.

By the time Biff caught up with Bob they were both at the door that entered into the front of the jewelry store, and the thug – there was only one – was going out the back door that opened into the alley. Heavy brick buildings lined the alley on each side. Before running into the alley he poured a couple of bullets back at the two men after him. Both bullets went wild, the closest crashing through the door Biff had just come through.

Biff was the first to the back door and when he raced through it and into the alley the robber was already far down the alley. Biff took careful aim and fired. But the short little automatic was made only for close range and the thug kept running. Soon he would be at the end of the alley and lost in the Saturday night crowds. This was one time Biff felt like swearing. There was only one thing to do; run after the fellow.

But just as Biff started to run there was a blast at his shoulder that felt as though it would break his eardrums. The report of Bob Robin's service revolver.

The hands of the man at the end of the alley reached frantically toward the skies for something that wasn't there. He careened crazily, then fell flat on his face. Biff reached around and grabbed Bob's hand, shook it. "Nice work," he complimented.

"But Biff," Chief Wells asked later. "How did you happen to know the thug would be at that jewelry store?"

They were standing beside John Athey's bed at the hospital. Will, smiling, said: "Yeah, I think I deserve to know that, too." The doctor had said John would be OK in a few weeks.

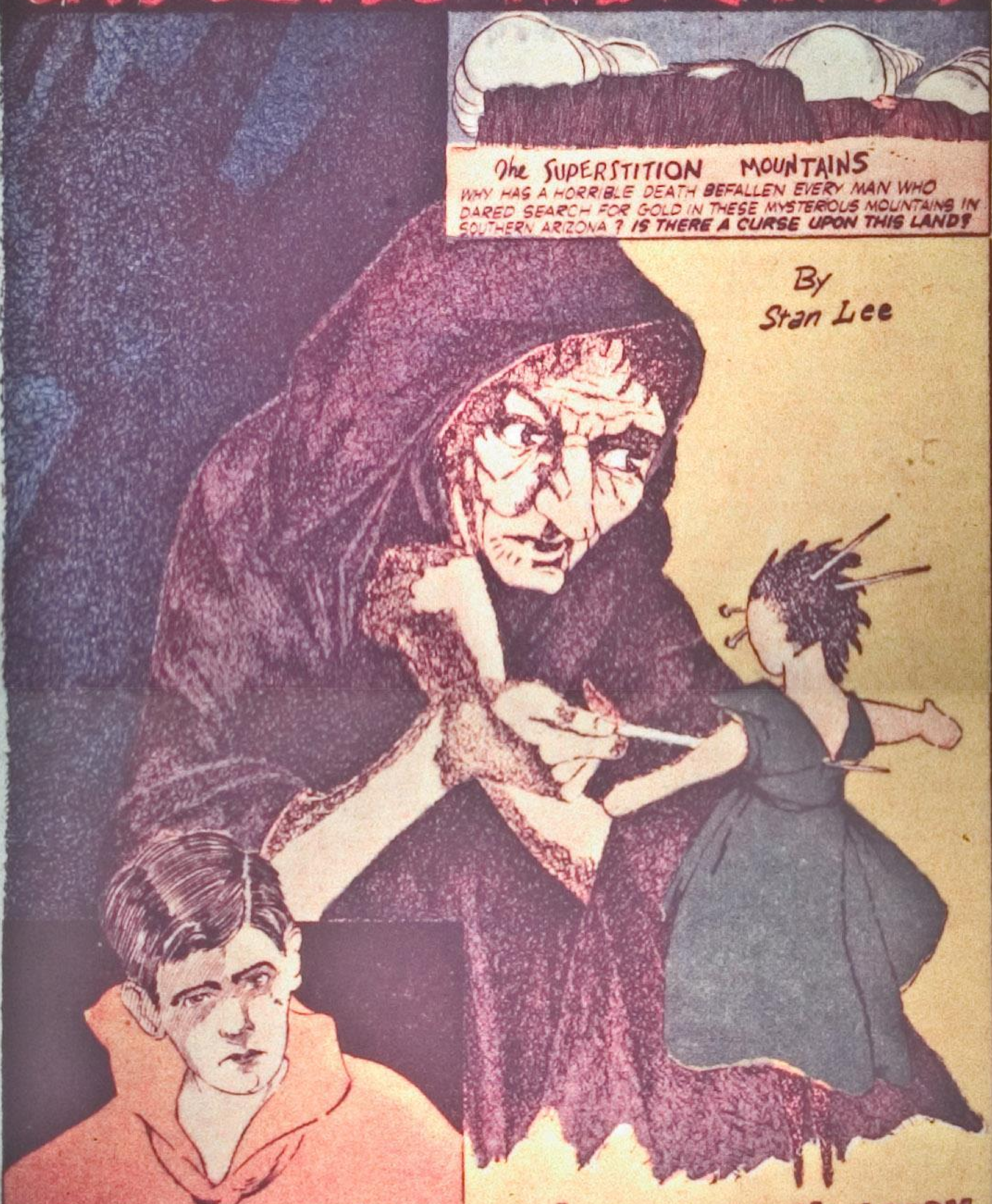
"You certainly do!" Biff admitted. "Well, you see, I asked the Billingslys to let me state in my story that the jewels the thugs took from them were worth two hundred thousand, when in reality they were worth only a thousand bucks. I knew when the thugs read that in the paper they would think they got more than they expected, thus demand more of their fence. But their fence would tell them the stuff wasn't worth what they wanted, and naturally the thugs wouldn't believe him. They'd rather take a chance on going to some small jewelry store and getting the stuff evaluated. To play safe they'd pick a place as far out from town as possible, so if the jeweler became suspicious and called the law, or they had to quiet him they'd be on their way out of town. The little place where we nabbed the thief was the only logical one I could figure, the only one not in the middle of town. Need I say more?"

"Well I'll be darned," Chief Wells exclaimed.

"All thieves are cowards and all cowards get caught in the end," Biff Jenkins explained. "So with the other thug in irons from the confession of his buddy and John here getting better every day, and the little jeweler the same way, I'd better go do a little explaining to the executive editor!"

THE END

UNSOLVED MYSTERIES



By
Stan Lee

The SUPERSTITION MOUNTAINS

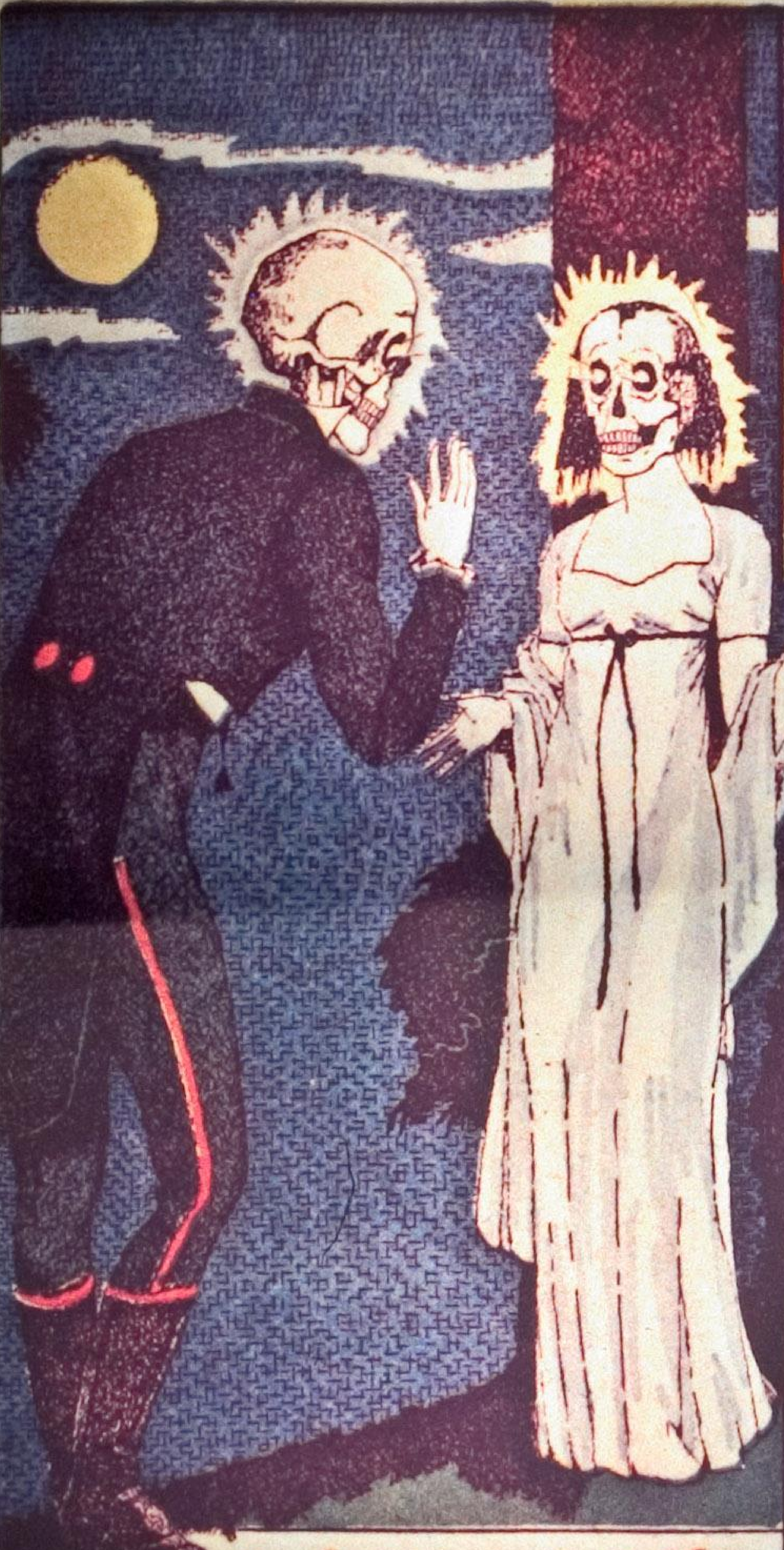
WHY HAS A HORRIBLE DEATH **BEFALLEN EVERY MAN WHO** DARED SEARCH FOR GOLD IN THESE MYSTERIOUS MOUNTAINS IN SOUTHERN ARIZONA ? **IS THERE A CURSE UPON THIS LAND?**

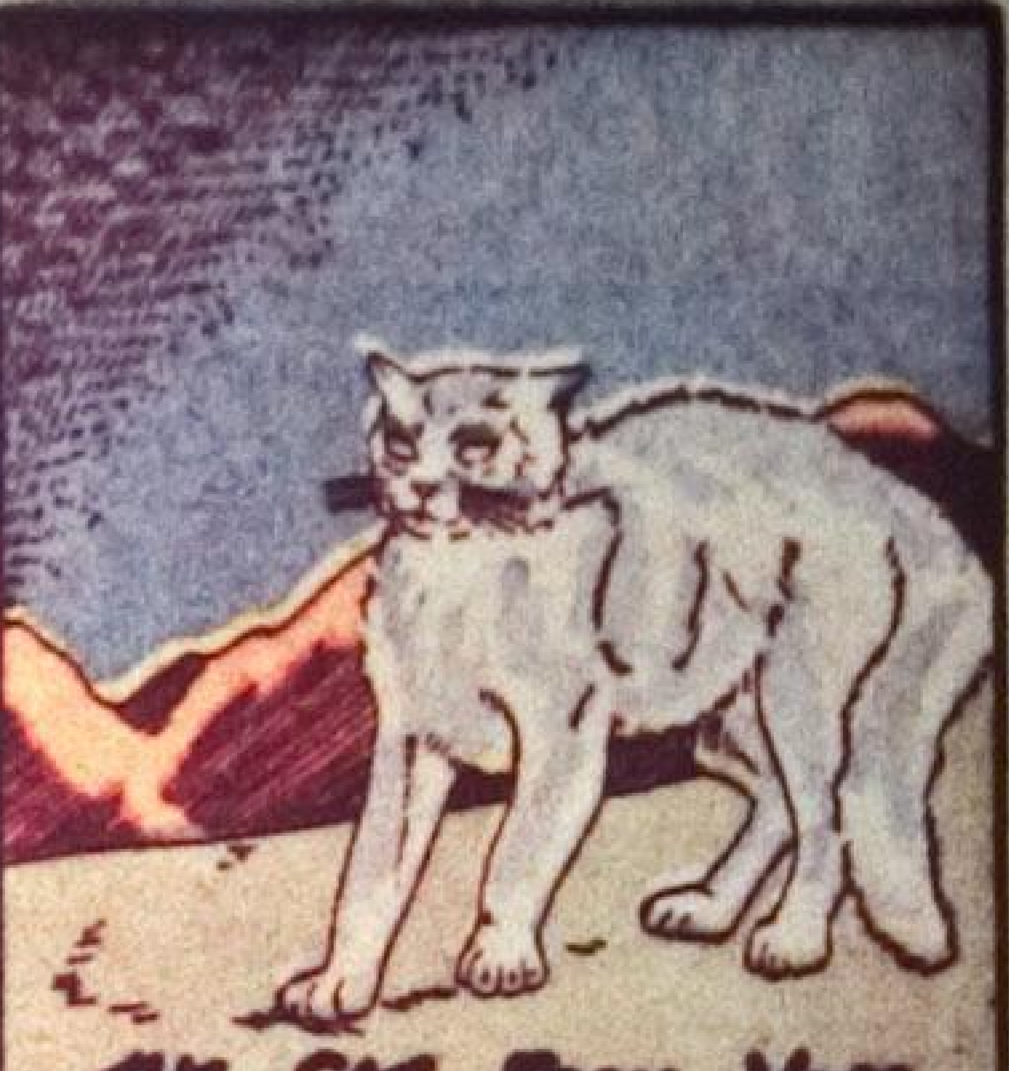
THE BOY WITHOUT A BRAIN

HOW CAN A PERSON THINK WITHOUT A **BRAIN?** DR. A. ITURRICHA REPORTED TO THE ANTHROPOLIGICAL SOCIETY OF SUCRE, BOLIVIA, OF A BOY OF 14 WHOSE DEATH WAS CAUSED BY A LARGE ABSCESS ON THE BRAIN, CUTTING IT OFF COMPLETELY--YET IT WAS A PROVEN FACT THAT UP TO THE TIME OF HIS DEATH **THE BOY COULD REASON PERFECTLY!!**

VOODOO IN HUNGARY

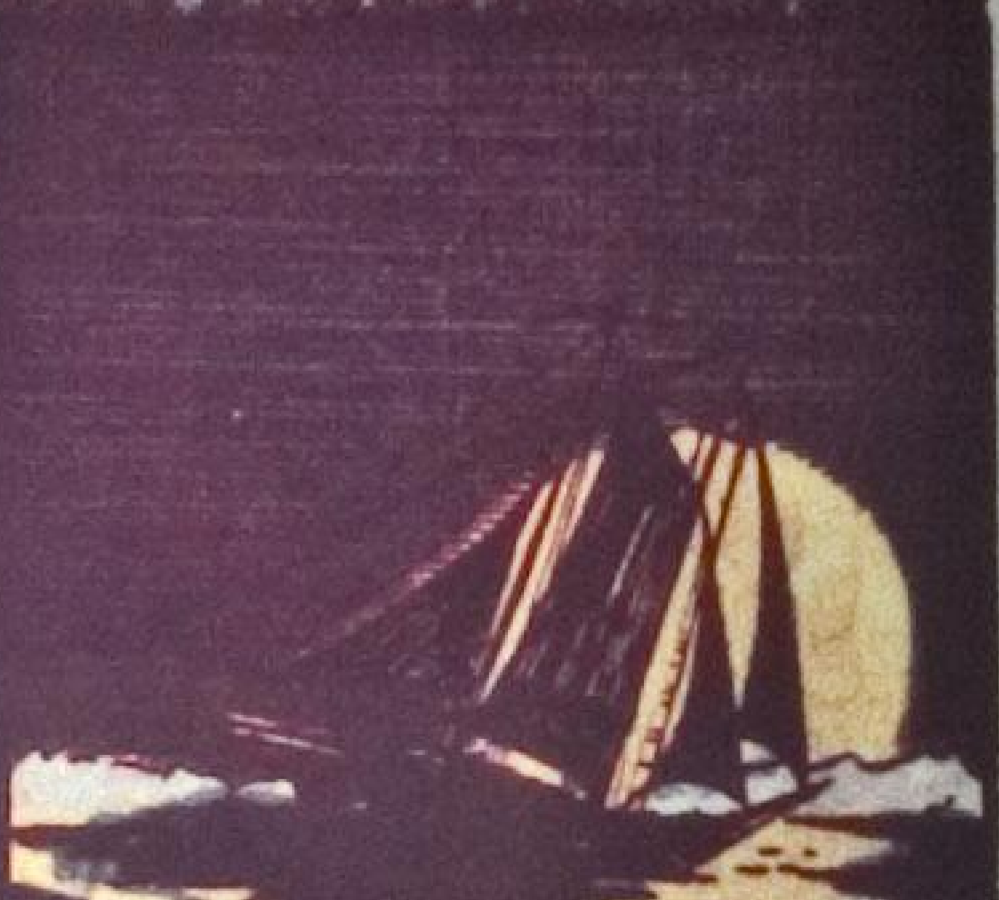
ONLY A FEW YEARS AGO, THE ANCIENT RITUAL OF VOODOOISM WAS PRACTICED BY AN ELDERLY, ILLITERATE WOMAN OF KOBA, HUNGARY. SHE WAS FINALLY HANGED FOR TWO MURDERS. WHERE DID SHE LEARN THE SECRET OF VOODOO--**A SUPERSTITION UNKNOWN TO WHITE PEOPLE ? ? ?**





THE CAT FROM VOSS

HOW DID THE CAT FROM VOSS-NORWAY, WHO HAD BEEN AWAY FROM HOME FOR 5 YEARS, KNOW THAT IF HE SCRATCHED IN THE GROUND HE WOULD FIND HIS MASTER AND MISTRESS BURIED TWO MILES FROM TOWN--**STABBED TO DEATH!**



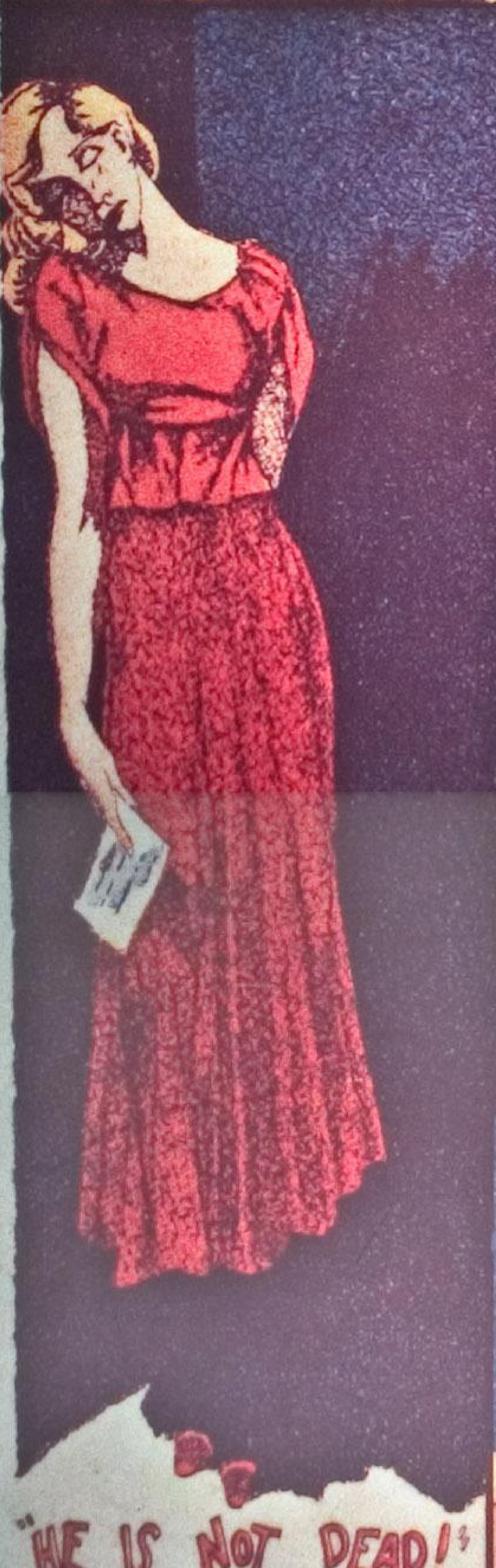
MYSTERY OF THE GLORIANA

WHY DID THE CREW OF THE GLORIANA DIE SO SUDDENLY? THE BRITISH SHIP WAS FOUND IN 1775, WITH THE CREW'S BODIES ALL IN NORMAL POSITIONS--BUT **FROZEN SOLID!** THE SHIP CONTAINED AN ABUNDANCE OF FOOD, FUEL & WATER. WHEN IT WAS FOUND IT WAS SAILING AIMLESSLY IN THE ANTARTIC, AND THE CAPTAIN WAS FOUND WITH HIS LOG-BOOK, WHOSE LAST ENTRY WAS NOV. 11, 1762! **WHAT WAS THE CAUSE OF THEIR DEATHS ????**

THE SKULLS OF CALGARTH

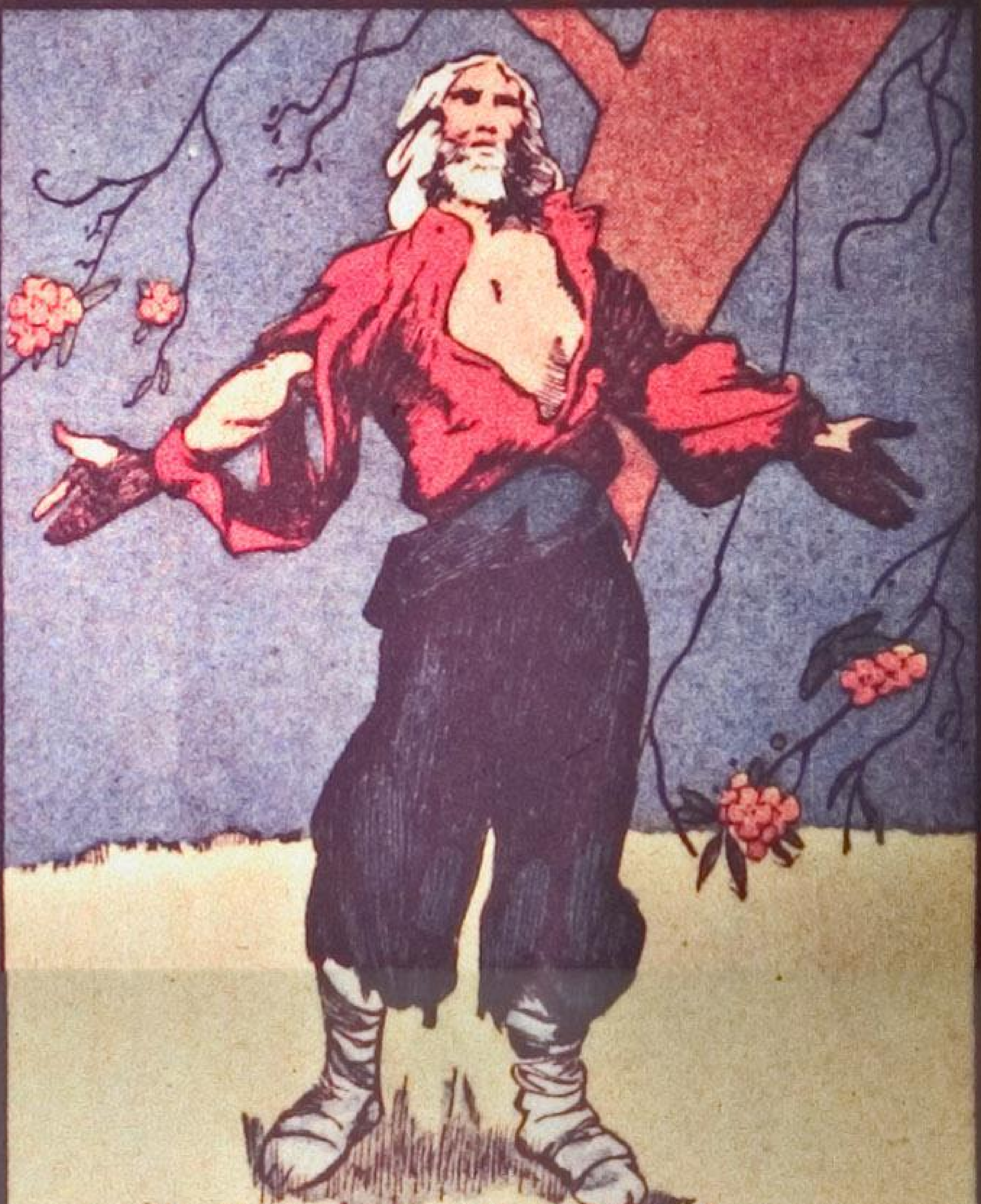
WHY HAVE THE **SKULLS OF CALGARTH**, SEEN FOR 100 YEARS AT THE WIDEMERE LAKE REGION IN ENGLAND, FAILED TO APPEAR SINCE THE FIRST NAZI BOMBS FELL IN THAT SECTION ???

UNSOLVED MYSTERIES



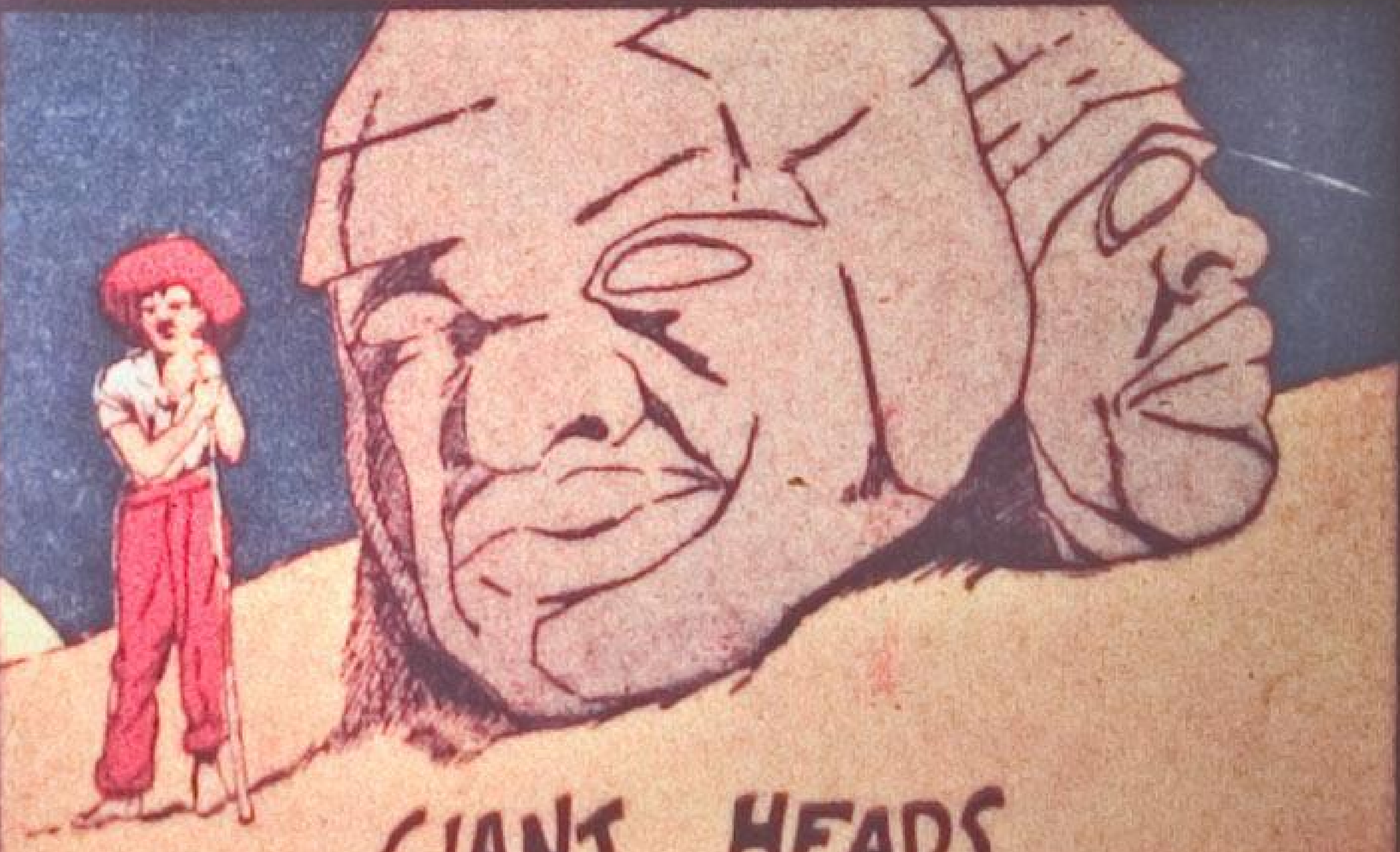
"HE IS NOT DEAD!"

MARY BAMBRIDGE OF PLYMOUTH ENGLAND - RECEIVED THE OFFICIAL NOTICE OF HER BROTHERS DEATH IN ACTION - MARY CLAIMED HER BROTHER WAS STILL ALIVE - AND TOLD OF A TOWN IN GREECE WHERE HE WAS ALL HER REMARKS WERE LATER PROVED CORRECT



THE MAN FROM ANOTHER WORLD

FOUND ON THE NUREMBERG ROAD OF GERMANY IN 1828 - HE SPOKE A STRANGE LANGUAGE WHICH NO SCHOLAR COULD IDENTIFY - AND COULD SEE THE STARS IN BROAD DAYLIGHT - ALSO HIS COMPLETE IGNORANCE OF HUMAN SOCIETY AS IF HE HAD BEEN JUST BORN



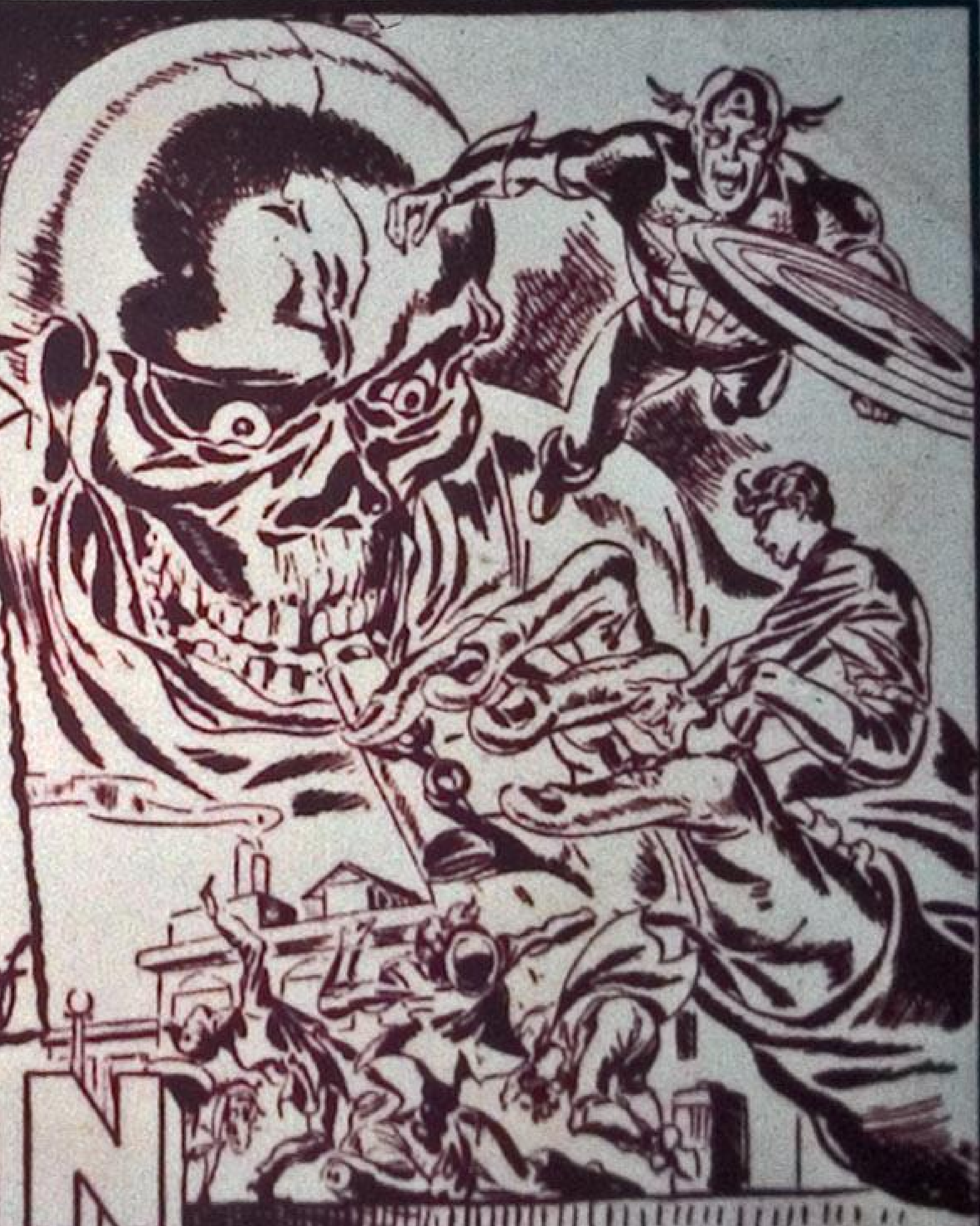
GIANT HEADS

WHICH HAVE BEEN FOUND IN MEXICO - THERE IS NO KNOWLEDGE OF WHO CARVED THEM FROM HARD BASALT THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO

BACK COMES THE DREADED

RED SKULL

BACK FROM THE REALM OF DEFEAT--- CRYING FOR REVENGE ON CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY!--- WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THE STRANGE, LOW WHISTLE.... THAT IS ALWAYS FOLLOWED BY GRIM DEATH?



CAPTAIN AMERICA DARES TO SOLVE THE RIDDLE OF THE NEWEST AND MOST TERRIFYING CREATION OF DESTRUCTION EVER INVENTED BY *The* **RED SKULL** IN THE SPINE-CHILLING MYSTERY OF *The* **WHISTLING DEATH**--- JUST ONE OF THE MANY SMASH-ACTION FILLED CASES FROM THE PERSONAL FILES OF CAPTAIN AMERICA IN THE *Next* ISSUE *of*

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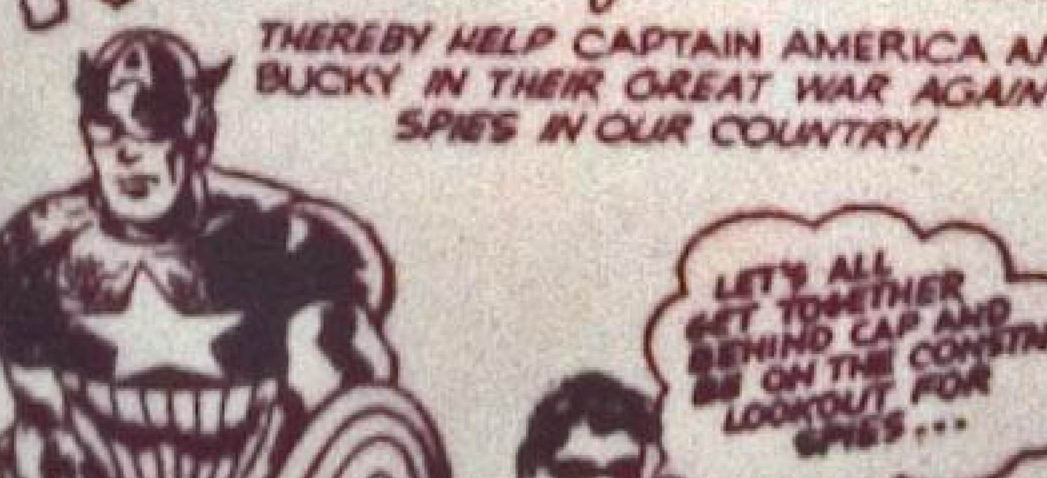
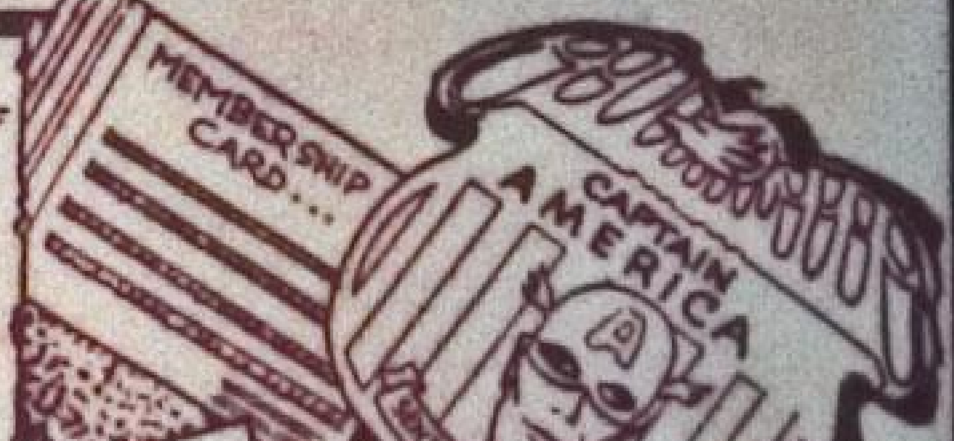

LET'S ALL GET TOGETHER BEHIND CAP AND BE ON THE CONSTANT LOOKOUT FOR SPIES...

THIS BADGE IS OF HIGH QUALITY METAL—THE SAME AS USED BY G-MEN AND POLICE OFFICERS; IT IS NOT A PICTURE BUTTON NOVELTY-



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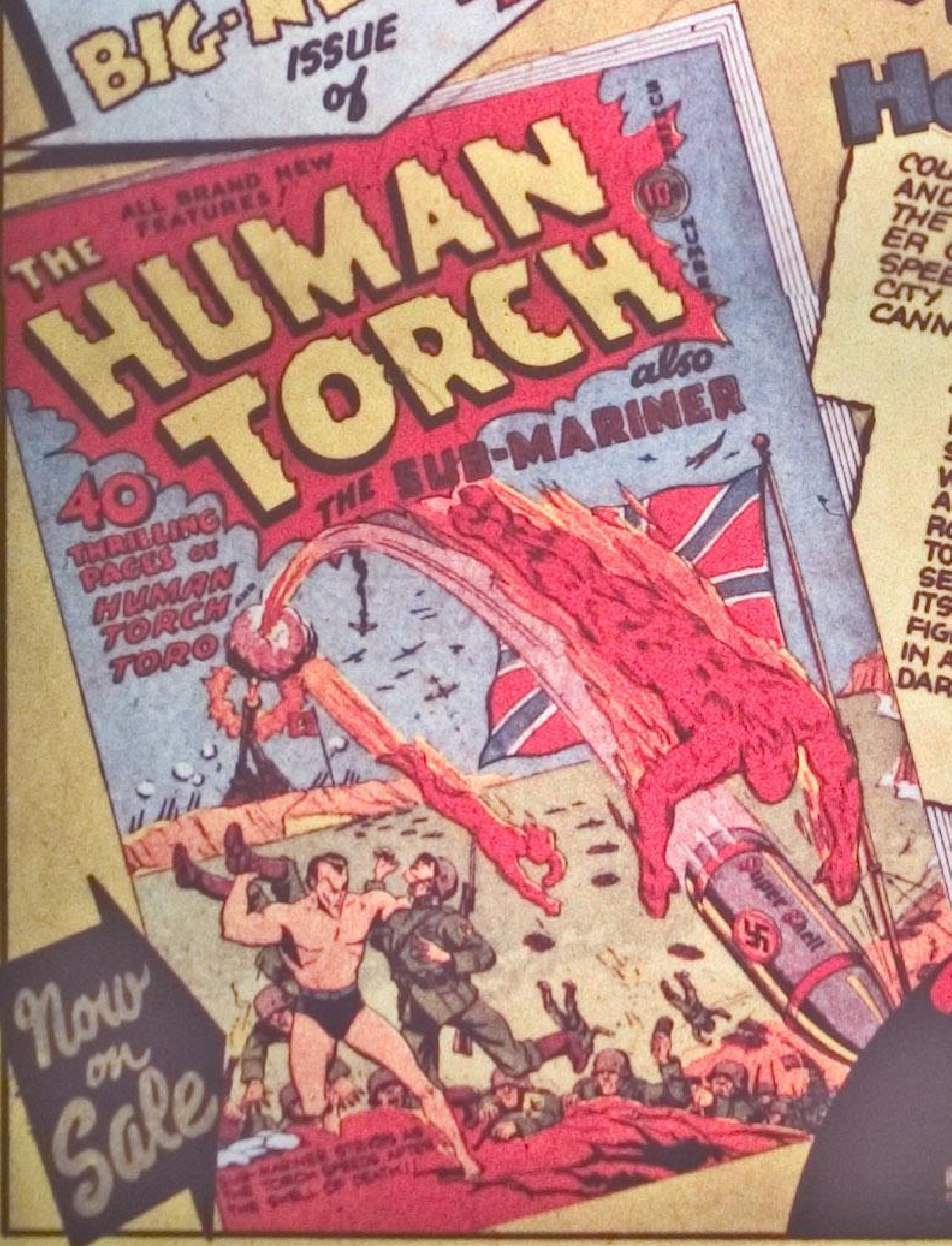
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